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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF CHRIS-
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EDITED BY

B. J. RADFORD, JESSIE H. BROWN

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B. J. RADFORD

JESSIE H. BROWN

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A REFLECTION.

From out the loins of Time there spring,
Minerva-like, the Years that bring
The train of Seasons. Children, they,
Who serve in turn then speed away
And with the dead Year sleep, in rest
From labors that the World have blest.

First Winter came, with all his wealth,
To paint the glowing cheek of health,
And grow his magic forests fair
On window-pane and crystallised air.
Abroad his snowy mantle fell,
Like charity, to guard the cell
The husbandman had left to earth
In harvest hope.

Then broke the mirth
Of garland-covered Spring in song,
And woke sweet echoes, trembling long
In every heart. What Hope had sown
Spring reared in many a blossom blown
To fragrance rare, till everywhere
Joy missions sped on wings of air,
And universal Eden prest
From out the grave of Winter's rest.

Next fervent Summer's scepter-wand
Wrought magic change on every hand,



And filled our mows with new-mown hay,
And stowed the coming bread away
In bursting barn. For pendent fruit
She dyed becoming summer suit,
And seeds of life to flowers did bring,
And gave the callow birdling wing.

Last, in her russet gown, came Fall
To hang red banners in the hall
Of all the world. The pastured sheep
She called the winter-fold to keep.
With instinct for a warmer sky
She taught the summer bird to fly,
And showed the squirrel and the bee
The day of need they could not see,
As if to human kind to show
A world beyond this world below.

But they are dead, the Seasons all,
The Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall,
And dead the Year! Their funeral knell
To all the world toll forth, O bell,
And bid men weep.

.

But hark! a peal
Prophetic still of coming weal
Floats on the air! Another Year
With new-born Seasons' train is here.
Re-tune, O heart, from minor strain
And sing in major chord again.

PETER VOGEL.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELISHA AS THE CENTER OF A GROUP OF CHARACTERS.

We have, already, in treating of Elisha and the Shunammite, referred to GEHAZI as Elisha's servant. Who he was, and under what circumstances Elisha was led to choose him for his attendant and receive him into the intimate and confidential relations which must necessarily subsist between a prophet and his minister, we have no means of knowing. It is thought by some commentators that as Elisha, the servant of Elijah, had been under training to succeed his master in the prophetical office, so it was meant that Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, was intended to be successor to his master. He was probably one of the sons of the prophets, whose abilities, character and zeal were so superior that Elisha selected him as perhaps destined to reach high prophetical distinction. If this supposition is correct, it but shows that Elisha, like Samuel before him (I. Sam. xvi. 6, 7) judged according to appearances, which are so often deceptive. Whether this supposition is correct or not, it is evident that Elisha showed little penetration in his favorable judgment of Gehazi. The woman of Shunem seems to have judged him much more correctly (II. Ki. iv. 26, 30), for she evidently had so little confidence in him that she would confide nothing to him, nor put the least faith in him as worthy to perform a sacred trust. It is

not improbable that, as the master and servant so frequently partook of the hospitalities of her house, she had detected moral obliquities in Gehazi. Or, by virtue of a woman's keen intuitions, and through the operation of that mysterious law of attraction and repulsion which is so influential in deciding our friendships and enmities, she had *felt* a dislike of him for which she could give no satisfactory reason, but which had to her all the force of a revelation. Elisha was lacking in this discernment. Like many other great men, he was free from suspiciousness and easily deceived in men. That he should have been so long in close contact with this false, selfish man, without the slightest suspicion of his moral unsoundness, indicates not only a nature of such remarkable innocence and integrity as to be incapable of suspecting wrong in others, but also a lack of that close observation and discernment so necessary in dealing with men. Such penetration into human character is quite as necessary, on one hand, to guard against imposition, as is an unsuspicious, charitable spirit, on the other hand, to guard against harsh and unjust judgment of our fellows. We doubt, however, whether Gehazi was ever thought of as Elisha's successor. Elisha was not Elijah's choice. He was called of God. But Gehazi was Elisha's choice, without a call from God, and we see no reason to believe that he was chosen with a view to any thing beyond that of filling the place of a servant. Even in this view, the choice reflects no credit on Elisha's practical judgment; for, of all qualities needed for such a place, truthfulness and unselfishness are chief.

But let us take the most charitable view of Gehazi's case. It may be that he did not know himself—that

under the repressive influence of his education and his environment, the demons of falsehood and avarice that possessed him were kept in a slumbering condition. Nothing in his external condition had been sufficient to rouse them into life against the repressive influence of his associations and his pursuits. It is possible for men to go far along in manhood, in an even course of life, braced up by their family, their church, their social affiliations, enjoying the confidence of their fellows and complacently regarding themselves as of saintly spirit and character, when all the while there are evil passions lurking in them which, *under a change of circumstances*, break loose from their concealment, dethrone faith and reason, usurp the sway of life, and drive it furiously on to wreck and ruin. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" The possibilities that slumber within us, waiting their opportunities to be translated into terrible realities, are often not even suspected. The blinding influence of self-conceit, the narrow limits of experience, the constant pressure of our surroundings, the attractions of the outside world charming us away from all serious introspection, the gratifying but ensnaring influence of the admiration and flattery of friends, combine to blind us to a proper knowledge of our own weaknesses and frailties; while the exceedingly subtle and bewitching play of the passions that stir within us is seldom understood aright. There is a glamour thrown about the workings of passion that betrays us into acquiescence, hiding from us the hideousness of evil impulses and wicked suggestions. Not until these evil impulses and suggestions have grown into unsuspected strength, and a favorable opportunity occurs for an

assertion of their power, is one likely to discover the ensnaring, captivating, destructive energy of these hitherto hidden forces, and he is the bond-slave of his own wicked desires at their first assault on his virtue and integrity. No wonder that Paul should admonish us: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." No wonder that the Psalmist should cry out, under fearful discoveries of the treacheries that lurked within him: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." No one who knows himself will walk otherwise than humbly before God, working out his salvation with fear and trembling, and clinging for comfort to the assurance that God works in him to will and to work.

We take it, that Gehazi had not been long in the service of Elisha—perhaps two or three or four years. He had previously been, in all probability, at one of the schools of the prophets, to which he had gone from some one of the humble, pious homes that still remained faithful to Jehovah amidst a general apostasy. He had been carefully housed from the corruptions that prevailed on every hand; nay, his family may have been driven, by the persecution that prevailed, and by the voice of the popular sentiment, into seclusion and poverty; and thus his early years may have been guarded from the power of temptation. In the school of the prophets he would be subject to influences repressive of all unholy impulses—so that in the study of the law of Jehovah, the play of those holy raptures that were wooed and cherished in those sacred colleges, and the stern discipline of poverty to which these

students were subjected, there were not likely to be temptations to falsehood or to avarice ; and this young man may have been all unconscious of the defects of his moral nature. But when Elisha called him into his service, a new world opened to him. A knowledge of camps and courts—the blare of trumpets, the glare of royalty, the excitements and grandeurs of public life, the restless play of ambition, the splendors and pomps and hilarities of life in Samaria, contact with kings and princes and generals, and a knowledge of the wealth and fashion, the pride and extravagance of the favorites of fortune—for Elisha was a man who mingled with men, and was on familiar terms with kings and nobles and military commanders and the nabobs of the land—all these were new and bewitching influences, and they kindled a flame within him, or they found a flame already kindled, of unholy ambition—a desire for wealth, and for the luxury and splendor and distinction which wealth could purchase. True, his master was poor, and likely to remain so ; but he laid the rich and the great under heavy obligations by his services to the throne and the people—and Gehazi began to watch for an opportunity to secure to himself the riches which the prophet so firmly and persistently rejected. His avaricious desires grew upon him, for from their first budding he secretly nursed them into stronger life. Like Judas, who was willing for a time to share the privations of the ministry of Jesus, and be purse-bearer to the poverty-stricken company that gathered about him, hoping that in a little while the Messiah would set up his kingdom in great power, and he, the humble treasurer of the apostolic band would become lord-treasurer of a universal empire ; Gehazi was willing to be

for a time the slave of the moneyless Elisha, in hope that by virtue of his relation to the prophet of Jehovah, so familiar with kings and the great and honorable of earth, he might in the end grasp some portion of that wealth which was pressed upon his master in vain.

The opportunity came. Naaman, the proud Syrian chieftain, came to Elisha to be healed of the leprosy. He was healed; and in pious gratitude he returned from the Jordan to Samaria—a distance of some thirty-two miles—to acknowledge his new-born faith in Jehovah, and to make a suitable present to the prophet at whose word he had been redeemed from so fearful a curse. He had brought with him from Damascus, as a present to the king of Israel, “ten talents of silver, six thousand shekels of gold, and ten changes of raiment” (II. Ki. v. 5). The money, apart from the raiment, would amount, at the least calculation, to more than \$50,000. It is hardly supposable that the king of Israel, scornfully rejecting the message that accompanied the present, would receive the money. Out of this treasure, therefore, Naaman was at liberty to bestow on the benevolent prophet whatever amount he thought proper of the present rejected by the scornful king; and we may be sure that the healed leper and the noble chieftain would bestow his gifts with lavish hand. But Elisha would receive nothing. He would not debase the gift of God by making it a thing of barter, or bring his own prophetic work on a level with the impositions of greedy and venal heathen priests by the acceptance of a gift. Naaman must understand that he sought not *his*, but *him*; this idolater must be won to Jehovah by a free gift of Jehovah's grace, unsmirched by even a suspicion of selfishness or venality. And so he sent

his noble guest away with his benediction, leaving him to meditate not only on the greatness of the cure wrought on him, but on the marvelous disinterestedness of the prophet of Jehovah.

Gehazi watched all this proceeding with absorbing interest. His heart had already become dead to all interest in the cause of Jehovah—if, indeed, it had ever been genuinely alive to the interests involved in the great controversy between Jehovah and Baal—except as it might be made to minister to his own advantage. Elisha's noble disinterestedness was to him the merest folly. What recked he of the honor to be won for Jehovah's name in Damascus and Syria by this unsullied benevolence in Naaman's behalf? What concern was it of his, if the prophet's work should be degraded to the base level of the greed of idolatrous wonder-workers? What was it to him that Jehovah's name should be dishonored in the eyes of the heathen? Nothing. Here is the money he had so long craved, and this he will have at all hazards. He said to himself, "Behold, my master hath spared this Naaman the Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: as Jehovah liveth, I will run after him and take somewhat of him." It is not surprising that profanity—for, under the circumstances, the use of the phrase "As Jehovah liveth" can only be regarded as a profane utterance—should be joined with his wicked purpose. Sins grow in clusters. A wicked thought utters itself in wicked speech. Stealing away, as he thought unobserved, from his master, he followed after Naaman, concocting a lie on the way with which to ensnare him. There is something worthy of note in the manner of his reception by the Syrian captain. As

soon as Naaman perceived his approach, he halted his chariot and came to meet him—this eminent chieftain alighting to meet a slave—thus honoring the prophet in the person of one whom he took to be his messenger. It is difficult to imagine how this lying, covetous wretch could stand in the presence of such gratitude and courtesy, and receive such an unspeakable honor on the strength of his master's worth, without extreme embarrassment or relenting in his wicked purpose. But he knows no relenting. "Is it well?" anxiously inquired Naaman—for he evidently feared some evil tidings from Elisha. "It is well," calmly replied Gehazi. "Only, two young men of the sons of the prophets from the hill country of Ephriam have come unexpectedly, and my master, unprepared to care for them, begs for a talent of silver (about \$1,700) and two changes of raiment." This, for the purpose named, was a large amount; but it was probably small in comparison with the amount offered to Elisha. It was the design of Gehazi to satisfy his greed as far as he could, without exciting suspicion of his own infamous purpose. Naaman, only too glad of the opportunity to render a grateful service, doubles the amount asked for; and sends his own servants to bear the burden of silver and the changes of raiment, which Gehazi carefully stowed away, and appeared again in his master's presence, apparently as unconcerned as if nothing had occurred. But Elisha, as if merely conscious of his absence for an unusual length of time, asked him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" And now another lie must be added, to cover up the sins already committed—for when one begins an evil course, not only does one sin beget another, but every sin necessitates

additional sins to support it, to conceal it, or to justify it. One of the most fearful things in sinning is the power and the necessity of sin to multiply itself. "Thy servant went no whither," responded Gehazi, and he evidently thought that this lie would cover up the whole wicked business, and leave him free to enjoy his ill-gotten gains without further trouble. This leads us to note another inherent characteristic of sin—*its tendency to reveal itself*. By the everlasting laws of the moral universe, wrong perpetually works to the surface and *crops out*. Efforts to hide it may be partially or temporarily successful; but sooner or later, and generally in unexpected ways and at unexpected times, it comes into view, and that which was spoken in the ear is proclaimed on the housetops. In this case, the end was reached right speedily, and in a way altogether unexpected. "Went not mine heart with thee," said Elisha, "when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants?" Elisha now understood that his servant's covetous heart was going out after all these things—that he meant to gather about him, if not by fair means then by foul, all that could minister to pride, luxury and self-aggrandizement. "'The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever.' And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

It requires but a few minutes to read all that is said about this in the sacred narrative, but it is worthy of long pause and serious reflection, and should lead to heart-searching introspection. Look at the developments of covetousness in this case.

1. *It made Gehazi false to Jehovah.*—It was a time of exceeding humiliation in Israel. The nation had been humbled and despoiled by its enemies. The court was corrupt. The people were idolatrous, with all of moral degradation that idolatry implies. Clouds of doom were gathering over the land. Elisha's ministry, while in many respects successful, was yet feeble to counteract the popular tendency to apostasy. He well said, "Is *this* a time to receive money," etc. Yet, insensible to all these calls to humiliation and renewed devotion to the law of God, this man, hardened by covetousness, had no desire but to riot in wealth and luxury!

2. *He was false to Elisha.*—He knew his master's grief over the prevailing corruptions, and his all-absorbing desire to preserve his own ministry free from even the suspicion of evil; yet he was willing to bring dishonor on the prophet's name and work, if only he could serve his own selfish purposes.

3. *He was false to Naaman.*—He deceived him, and preyed on his generous spirit by cunning falsehood for his own advantage.

4. *He was false to himself.*—He made his whole life a living lie, and carried about with him the awful consciousness of deliberate and labored hypocrisy—knowing that for the sake of present advantage he was sacrificing his own integrity and murdering his own peace. No man can do a greater wrong to himself than to abandon his soul to falsehood, for he subverts the very foundation of all virtue; there is nothing left in him that can be trusted, or that can inspire self-respect.

Such are the hideous results of covetousness. It leads to falsehood, ingratitude, dishonesty, impiety,

infidelity; blunts all the sensibilities, and wrecks all that is manly and noble and generous in the character of its victim.

If we have seemed to dwell too long on this un-gainly picture, it is because we are impressed with the conviction that this sin of covetousness is the fountain of much—very much—of the mischief and wretchedness that curse society. It brutalizes its victims. It curses families with selfish ambitions, deadly strifes, degrading vices, and even appalling crimes. It robs churches of spirituality, freezes the fountain of charity, hushes the thunders of the pulpit against sin and wrong, and deafens the ears of its victims to the cries of the perishing. It fills communities with selfish strifes, with wrongs and crimes of every shape and hue. It corrupts governments, encourages fraud and embezzlement, prevents the faithful execution of the laws, promotes drunkenness, gambling and licentiousness, kindles wars, corrupts legislatures, hardens the hearts and blinds the eyes of statesmen, leads to robberies, forgeries, suicides and murders. Its bitter fruits are found in the slain on battle-fields, in criminals in our prisons, in the oppression and degradation of the children of toil, in the control of politics, commerce and manufactures for the injury of the many and the aggrandizement of the few, in the broken hearts and shattered fortunes of the innocent who have become a prey to the cunning and unscrupulous. It bars the way in millions of hearts to the entrance of God's saving truth. There is no crime that has not been committed under its accursed inspirations, no imaginable wrong or injustice or cruelty that has not been committed at its bidding. Take away from all

hearts this insane craving for wealth and what wealth can purchase, and what a transformation society would undergo! The love of money is not, as our common version asserts, "*the* root of *all* evil," but it is, as a better translation reads, "*a* root of *all kinds* of evil"; and it is true, from age to age, that "they that desire to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition."

If nothing in the hideous deformities and the monstrous wrongs wrought by this passion is sufficient to repel us, we ought yet to be awed by a view of the ultimate ruin it inevitably works to one's self. Gehazi coveted gold and silver, changes of raiment, sheep and oxen, oliveyards and vineyards, men-servants and maid-servants. He might have said, in the language which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Malcolm:

There grows

In my most ill-composed affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

And what did he reap from all his eager avarice? *Leprosy*—a rottenness of flesh and bones that rendered him incapable of any joy of life and made his existence a perpetual curse. This was the bitter fruitage of the infidelity, impiety, ingratitude, falsehood and hypocrisy into which his covetousness led him. Nor is this an exceptional case. It is rather a typical case; and for this reason we have dwelt at length upon it. The blight

and curse inherent in this unholy passion is sure to assert itself sooner or later—a curse that will eat into the very center of life, consuming all that is healthful and beautiful in one's nature, rendering him incapable of enjoying what his avarice acquired, and degrading him into a hopeless outcast in the moral universe. It was in tender mercy as well as divine wisdom that our Lord said, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness."

ISAAC ERRETT.

WHAT THE NEW YEAR SAID.

I dreamed the New Year came to me;
His brow was broad and white,
His open smile was good to see,
His eyes were frank and bright.

"Come in! Come in, O glad New Year;
I greet your lightsome tread;
Your presence must be full of cheer
For all the world," I said.

The New Year shook his sunny hair;
"Ah, friend," he said, "not so;
This solemn secret I declare:
You make my joy or woe.

"My brother Years have come to earth
And sojourned, one by one;
And each has borne both grief and mirth,
And both from men were won.

"Though shadows fall across my face,
Your song will bid them flee;
Your smile the darkest cloud will chase,
And draw a smile from me.

"So then be glad, and cheer me on,
And I will bring you cheer;
And you can say when I am gone,
'This was a happy Year!'"

JESSIE H. BROWN.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

II.—PARLOR DANCING CONSIDERED.

We are not disposed to be puritanic with the youth of our families, or of the community, simply because they are in the church and ought to be under its guidance.

An exuberance of animal life is given them by the Father in heaven, and we would by no word of ours deprive them of any lawful enjoyment, or any useful or profitable method of enjoying the rich blessing of warm life the God of heaven has vouchsafed.

Everything which comes within the true meaning of the expression, "harmless amusements," or real play for recreation, we would freely grant to them.

Should a happy mother and her joyous children skip and dance around the parlor, to the music of the household song or instrument, no opposition or suspicion will be raised, in consequence, by us.

Nay, even if a few friends, assembled of an evening informally to enjoy each other's society, should inaugurate "a little dance," as such things are usually termed, we would never make objection, if the practice was ever, or could possibly be, confined within such reasonable limits, or if it were not that such things are the lifting of the flood-gates of riot and sin.

There is, beyond question, a marked difference between what is commonly known as "parlor dancing"

and the public hop, ball, or great dancing party ; but the difference too nearly resembles that between moderate drinking and habitual intoxication.

While it is true that there are very many excellent people, of pure morals and godly intent, who think a parlor dance a nice thing in itself, and in no way hurtful to the young, and those people can by no means be induced to engage in, or give countenance to, the more elaborate and more ostentatious public ball ; yet it is also true that the very great majority of the devotees of the ball-room and the worshipers of the " German," etc., etc., received their first impressions, and obtained their first taste, either in the plain country dance, the nice little innocent party with dance in the parlor, or in the dancing school — established ostensibly to cultivate grace of carriage, ease of manners, and politeness in company.

The parlor dance, *et id omne genus*, leads as directly to the abominations which make desolate the heart of the dancer, as the friendly and social glass leads on to drunkenness.

At the same time it remains a fact that there are men who have taken their " glass with a friend " all their lives, and never lost control of themselves, but who have a supreme contempt for all others who can not as well control their appetites and therefore become drunkards.

But these are far in the minority ; and so is it with the occasional dancer, who only believes in or countenances the parlor dance. We never argue a principle from its exceptions, always from its rule.

So we argue that, because there is imminent danger to the majority of the children and youth who are

allowed to engage in the popular parlor dance, that they will become unchristian in a very important sense, although it is not impossible that some may indulge in such things without harm to themselves; yet we are to consider the effect on others, according to the law of the Lord: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. xiv. 21); "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak" (I. Cor. viii. 9); and "Give none offense, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God" (I. Cor. x. 32).

We seem to be in duty bound to forego a pleasure, though it may be innocent in itself, or harmless at least to us, if our indulgence will result in evil to others. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished" (Prov. xxii. 3).

The fact that some, or even the many, may mingle in the dance, in any or all of its multiplied forms, and never have consciousness of evil in desire or inclination, does not alter the other fact that promiscuous dancing between the sexes is, essentially, corrupting and demoralizing.

In plain English, the popular round dances are undisguisedly voluptuous and licentious, because of the liberties taken and allowed, which are such as can hardly be safe even when sanctified by the sacred laws of kindred, or of loving friendship.

Saville expressed the sentiment of the world thus: "She who will allow herself to go to the utmost extent of everything that is lawful, is so very near going far-

ther, that those who lie at watch will begin to count upon her." It is especially the duty of the Christian woman to shun all that can possibly tarnish her good name.

"Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those which slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in Fortune's sun,
And sting the soul — ay, till its healthful frame
Is changed to secret, festering, sore disease,
So deadly is the wound." — *Joanna Baillie.*

In the kingdom of Christ, "no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." In that kingdom every man is bound to look not only on his own things, but also on the things of others. "All things are lawful for me," says the apostle, "but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's welfare."

Such, then, is the unity of the body of Christ that the conduct of each member, however obscure, must produce an effect for good or for evil upon the Church at large. "By one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have all been made to drink into one Spirit." If, therefore, a Christian grows weak in faith and worldly in life, he inflicts an injury upon the whole body of which Christ is the exalted Head; for "Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph. v. 25-27).

“A TIME TO DANCE.”

“A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance” (Eccl. iii. 4).

It is plain from this text that there is a time, a proper time, to dance; a time when it is as appropriate to dance as to sing, or to mourn, or to marry, each in its proper season.

We find that dancing was quite common in the early days of the world's history; but, strange to say, it was most frequently used as an act of worship performed to Deity by the Jews “before the Lord,” when they were true to the God of Israel.

“And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea” (Ex. xv. 20).

Anciently, dancing was observed also, by both Jews and Gentiles, before idols, when they were worshipers of false gods.

“And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount” (Exod. xxxii. 19).

When a hero was to be welcomed, he was worshiped in the dance, etc.

“And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances” (Judg. xi. 34).

“And the servants of Achish said unto him, Is not this David the king of the land? Did they not sing one to another of him in dances, saying, Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands?” (I. Sam. xxi. 11).

The ancient dancing was confined mostly to women, but when men took part the sexes danced separately.

Men who mingled with women in the dance were regarded as "lewd fellows of the baser sort;" so David defiled himself in his wife's eyes.

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet. And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart. And they brought in the ark of the Lord, and set it in his place, in the midst of the tabernacle that David had pitched for it; and David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the Lord. And as soon as David had made an end of offering burnt offerings and peace offerings, he blessed the people in the name of the Lord of hosts. And he dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine. So all the people departed, every one to his house. Then David returned to bless his household. And Michal the daughter of Saul came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself? And David said unto Michal, It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel: therefore will I play before the Lord" (II. Sam. vi. 14-21).

Once more, it is sometimes feebly suggested that the Bible itself furnishes authority for modern dancing; but a glance at the Scriptures will expose the fallacy of the position. We have not time at present to go into an extended examination of this phase of the subject, but are fortunate in finding it prepared by the able pen of Lyman Beecher. After giving the various passages in the Bible which allude to the subject, Dr. Beecher adds:

"From the preceding quotations, it will sufficiently appear, 1. That dancing was a religious act, both of the true and also of idol worship. 2. That it was practiced exclusively on joyful occasions, such as national festivals or great victories. 3. That it was performed by maidens only. 4. That it was performed usually in the daytime, in the open air, in highways, fields or groves. 5. That men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement were deemed infamous. 6. That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible in which the two sexes united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement. 7. That there is no instance upon record of social dancing for amusement, except that of the 'vain fellows,' devoid of shame; of the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety and ended in destruction; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist."

From this summary of Bible dancing, it seems the poles apart from our modern article.

To define a dance is not necessarily to describe the modern social dance. Webster says the word "dance" denotes "a lively, brisk exercise or amusement, in which the movements of the persons are regulated by art, in figure, and by the sound of instruments, in measure;" and "dancing" he defines as "a leaping or stepping, with motions of the body adjusted to the measure of a tune; a lively, brisk exercise or amusement, in which the movements of the persons are regulated by art, in figures, and by the sound of instruments."

Worcester says the word "dance" signifies "a graceful movement of the figure, accompanied by measured steps in accord with music;" and "dancing" he defines as "the act of moving with regulated and graceful steps."

It will readily be understood that it is not of *dancing as a mere act* we affirm or deny anything whatever.

The act, or motion, exercise, or measured move-

ment, in itself alone, has no moral qualities whatever. Dancing, *per se*, and the modern social dances, are the poles apart in practice and intent.

As a mere act, now performed as above defined, there certainly can be no sin in dancing. But, is it fair and honest to confound modern social dancing, in its best and worst forms, with the mere act of stately stepping to music, which, in itself, may not differ from a promenade, either in fact or intention?

Let it be said again, we are far from saying that "the act of moving with regulated and graceful steps" is inherently and necessarily sinful; for such a position would force us to conclude that David committed sin when, as an act of worship, he "danced before the Lord with all his might." Nor do we say that "a graceful movement of the figure, accompanied by measured steps in accord with music," is essentially sinful; for then it would follow that God frowns upon the gambols of a child that are in harmony with the sounds of a piano, and abhors the solemn movements of a funeral procession that are in unison with the strains of a dirge.

The question, therefore, is not whether the mere act of dancing, in itself considered, is always and unchangeably sinful. It is plain that the act of dancing may have no moral character whatever, as when a merry and thoughtless child dances in its play; or it may be commendable, as when David danced before the Lord in solemn religious worship; or it may be utterly wrong, as I propose to prove with regard to the fashionable amusement of which I am now writing.

But it is insisted, with some plausibility, that the young must have amusements, and if they are denied the privilege and pleasure of dancing, religion will be

presented to them in gloomy and repulsive colorings that will lead them to hate the very name. To this we reply, that if the pursuit of amusement is the end for which they are created; if they are under no obligation to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; if it is right for them to put off all serious thoughts about God, and eternity, and salvation, until they are old, or until death lays a sudden arrest upon their career of gaiety and frivolity, there is some force in the apology.

Again, it is urged that dancing is a healthful exercise, and necessary to promote ease and elegance on the part of the young. As to the former assertion, we might easily summon the highest medical testimony to prove its absurdity; but it is such sheer, unmitigated nonsense, we shall not insult your understanding by supposing for a moment that you believe it.

How frequently we are asked, "Is there any sin in dancing?" And, if we were to answer the question as put to us, we would be compelled in conscience to say, "No." But when we reflect that it is not the mere act which is meant, but the practice, as found in our fashionable and our unfashionable society, among high and low, good, bad and indifferent, in this present age, we are compelled to say: It is a sin against God, for a Christian, and against nature, for either man or woman to engage in the dancing of the present time.

If modern social dancing is in such an atmosphere and surrounded with such accessories and circumstances that it may not be used as an act of worship, then it is evident, *prima facie*, that it is not contemplated at all in holy writ, and there is, therefore, no place in the

economy of God for it, nor time to spend for it, or in its service. "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners" (I. Cor. xv. 33).

The ancient, or scriptural, dancing seemed to have the effect upon those who witnessed and those who participated, of making them more zealous for the law of the God whom they worshiped.

Now, if modern social dancing does not make the worshiper of Christ more zealous for the church, then it is so dissimilar to the ancient practice as not even to be contemplated in the gospel at all. There is, therefore, no time for its practice or use in the Christian life.

If the modern dance was not in any essential particular unlike the ancient religious dance, it would still be of so little value in this age as to be almost useless. See I. Tim. iv. 7, 8: "Exercise thyself rather unto godliness; for bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

When, in addition to this fact, we remember that the accessories to the modern public dancing and to the ball-room of the present day do violence to holy writ, we must conclude that it is not only valueless, but sinful. See I. Tim. ii. 8, 9: "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting. In like manner, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good work."

Now, contemplate a man praying at a dance, a hop, or a ball, and the dress of the ladies surrounding him at the time, in the light of this text.

Shall we hear once more, or ever, the oft-repeated assertion, "There is nothing in the Bible against dancing"? But let us "to the law of the Lord."

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil" (I. Thess. v. 21, 22). In this scripture we have a general rule by which we may discover a principle of right and wrong as to modern social dancing, and also as to many other things which, in themselves, are contrary to true Christian character.

"If we are to "prove" such things, it must be by their results.

Modern social dancing comes fairly under the head of "revelings and such like," in Gal. v. 19-21: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." See also I. Pet. iv. 3: "For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revelings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries."

That we may know of a certainty the modern social dances are to be abstained from because of "the appearance of evil," we submit the following rules by which to try them:

Rule First.—If a practice, custom or habit be elevating, dignifying or beneficial to man, the teachers, instructors and experts therein are acknowledged as benefactors of the human race, and are cordially re-

ceived into the best society, and have access to the homes of the best families.

An alliance with them in marriage is deemed an honor. But it is claimed by the devotees of Terpsichore that dancing is elevating, dignifying, and otherwise beneficial to man; yet, strange to say, the professors thereof are excluded from homes and society into which the college professor and the godly minister, the physician, the upright lawyer and respectable business man are cordially welcomed. And, moreover, an alliance between the daughter of an honored house and a dancing-master is only to be thought of with disgust; while the marriage of a Christian minister with an expert dancer would be deemed almost an unpardonable sin.

Rule Second.—Whatever is elevating in mind or morals must necessarily reach its greatest perfection in the cultivation of the most enlightened of all the human race.

Therefore, the higher we go in human intellect, the more perfect the practice of that which is beneficial to the children of Adam.

Now, according to this principle, dancing, if of advantage to mankind, should be brought to its greatest perfection in Europe and America. But what are the facts in the case?

A writer in the "New American Encyclopædia" says:

"Dancing exists among all savage people travelers have visited; and negroes on the African coast have been said to throw themselves at the feet of a European playing a fiddle, and to beg him to desist unless he would tire them to death; for while he played they could not cease dancing. Dancing was one of the principal amusements of

the American aborigines, being more common among them than in any civilized country."

A newspaper correspondent says :

"I have seen a negro boy of seven years old, without the first elements of an education, dance with a grace and agility of motion that would put to blush the brightest star of the fashionable ball-room.

"The most accomplished dancers in the world are untutored savages, who practice, in a state of nudity, around their camp-fires.

"What special incentive, then, can a cultivated, intellectual, refined youth have to waste precious time in an amusement in which, after all, he may be surpassed by a rude Hottentot, or even by an ape."

Nothing more need be said on this point, we think.

Rule Third.—Whatever of dress, or of undress, may be indulged in by virtuous women, in public, without censure or suspicion, before both friends and strangers, may be safely indulged in at home, in the parlor, and before friends and loved ones only.

But we opine that the virtuous ladies are few and far between who would so far forget themselves as to go every day clothed, or rather unclothed, in garments cut after the fashion of the ball-room, viz. : with nothing on above the waist save a narrow strip, a goodly application of cosmetics, and a lively imagination.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

A correspondent of one of the leading newspapers, in describing a fashionable ball at Washington, said substantially, "although few believed that Eve's daughters were as unsophisticated as she, yet it is apparent that they were like her in one respect: 'They were naked and were not ashamed.'" Perhaps this custom made Byron say:

"Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;
 Terpsichore! — too long misdeemed a maid —
 Reproachful term — bestowed but to upbraid —
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
 The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
 Far be from thee and thine the name of prude:
 Mocked, yet triumphant; sneered at, unsubdued;
 Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
 If but thy coats are reasonably high;
 Thy breast — if bare enough — requires no shield;
 Dance forth, — *sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
 And own — impregnable to most assaults,
 Thy not too lawfully begotten waltz.

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 Endearing waltz! — to thy more melting tune
 Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadon.
 Scotch reels, avaunt! and country dance, forego
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
 Waltz — waltz alone — both legs and arms demands,
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
 Hands which may freely range in public sight
 Where ne'er before — but — pray 'put out the light.'
 Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
 Shines much too far — or I am much too near;
 And true, though strange, — waltz whispers this remark,
 'My slippery paths are safest in the dark.'
 But here the Muse with due decorum halts."

Rule Fourth. — Whatever position a lady may safely take beside a gentleman, in public, or, whatever posture they may be permitted to effect in the presence of many, both friends and strangers, or, whatever liberties a lady may allow a gentleman to take with her person in public (and oftentimes that gentleman a stranger whose character may be sadly spotted), may be permitted, allowed, and safely indulged in at home, in the parlor or elsewhere, with gentlemen friends or loved ones, without harm or suspicion. But, in the modern round

dance, the lady permits her partner to draw her close to him, with his hand on her waist, and their other hands clasped, while they whirl away under the inspiration of music, and circumstances which engender emotions and results more easily imagined than described.

Now, should some gentleman friend be so rude or forgetful as to, when visiting the same lady at her home, in her parlor where all is quiet and naught to stir the passions or emotions, clasp that lady's waist and take the same liberties with her person which were permitted without blush or rebuke in the ball-room, what a howl would be raised; and the unfortunate being would have been as well off, in the sight of many excellent people, if he had committed the one unpardonable sin. The mere circumstance, too, that he may be a man of unspotted character, while it is occasionally possible that the ball-room companion may be a libertine, cuts no figure in the case.

What makes the difference? Do the glare of many lights and the enchanting sound of music, coupled with the fact that the world is there, atone for such grave actions on the part of the otherwise pure and good?

Beyond question, then, it is not the "time to dance" when a lady is posturing as she would not in private and a gentleman is handling her person as he would not dare to do in the privacy of her home.

Rule Fifth.—Whatever may be safely indulged in as an amusement, without imputation of immorals, by a Christian woman, may be also indulged in with impunity by her minister.

But ministers of the gospel, by one common con-

sent, are not only not expected to participate in the modern social round and square dances, but are absolutely forbidden to do so. Why? Answer: Because these dances have the "appearance of evil."

Finally, who, of all that dance, and have danced, have been the better fitted for the battle of life thereby? What citizen was ever made more honorable, trustworthy and true in consequence of his expert dancing? What woman was ever made more virtuous, loving, kind, noble and true because she could dance perfectly?

What possible good, what real virtue, what noble inspiration, has ever come to the individual or to the race therefrom? Echo answers, "What?" Is it necessary to put these questions conversely? Nay. It is not difficult to find and trace the evil resulting from the modern social dance.

J. C. TULLY.

HONOR ALL MEN.

A SERMON.

“Honor all men.”—I. Peter ii. 17.

That we should honor all men is the demand of Christianity. Still leaving the human heart to its own native and unaided impulses, what man on the face of this green earth is capable of doing so? Notwithstanding, we can not help being impressed by the fact, that when this religion that commands, “Honor all men,” takes hold of a man, it makes him honorable in the estimation of the whole world. Not only this, but nations that love this religion best are in the world’s estimation most honorable. Is a continent subdued almost in the lifetime of one man; do cities spring up like magic; and does human genius stand before us in its highest state of development, in subduing to man’s use the forces of nature; then, these achievements are the fruit of that religion that commands, “Honor all men.” Or, are we lifted up to heaven by having the love of heaven brought down to our desolate hearts, with its floods of light and its radiance of glory; is peace given to our troubled souls; and are we made to know that there is a rest for the weary, this is still the work of the same religion.

But how does Christianity make men honorable? It has but one instrumentality, one motive power. This is the gospel. “I am not ashamed of the gospel of

Christ," says Paul, "for it is the power of God to salvation, to every man that believes it." "And I am determined," says the same apostle, "to make known nothing else." But what is the gospel? It is foreshadowed by all the types of the Jewish and patriarchal ages, and is the burden of the prophecies. It is a story: and this story is four times told; once each by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and always by the apostles in their preaching. The pagan version of this story is as follows: "Against whom, when his accusers stood up, they brought none accusation of such things as I supposed, but had certain questions against him, of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, which was dead, and whom Paul affirmed to be alive" (Acts xxv. 18). So poor, mean, weak and contemptible was this gospel, in the estimation of the civilization of old pagan Rome; yet by its effects it proved that the weakness of God is stronger than men, and the foolishness of God wiser than men.

But again we ask, what is this gospel? The Jews at the first had put to death the Lord Jesus, and when they knew that the disciples worshiped him as God, they murdered Stephen, and scattered the church at Jerusalem to the four winds. Still, it was not till Peter had said in the house of Cornelius, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but, in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him," that the wrath of the Jews was stirred up to the uttermost. Let it be noted that this Jewish anti-Christian party was not at the first the populace; for "the common people heard him gladly." The elements of this opposition are drawn out in history by Luke, as follows: "Their rulers and elders,

and scribes, and Annas the high priest, and Caiaphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest, were gathered together at Jerusalem." To this number Luke adds the Sadducees. They were rich, worldly, profligate and sensual, and did not care to be threatened that they should be held to answer before the judgment seat of God for criminal indulgence, and for their sins against God and men. A portion of this company were also Pharisees. They are photographed by the Saviour as follows: "And he spake this parable to certain that trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, stood, and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, unjust, extortioners, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all I possess." Again, the Saviour says, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye pay tithes of mint, and dill, and cumin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and fidelity to your human engagements." Thus, to form this party we have Sadducean materialists who affirmed that death ends all, sensualists, and men of easy-going morality, combined with those who were high in position in the Jewish church and punctilious in the observance of the Jewish ceremonial, but were fearfully delinquent in the matter of justice and mercy to the poor. They were self-conceited, proud, arrogant, and knew not that their want of humanity to men spoiled and made of none effect all their zeal for the ordinances of God. They were men of caste, and asked with unaffected horror, "Why eateth your master with publicans and sinners?" The

Gentiles were dogs; the Samaritans no better; and they had no dealings with the one or the other.

In drawing out the details of this quarrel against the Saviour, it is proper to say, that while Jesus did not deny them any blessings under his reign, neither did he give them any preference over the meanest wretch in the land of Judæa. He put both on a level; and for this they hated the Saviour with an unspeakable intensity of hatred. Murder, robbery, or even blasphemy, did not move their souls with such abhorrence as to be told that "publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." They felt and acknowledged the wisdom of the Saviour's words and the superlative majesty and grandeur of his mighty works. They said, "Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works?" But this only added fuel to the fire of their wrath when they saw that miracles surpassing the miracles that Moses wrought were to be made an instrumentality to lift up vile, mean, low dogs of men to a level with themselves.

Jesus once poised the whole weight of his religion on obedience to two commandments: first, love God; second, love your neighbor. One standing by, said, "And who is my neighbor?" The answer of Jesus is as though he had said, "Think not that you can enjoy the blessings of my reign, or that eternal life that is its final issue and result. Your national, sectional and clannish pride forbids it. The sneering contempt you feel for men not of your race or nation forbids it." He gave them a parable. The leading character in this parable is simply a "*man*." Not a word is said of his race or nation. This "*certain man*" falls among thieves; and plundered, wounded, and dying, lies by the way-

side. A priest and a Levite pass by on the other side. This was like them. They recognized no obligation resting on a common humanity to do this man a kindness. Then there came that way a Samaritan; toward whom the Jew cherished a traditional hatred, intensified by the memories of the despoiling of David's sons of their fairest provinces, the richest jewels in their crown; intensified by the fact of a rival worship; and that these Samaritans were a race of mongrel half-breeds, descended on the one side from slaves and serfs, left behind when their aristocratic masters were carried away into Babylon; and descended on the other side from idolaters. This Samaritan becomes neighbor to the man that fell among thieves.

The people—the poor people—led on by priests, were turned against their best friend, and cried, “Crucify him! Crucify him!” The wretch, Pontius Pilate, was hardened to the spectacle of innocent men suffering by mobocratic violence and judicial murder; but he was awed by the divine majesty of the Saviour; and, warned by his wife, and feeling in his heart that Jesus was innocent, he washed his hands in the sight of the people, saying, “I am free from the blood of that just person, see you to it.” But the mob was clamorous, and Pilate was afraid of his popularity, and gave in—of course! Was ever a politician, who makes his own popularity his supreme thought, known to do better?

The Lord of glory died, reviled even in the measureless agonies of that awful moment by these men that had followed him to his death with such mortal hatred. And this is the gospel; yet not the whole gospel: for we have not yet gone down with him into the abodes of death; nor have we followed him as he arose, and in

his glorified humanity ascended, upborne by ten thousand times ten thousand triumphant angels, till our vision is lost in floods of light around his Father's throne. Nor have we obtained answer to the inquiry: "Who is the Lord of glory?" John, who introduced Jesus to the people, declares that Jesus is older than himself. He says, "He that cometh after me is preferred before me, for he was before me." Yet Jesus was born after John. Jesus himself is our next witness: "Before Abraham was, I am." Micah adds his testimony: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting. All things were made by him and for him, and without him was not anything made that was made." This great earth, with its seas, lakes and rivers, its mountains, valleys and plains, and all their wealth of varied tenantry; the sun in the heavens, with its oceans of light, boundless infinity, filled with millions of worlds and countless millions of angels, marshaled under the "thrones, dominions, principalities and powers of heaven, are all the workmanship of him who, in his time, shall show who is the blessed and only potentate, the Lord of lords, the King of kings." "To him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever."

Oh! to think that this high and holy One should stoop below all the principalities and powers of the world of light, below the condition of the angels in heaven, below the chief captains and mighty men of earth, below this world's aristocracies,, below that



Pardce Butler

favoured class of men who are midway between riches and poverty, until at last we find him among the very dregs of men; his home a stable; his cradle a manger; so low that none could be lower, so poor that none could be poorer than he! And this is the Lord, and, under his Father, the "Creator of the ends of the earth." This is the Son of the Father of angels and men. And this is Heaven's estimate of the value of men, of humanity, degraded as far as sin can degrade and brutified as far as sin can brutify. And this is the reception we gave to the Son of the Monarch of a hundred millions of worlds, each world inhabited by countless myriads of loyal and adoring subjects, radiant in light and excelling in strength! We saw in him no beauty. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid, as it were, our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not."

His associates were the poor fishermen of Galilee, or the equally poor peasantry of Judæa. At the only wedding he is reported to have attended, they had not money enough to buy wine for the guests. As his glory culminated when he took his seat on the throne of his Father, amid the adorations of the universe, so in one of his last acts he showed how he could condescend to the sweetest and gentlest courtesies of social life. Girding himself with a towel, he took a basin of water and washed his disciples' feet. So sinks the sun to rest gently and serenely, amid the chastened light and calm repose of an Indian summer evening.

We may also honor a man, not for what he is, but for what he may be. If a stranger had seen George Washington, when at sixteen years of age he had for a

doubloon a day engaged to survey the estates of Lord Fairfax, lying in the Virginia Valley; and when for months he camped out in the forest, dressed in buckskin, in daily peril from the Indians and rough and turbulent squatters, sore displeased that another owner should claim their homes in the wilderness—who then could have rendered special honor to such a tall, coarse and ungainly backwoodsman? But now, eighty-five years after his death, when we only know him as the "Father of his country," as "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and that he, more than any other man, gave direction to that train of causes which have issued in making the American people what they are, then we know that if we could have foreseen all this, we would have bowed down and made obeisance—rough and uncouth though he was—to the youthful surveyor of the Virginia Valley.

Merle d'Aubigné quotes Luther as saying: "My parents treated me cruelly; one day, for a mere trifle, my mother whipped me till the blood came." "His master at school flogged him fifteen times in one day." Now, if we had found such a family, in the very lowest walks of life, and that this father and mother had a boy so turbulent as to require such treatment, we would have found small cause to honor him. But if we could have foreseen this boy, now grown to be a man, standing with grand and heroic courage before Charles V., Emperor of Germany, this monarch being surrounded by the electors, princes, crowned heads and nobility of Germany, Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, together with the ghostly representatives of the imperial hierarchy of Rome; and if we could also have foreseen

how that this lion-hearted man would emancipate, not only his own conscience, but the consciences of millions of other men, from being enslaved to that arrogant, imperious and imperial hierarchy—who could refuse to honor the boy for what should be developed in the man? But if such be sometimes the issues of the three-score years and ten of man's earthly career, who will undertake to say what will be the developments of the ages and cycles of ages of an eternity to come, spent in the paradise of God, surrounded by the resplendent glories of the Lamb! Here, the proper dignity of our better nature is obscured by the fogs of sense and the bewilderments of passion; there, our eyes will never be dimmed with sorrow, our hearts never be broken with grief, nor our reason be clouded with passion. There, we shall no more pine, and feel our hearts grow weary all the day with longing to see those whom we may not see. There, our souls will never be palsied with a voiceless woe, nor will the aspirations of our spiritual natures be swept away by a floodtide of human and earthly temptation.

Again, the gospel makes man honorable by taking him out of an abyss of sin and setting his feet upon a rock. The world has been full of sin for six thousand years. How shall men be recovered from sin? is the question of all questions. "I will legislate against it," said the legislator. "I will punish it," said the judge. "I will declaim against it," said the eloquent orator. "I will sing the shame of wickedness and the praise of virtue in harmonious numbers," said the poet. "I will draw a breathing picture of both on the canvas," said the painter, "and men shall make the comparison." "And I," said the philosopher, "will describe the

blissful consequences of the one, and the horrible results of the other." Still men went down deeper and deeper into sin. Then the great Apostle of the Gentiles comes before the world, and says: "And I will tell the story of a dying Saviour's love, his cross, his sepulchre, and his coronation in heaven: and this shall be my glory." It was a stumbling block to the Jew; for it struck at his pride. It was foolishness to the Greek; for it was a simple story, level to the capacity of the meanest slave, and put to shame his pretense of wisdom. Then it was seen that the weakness of God is stronger than men, and the foolishness of God wiser than men; for degraded Gentiles turned to God from dumb idols to serve the living God; to be "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; to show forth the praises of him that called them out of darkness into his marvelous light."

And now comes Robert G. Ingersoll and says: "And I will make the tremendous questions of sin, death, and eternity, matter of merriment, and food for laughter-provoking wit, to amuse loafers, harlots, blackguards, gamblers, and saloon-keepers: and this shall be my glory."

Babylon, Medo Persia, Greece, and Rome, were overgrown aristocracies, and built the huge superstructure of their power by trampling into the dust millions of wretched men. They showed no mercy to the poor. They heeded not the despairing groans that went up to heaven from myriads of bleeding hearts. Hard and tyrannical, they were symbolized by the brazen image that Nebuchadnezzar saw. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands, is our kingdom. Our symbol is a bleeding lamb. Our King is the king of peace.

Our law is the law of love. In passing from the highest position in the universe down through all orders of being to a condition of abject poverty and helpless suffering, the Saviour showed where we must consent to stand if we aspire to rise and reign with him and share his inheritance in the eternal city. "He that abaseth himself shall be exalted." "Before honor comes humility." Oppression shall not forever be triumphant. "The saints shall possess the earth." The brazen image shall be ground into powder and scattered to the four winds, and its heartless maxims of cruel and lordly oppression shall no more rule in the hearts of men. Then, "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him."

When we consent to stand where Jesus stood at the point of his lowest humiliation and abasement; when we are made to feel "that God hath made of one blood all the nations, to dwell on all the face of the earth;" and that all we are brethren; and when from this standpoint we can lift our eyes to behold the superlative glories of ransomed and redeemed men, forever dwelling in the paradise of God, then, and only then, are we prepared to "honor all men."

A dignity is conferred on us beyond the power of human or angelic speech to utter, in the assurance that the Father of universal being is our Father; and that He loves us better than earthly father ever loved his child; and that in the great consummation, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Messiah, we shall reign with him for-

ever and forever, "then the cause, so long oppressed, shall universally triumph; for ages of prosperity and joy are yet to crown the labors of Messiah, and untold millions, the trophies of his mediation, are yet to gladden heaven and earth by their cheerful submission to his authority, who shall then be acknowledged the rightful *King of kings and Lord of lords.*"

PARDEE BUTLER.

SELFISHNESS OVERRULED.

Man's power of self-direction and destruction would be most dangerous were it not for One who can "make the wrath of man to praise Him." We can exercise this power only within narrow limits of time and place and subject of choice. Life is brief and death changes the plans of bad as well as good men; this life must be acted upon a narrow stage; and there are some things which men *will* not choose to do, whatever may be said of their absolute power. Man may pace the deck of his ship, and may be at least a private or a priest, but still mighty currents, in sea and sky, will bear him on to the port where all voyages end. Not only are our choices limited, but Providence often overrules them. Joseph's brethren "thought evil against him, but God meant it unto good, to save much people alive." Though it may not lighten the guilt, yet it may be a source of joy to even bad men that God did not let them do all the evil they intended. That Satan *is* an angel of light, that all evil is some good in disguise, and that sin is but righteousness under a bad name, are false propositions; and yet, in many ways and on a grand scale, selfishness is made to result in benevolence.

Very curious are those impulses in human nature which impel men to toil and to accumulate property; the love of an active life, the desire to possess, the fear of want; the power which wealth gives, and the joy which thrills the miser's heart at the sight and the

jingle of gold. This toil and accumulation are continued long after they become unnecessary. As the hive of bees will lay up a hundred pounds more honey than the longest winter would require, so the miser continues to slave and save long after his accumulations have become an intolerable burden. Age on age, millions are toiling and piling mountains high the world's wealth; and this accumulation is mainly the result of selfishness. These eager business men and misers are not working for other people. They do not care much about the progress of civilization. They have accumulated by refusing to consume or give away, and yet this selfishness results in a world of good. The millionaire can not take his money with him. Astor and Rothschild had to go without a shilling. They were compelled to leave their vast possessions in the world and to the world. These possessions were soon divided up and poured into the currents of business. All grand enterprises are possible, secular, scientific and religious, because such men lived and especially because they died. Without capital, steamships would lie rotting in the harbor, railroads and engines would rust, all the wheels of business would become still, the laborer would go unemployed and unpaid, missionaries would no longer be supported, and the aisles of prayer would be untrodden.

Another example is found in the apparent honesty and the safety of trade. The unscrupulous trader may cheat the servant girl in her purchase of a few yards of calico, but he can not afford to cheat his wealthy customer; he would lose more than he would gain. The president of a life insurance company who receives a salary of thirty thousand dollars does not think it wise

to steal. Large dealers on opposite sides of the ocean can not afford to swerve from strict accuracy and honesty the breadth of a hair; loss of confidence and trade would be the forfeit. There are myriads who are truly honest, but selfishness makes many a man honest in act when not in heart. How many millions of treasure pass daily through hands that grow rheumatic from self-restraint! What argosies of commerce are intrusted to foreign traders more rapacious than the ship-wrecking sea and without the loss of a dime!

Men who engage in commerce are prompted by the selfish desire for gain, to do the very thing which will most benefit the nations between which they trade. Without any law to compel and with no benevolence at heart, they buy what is abundant in one country and therefore cheap, and sell the same in another country where the goods comprising their cargo are scarce and consequently in demand at a good price. They do the same thing on the return voyage; and so commerce, though wholly selfish, is supplying the needs of nations and equalizing the necessities and luxuries of life.

An illustration on a grander scale is furnished by the reluctance of the great empires of Europe to engage in war, or to favor war between neighboring nations. National policies are generally selfish. The immense standing armies maintained in every European state are a proof that war in itself they do not abhor, since they are ready for it. But they are beginning to see its ruinous nature. They see that no nation can suffer without all civilized nations suffering with it; suffering in every branch of foreign commerce. Trade with a pauper is not profitable, whether the pauper be an individual or a nation.

It is selfish greed which makes interoceanic canals and girdles the earth with railroads and lines of steamships. Yet how manifold are the benefits! All producers are furnished world-wide markets, the peculiar products of every land are enjoyed by the whole world, art and science confer their blessings on all lands, the triumphs of literature are admired everywhere, the peoples commingle and become cosmopolitan in all that pertains to Christian civilization, and famines such as in former ages desolated whole provinces are no longer possible. In a similar way we can see that men "can do nothing against the truth but for the truth." When truth is brought into discussion, its superiority becomes apparent. Atheism has called attention to the unanswerable proofs of the divine existence. The efforts of Strauss and Renan have caused a more thorough examination and vindication of the Gospels. Evolution as a theory of man's origin on the earth will secure attention to man's superior and divine origin. Better opposition to Christianity than the indifference which indicates that men are past feeling and rapidly sinking into the stupor of death.

Enlightened selfishness seems to come nearer and nearer to virtue and benevolence. When fully enlightened, shall we not see that all the commandments of Heaven are for our good? Shall we not see that obedience to moral law, that unselfishness and universal benevolence, will reach all the ends which selfishness seeks but without its meanness and guilt? And when selfishness is lost in intelligent self-love shall we not have an example of the soul-harmony which will prevail when we come to a perfect Christian manhood?

H. W. EVEREST.

HARRY SOMERS; OR, LIFE IN BURTON.

CHAPTER XV.

"Glad to see you, my young friend," said Mr. Peyton next evening, welcoming Harry to his study with a cordial shake of the hand. "Bro. Dacy regretted very much that he could not remain longer to assist you, and I also regret it, as I should have liked for you to have had the benefit of his ripe thoughtfulness and experience; but if you will closely follow the course of reading he has marked out for you, you can not fail to acquaint yourself with the fullest evidence that can be afforded in support of Christianity; and any assistance I can render you, I will consider a pleasure and privilege to give. This search in which you are engaged is a question of life and death, not as pertains to time, but to the vast eternity beyond. Here is the list of works Bro. Dacy thought important you should read—and not only read, but study. Most of them I have in my library, and those I have n't, I will undertake to borrow for you, whenever you are ready for them."

"I have been thinking to-day that, granted that God is the Author of all things, I can see no use in the sending one whom He claimed as His Son, to suffer and die on earth; nor can I see any use in the writing of the Bible. Why not God speak His will to mankind without the medium of either Christ or His apostles?" said Harry.

“Whether you can see the use of any of God’s plans amounts to very little. The point is to know that God did so plan, and to accept whatever His wisdom designed. If the finite mind could fully comprehend all the workings of the infinite, it would, to all extent and purposes, become the equal of the infinite, and consequently would refuse to render homage to a power no higher than itself. Thus, you see, man would practically become his own God. That God, ‘who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son,’ is enough for us to know; there is no need to question why He has done so. If we accept God as the one eternal, immortal, invisible God, the Creator of all things, then we accept whatever He chooses to do as the best thing that could be done for man. So, then, as it is God’s plan to reveal Himself and His wonderful love to man, through the pages of His inspired book, it is the best plan—the one best suited to the nature of man.

“What has reason, without revelation, accomplished? Man may deify mind as much as he chooses, follow it in its flights into realms of speculation; yet there comes a limit to all its power. When it seeks to penetrate the veil of the future, solve the problem of his own destiny, then the voice of God is heard, ‘Thus far and no farther.’ At the mystic gate of the great beyond, man stands helpless, unable to open it. Here, then, is the need of revelation, which shows him the way through the pearly gate into the beautiful city. It teaches man his own insignificance, in that he is dependent upon a higher power.

“Cast your mind over the history of the world, and

find one land without the Bible wherein the true God is known and worshiped? The utmost that man, unaided by revelation, has been able to do, is to worship gods of his own making, or fall down in adoration to the powers of nature. Where does infidelity borrow even a semblance of morality? From the very source it ridicules—the Word of God. Strip it of the thin cloak of morality, with which it seeks to hide its hideous deformity, and what is exposed? Licentiousness in every phase. Take away God and the restraint of His law, and man is left the prey to his own vicious instincts; for there can be no obedience rendered where no authority is recognized.

“Without God there can be no standard of virtue, and no incentive to its practice. That which takes away the moral restraint by which the world is held in check is criminal in its character and influence. That infidelity is so, is not a matter of opinion, but of stubborn fact sustained by history.

“Look at France during the Revolution, and see the result of that teaching which proclaims as its motto, ‘There is no God, and death is an eternal sleep.’ Vice run riot; murder and rapine stalked abroad, devastating the land; hideous crimes were committed in the name of liberty; all the baser passions of human nature were let loose, and sunny France groaned under the infidel yoke.

“The history of infidelity is a history of immorality, despite all that may be claimed by its advocates to the contrary. It seeks to overthrow that which makes the very best of man, and substitute that which degrades. If the infidel hosts deny this, let them show the proof of the benefit ever done the world by their teaching.

‘A tree is known by its fruit.’ What fruit bears the upas-tree of infidelity? Insubordination in all its forms, not only to moral law, but to civil as well, inasmuch as civil is founded upon moral.

“What is the fruit that Christianity presents to the world? ‘Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.’

“How many charitable institutions has infidelity founded? how many faltering human beings strengthened for the battle of life? how many fallen ones lifted? how many weary, sad ones cheered? The truth is, infidelity robs life of all that makes it most lovely, and restores nothing in place of what it takes.”

“I know, I feel, that what you say is true,” said Harry, with emotion; “but, in spite of me, I can’t throw off the doubts which have so long possessed my mind. I desire to believe — I do believe what you and Mr. Dacy say, while I am under the influence of your earnestness; but when I get off to myself, after a little while the arguments do not seem so strong, and I find myself harassed by doubts again. I thought the other day, when I heard Mr. Dacy preach, that I could never doubt the existence of God again, and really, when I bring up fresh to my mind the array of simple but plain arguments he used, I do n’t disbelieve that there must be a God, and that He must possess the attributes claimed for Him; but it seems as if the doubts are involuntary, and out of my power to control. I can not understand my own state of mind.”

“It is not unusual, however, I assure you,” responded Mr. Peyton, “and not hard to account for. Habit enthalls the mind as well as the body. Your mind is in the habit of disbelieving; it refuses to be-

lieve at once fully, no matter how convincing the proof. A link in the chain of doubt may be sprung, almost broken, but not all at once will the shackles drop and leave you a free man, and even then the scars can not be entirely effaced. If doubts, that you thought conquered, return, meet them bravely and reconquer them. This is a work none can do for you; the soul must fight its own battles. Persevere, inform yourself thoroughly; do so as quickly as possible, but leave nothing undone, to return and disturb your peace afterward. I have here four old but valuable works — Alexander's Evidences, Paley's Evidences, Jew's Letters to Voltaire, and Horne's Introduction, which you can read, after which I will furnish you later works on the same subject. Not that it is necessary to consult so many, but that you may feel satisfied on every point, I would advise an extensive reading. With it all, read the Scripture—compare the Old with the New Testament; notice how the latter is a fulfillment of the former; and by careful study you will find the contradictions you spoke of last evening dissappear. In reading both Old and New Testaments, bear in mind who is speaking, who is spoken to, and the general surrounding circumstances, and you will find it very easy to understand what, at a glance, appeared to be discrepancies."

Again expressing his thanks for the interest manifested in him, Harry took the books Mr. Peyton offered him, and sought the privacy of his own room.

Night after night he pored over his reading, sometimes discouraged, sometimes exultant. Often, when he thought he could say with all honesty, "I do believe," the chill of doubt would again overtake him. But Harry was intensely in earnest, and, remembering what

Mr. Peyton had said as to the difficulty of throwing off the shackles of doubt, he persevered.

All through the winter he read and studied, attending service in the various churches during the time. He was resolved to leave nothing in which to be guided by the religious opinions of others. Had he not done that once, and made shipwreck of all his faith? No; he would examine for himself.

The division he found among professing Christians was an overwhelming obstacle toward uniting himself with any church, as it has proved, and continues to prove, an obstacle in the way of thousands.

This difficulty Harry confessed to Mr. Peyton, who was watching the young man's course with deep interest. He could only bid him test all things by the Word of God, and prove what was good and acceptable.

"Man is fallible, God infallible. Because man fails to carry out the full commands of Jehovah, does not prove that those commands do not hold good. Christ is our Model, His law our guide. To that I commend you. If you hear from Christian pulpit teaching which God's Word will not sustain, then discard it," was Mr. Peyton's advice;—which advice Harry put in practice, and the Bible—Grace's parting gift—lay no longer neglected on the shelf, but was a court of appeal by which every sermon he heard was tried—weighed in the balance, and too often, alas! found wanting.

Here he heard that God had from all ages elected those whom He would save, and that man was powerless to do aught for himself; and these powerless beings whom God chose to damn for an exercise of His own authority, would be punished through an endless eternity.

Harry thought with a shudder of such a God as this, merciless and cruel — making victims to suffer the torments of perdition, and then, Nero-like, viewing calmly the ruin He had caused. How could such a God claim the love of His creatures? Was He not rather a tyrant, to defy to the uttermost? Harry felt a cold wave from the sea of skepticism flow over him, as he contemplated accepting such a doctrine; but when he turned to his Bible, and read there that God is a God who “will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth,” and that “whosoever cometh unto Him, will in nowise be cast out,” he rightly concluded that such a doctrine as Calvinism had its origin in the brain of its founder, rather than God’s Word, and as he had determined to concern himself alone as to what God taught, his mind rejected what was of human origin, and ceased to be disturbed by it.

From another source he heard that man is a free agent, and that God was a God of love, who could not delight in the damnation of one of His creatures: but in the same breath that man’s free agency was announced, implying his ability to accept or reject Christ; he was told to expect the Holy Spirit to come direct from God, in answer to the plea of the sinner, and, by its mysterious and miraculous power convert his soul, thereby doing away with the free agency of man, and virtually leaving the entire responsibility of man’s salvation on God.

Harry recognized this as the rock upon which he had been wrecked, and felt again all the surging emotion that had filled his soul with bitterness, when it was borne upon his mind that God had blessed others with His Spirit and passed him by.

But his faithful monitor said, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation," and told of how the Thessalonians "turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God," showing that the turning was of man himself, and not accomplished by any miraculous power exerted by God's Spirit, and thus relieving God from the charge of favoritism, which is the natural outgrowth of such false teaching.

Thus Harry felt that Arminianism could, together with Calvinism, be consigned to oblivion as the doctrine of men, and not enter in the consideration of the question he so longed to solve — "What is truth?" — propounded by Pilate, and echoing in the heart of man through all succeeding ages.

One by one the creeds of different churches were examined; one by one they were discarded as human inventions; and the youth, who had started out in his investigation doubting the genuineness of the Bible, now not only felt that it must of necessity be the Word of God, but that it must constitute not alone the only refuge from infidelity, but the only defense against the innovations of professed Christendom.

ALLIE B. LEWIS.

[From the "Old Testament Student."]

JERUSALEM.

Many persons who visit Jerusalem are no doubt disappointed because the actual city which they behold is so unlike the ideal one which they have pictured to themselves. With a few this disappointment arises from sheer ignorance of what they had a right to expect, and for this they have no one but themselves to blame. Jerusalem is not a city of broad streets, beautiful gardens, fine houses, elegant suburbs with lovely promenades, grand hotels, theatres and attractive places of entertainment. Travelers who expect to find any of these things in Jerusalem simply show that they have read nothing about the place; and if their object in coming here is chiefly to enjoy them as they would do at a pleasure resort in Europe, they certainly ought never to come. Strange as it may seem, such travelers appear from time to time in the Holy City; but fortunately for the reputation of the countries from which they come, the number is small. Having seen thousands of travelers to the Holy Land, it gives me pleasure to testify that the large majority of them come with an earnest desire to learn all they can of this wonderful country. At the same time, many of these very persons do themselves an injustice, because they have failed to study carefully, before coming here, at least one of the many books descriptive of the place and scenes which they intend to visit.

Formerly, before so many buildings were erected on the west of the city, Jerusalem presented a very imposing aspect to those who approached it from that direction. Now, to one coming on the Jaffa Road, at the very point, about a mile out, where otherwise the walls and minarets would begin to be seen, a row of modern houses on either side of the street, mostly occupied by Jews, here and there a few dirty shops kept by Jews, and the lofty Russian buildings in the foreground, are the chief objects that meet the eye; and these certainly do not awaken any wonderful emotions, perhaps not even the slightest degree of enthusiasm.

The case would be different were one to approach the city from the north, that is, from the direction of Nablous or Shechem. New buildings are being erected north-west and north of the city; but because the ground in that quarter is comparatively low, they can never obstruct the view of Jerusalem itself. From this direction Titus, at the head of the fifth, twelfth and fifteenth legions, approached the city. These encamped on Scopus, which is directly north of Jerusalem, and looked down upon the massive walls which they had come to overthrow and the proud structure of the Temple which they had come to destroy.

If ever a railroad is built between Jaffa and Jerusalem, it will be a pity if the Jerusalem depot can not be located at this point, since, although it is a mile from the city, it commands such a splendid view of the town that even those who are not subject to impressions would find themselves deeply moved, were they to have this scene brought suddenly before them. Soon after Titus reached Scopus, the tenth legion came up by way

of Jericho, and camped on the Mount of Olives. From this direction the view, although unlike that from the north, is still very imposing. Coming from the south, or Bethlehem, the aspect of the city is wholly changed, — grandeur has given place to the picturesque.

What is the advantage in coming to Jerusalem? Very few things can be pointed out as having actually existed in the time of Christ. We have the rock beneath the Mosque of Omar, where the Temple actually stood. We can certainly point to the location of the Castle of Antonia, where Paul was confined before being taken to Cæsarea-on-the-Sea. We can point out the old stones of Herod's Temple, where the Jews wail over the sanctuary fallen in the dust and trodden down. We can show the pillars of the double and triple gates of the Temple area, through which our Lord must have passed. Moreover, we can point out the site and some of the stones of the Tower of Herod, which was called "Hippicus," in the castle near the Jaffa gate. Perhaps, besides these, a few other objects of minor importance can be shown as genuine relics of nineteen centuries ago; but all else is changed. Everything is unreal, unsatisfactory, disappointing, and even disgusting, and leads us away from the Master, rather than brings us into closer communion with Him. Simply as a city, Jerusalem is not worth a trip across an ocean and a continent to visit it. But in its sacred and historical associations, for which chiefly it should be visited, no other city on earth can be compared with it. Even the dinginess and filth of its narrow streets, the wretchedness of its modern houses, and the misery, ignorance, and degradation of its present inhabitants, are not looked upon in vain by the devout traveler, since

these forbidding objects teach what a mighty moral and physical purification is needed before this city can become again the "joy of the whole earth."

I have referred to the view from Scopus, and I am sure that the most satisfactory thing the traveler can do is to go entirely around the walls of the city, and later to make a wider circuit, and view Jerusalem from all the hill tops, north, east, south and west, from which it is visible. Hinnom, Kedron, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Mount of Olives, the Plain of Rephaim, the home of the prophet Samuel, the camps of the Roman legions, the camps of the crusading armies, the site of the Temple, the place of our Lord's crucifixion, the burial place of Herod the Great, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, the Plain of Jericho, the Mountains of Moab, Nebo, the River Jabbok, the Gilead Hills,—these names bring before the reader's mind but a portion of the places and scenes of historical events that are brought under the eye as one looks abroad, say from the top of Olivet. What a place are the slopes and summit of this mountain for re-reading the Bible! It becomes a "new version," more vivid and impressive than any that the choicest and most devout scholarship can possibly produce.

These remarks will indicate the direction in which the Christian will find his chief advantage in visiting Jerusalem.

It is true that one may have special tastes which he wishes to cultivate, or to gratify, by a visit to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. He may wish to study the manners and customs, the dress and daily life of the present inhabitants, in order to illustrate those of Bible times. He may wish to study the habits of the birds and ani-

mals which enliven the dead hillsides and plains, or to collect the flowers which in the spring literally carpet the fields. He may wish to study languages, and as there are no less than thirty-five spoken here, his opportunity, in this respect, is of the rarest kind. He may wish to study the site and structure of the Temple, and the topography of the ancient city, and in this line, he will find a multitude of problems that will try his patience and vex his soul. Again, he may be wasting his mental energies on the question whether oriental Christianity and the oriental churches may not be wonderfully fine things, if only they could be subjected to slight modifications and improvements; here he would be brought face to face with these oriental churches and Christians, and it is more than probable that a few weeks or months of actual contact would suffice to restore him to his right mind on this plausible but delusive subject. When one can pick up a dry bone in the street, and by his breath clothe it with flesh and life, then he may think of undertaking to reform these oriental churches.

Questions are frequently asked as to the population of Jerusalem at the present time. No definite answer can be given as might be done in the case of an American city or town, still it is possible to arrive at the approximate number. In some American papers which reach me from time to time, I see the wildest statements as to the inhabitants of this city, the number varying from 50,000 to 150,000 Jews alone.

It belongs to the duties of this Consulate to report to Washington the number of inhabitants in Jerusalem, and for this purpose we take the greatest care to ascertain the facts of the case within a reasonable degree of

certainty; but as there is no census, exact results can not be obtained.

The present population we place at about 42,000; of this number one-half are Jews, one-fourth Christians, and one-fourth Moslems. Probably the Christians, including Protestants and all the nominal Christian sects, are a little less than one-fourth, the Moslems nearly one-fourth, and the Jews a little more than one-half. During the past five years there has been a great increase in the Jewish population, no less than ten thousand having arrived in Palestine. Not all of this number remain, nor do they all settle in Jerusalem. Hebron, Safed and Tiberias, because they are sacred cities, and Jaffa, because it has business and commerce, receive each their share, although by far the larger number crowd into the Holy City.

Although the city is small, the habits of Orientals are such that a limited amount of house room will accommodate a large number of people. A single family, numbering from four to eight persons, will manage to live in a single room. It will be understood that such rooms are not crowded with all kinds of furniture. There will be a large divan, a miniature table (possibly), and a hole in the wall, where the quilts are stuffed out of sight during the day. These are spread on the divan and floor at night, for the family to sleep upon. In a corner of the court outside, the family will do its cooking. This describes the way in which hundreds of families exist; at the same time, there are many families that have two or three small rooms which they can call their own.

A large number of houses in Jerusalem are only one story high. Could the houses throughout the city be

raised to two stories in height, they would accommodate twice the present number of inhabitants. Again, there must be within the walls as many as forty and perhaps more than forty acres of ground, not including, of course, the vacant spaces in the Temple area around the Mosque of Omar, that are not occupied by houses and not built upon in any way; so that, were all the ground covered with houses, and these raised to a height of two or three stories each, Jerusalem, small as it is, could easily accommodate 100,000 or 150,000 people. The convents,—Latin or Roman Catholic, Greek, Russian, and the Armenian,—seem to occupy but a very small space, compared with the entire extent of the city; but, together, I think they can stow away 15,000 or 20,000 pilgrims, without special discomfort. It happens that the largest number of Christian pilgrims are in the city at Easter, and about that time, on account of the Neby Musa festival, the largest number of Mohammedan pilgrims are also here. The number of the latter varies, from year to year, from 6,000 to 12,000. At that season, the streets during the day are crowded, because they are narrow and everybody is on the go; but at night all this throng disappears, and it is to be supposed that they find sufficient food and shelter.

There are no rules by which one can judge the capacity of an oriental city. A standing puzzle in Josephus is in regard to the number of people present in Jerusalem at the time of the siege under Titus; and in my judgment it is a question that can never be decided.

But even if these 42,000 or 45,000 people who live in Jerusalem find sleeping places, how do they obtain sufficient food to eat? This is the great wonder, when one reflects upon the means and character of the inhab-

itants, taking both Jews and Gentiles together. There are no manufactories here, and no productive industries of any kind. The people, for the most part, are poor. Old Moslem families that two or three generations ago had ample means, have now nearly exhausted their inherited wealth, and are obliged to economize in the most rigid manner, in order to live. Half the Jewish population merely exist on the verge of starvation and beggary. They go about the streets filthy, haggard, and wretched in the extreme. Most of the Christian families are either poor, or have little means at their command.

That there is some wealth in Jerusalem no one can deny; but I mean to be understood as saying that a larger number of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are in a condition of extreme poverty than of any other city of equal size in the Eastern world.

Many of the Jews who come here are aged, or are in feeble health, and can only be a burden while they live. Very many die every year, and it is noticeable how the broad fields on the slopes of Olivet, where the Jews are buried, are being widened and extended in every direction year by year.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the people and of the place, there is a constant increase in the number of the inhabitants, and a constant growth in the extent of the city. Twenty years ago there were but three or four buildings outside the walls, while at present they are numbered by hundreds. Were a stranger to visit the city this very year, he would be struck with the amount of building that is going on. But this apparent growth is not a healthy one. We are accustomed to judge of the growth of a place by the results of its

productive industries, and by wealth accumulated in other natural ways; but this is not true of Jerusalem. That which we see here is due entirely to foreign capital, and in reality the inhabitants of the city are kept alive by money that comes from abroad.

In this respect, as in many others, Jerusalem is unlike any other city on the globe. Every Jewish family receives public aid. The Jews are divided into national communities, or what is equivalent to that, over which committees preside; and all funds raised in any given country, say, for example, Germany or Russia, are sent to Jerusalem to be divided among the members of the German or Russian community of Jews. In this way every person receives aid which is called "Haluka." Poor Jews in Europe know that, if once they can get to Jerusalem, they will receive something, and, although it be a mere pittance, they think that, by living meanly, it will go a long way towards their maintenance, and perhaps some lucky chance will throw in their way what is needed to make up the actual amount necessary for their support. Hence they come here to live in wretchedness and poverty. As there is no work for them, they live in idleness. Whatever may have been the origin of this Haluka, it has been degraded so that now every dollar contributed in this manner is a positive curse to Jerusalem, and especially to the Jews. What I say now are not the exaggerated statements of a Christian, but the testimony of intelligent Jews themselves. Were this vast amount of money withdrawn, the poor Jews would suffer temporarily, but it would result in driving them into the world, where they could earn a living. This, however, they do not wish to do. These people are willing to have it so. The sentiment

of "living in the Holy City" seems to outweigh any discomforts or hardships that may arise from filth, poverty, and want. The Jews throughout the world ought to be ashamed to foster such a spirit, or to perpetuate such a state of things.

If we turn to the Christian population of Jerusalem, we find that matters are not much better than they are among the Jews, although there is not among them so much desperate poverty. The Protestants form only a very small community, and for a very significant reason, — namely, a reason which expresses a radical difference between Protestantism and the various forms of nominal Christianity. Protestantism teaches independence and self-reliance; the Catholic and Greek churches teach exactly the opposite. Protestants are taught that they must earn their own living, and pay for what they receive. The Latin and Greek convents have vast properties in their possession, and every family belonging to either of these communities has its house rent free. It frequently happens that a family belonging, say to the Greek community, owns a house, but, instead of living in it, they rent it, and get of the Greek convent a house free of rent. This is not done secretly, as might be supposed, but with the full knowledge of the convent authorities. Every family, in like manner, receives a gift of bread twice a week. Occasionally soup is given out in the same way. These simple, or rather characterless, oriental people reason as follows: "House rent and bread free. Ah! This is a beautiful religion!" Hence they become "Greeks" or "Latins," it is all the same to them which.

The worst of it is that priests and patriarchs foster this pernicious system. Consequently, how can Protest-

antism, which is directly opposed in its spirit and methods to such a system, gain any foothold on such ground? I frequently say to intelligent travelers that, were I to be a missionary, I would much prefer to go to Stanley's country, the Congo, and labor with the savages, than to attempt to do anything in Jerusalem or Palestine.

It is no exaggeration to say that, taking the Jews and nominal Christians together, two-thirds of the inhabitants of the city are beggars, either actual beggars or polite beggars. By the latter phrase I mean a large class of people who prefer to accept their living, or a great part of it, as a gift rather than earn it themselves. This state of things which I describe is becoming worse every year. Tens of thousands of pounds are sent here each year, and spent in these so-called charities, thus fostering qualities the very opposite of those in which industrious, enterprising, and prosperous people take pride.

I desire to say something further in connection with this and kindred topics, but, as my letter is already long, I will reserve other material for other occasions.

SELAH MERRILL, D. D., LL.D., U. S. Consul at Jerusalem.

THE TEMPEST.

The sky was fair ; but a cloud arose
And darkened and deepened o'er all the azure,
And the lightning revealed its radiant glows,
And the deep-rolling thunder its heavy measure.

And sorrow came into a happy heart,
And burdened it down with a weight of grieving ;
The fair golden love-links were torn apart ,
And the heart stood still, faint and unbelieving.

O beautiful sky, if the storm had not come
We could not have known how blue God made you ;
O tempest, we could not have seen your gloom
If the sun had not shone at the first, and stayed you.

O sad, aching heart, you could never know
Until you had suffered God's earnest chiding,
How smooth was the path you had learned to go ;
How easy His yoke, and His love, how abiding,

God's mandates are perfect ; we may not know
How many the hidden blessings given ;
And peacefully onward still we may go ;
Though the tempest arise, there's a Sun in heaven.

FRANCES HARDING.

DOES IT PAY?

Propose anything to an American, be he great or small, young or old, and there comes as if spontaneously from his lips the question; "Will it pay? does it pay?" What does he mean by it? What may he mean? In the broadest application of the expression its purport is: "Will this course of proceeding return me value for the time and strength and means I may expend upon it?" To the thoughtful, earnest man it is the sitting down and counting the cost to see whether, having entered upon such a course, he will be able to carry it to completion. It is the striking of a prospective balance between the probable expenditures and receipts. To the most of mankind, alas, the question is a formula for this more material one, "Will it enhance the value of my property? Shall I have more dollars and cents in my hand when it is over? Will it enable me to put nicer clothes on my back and finer food in my mouth and to appear with handsomer equipage and trappings?"

To some it may be merely a reckoning of one side of the transaction without any consideration of the outlay. The pleasure-seeker simply wants to know how much fun and amusement he can get out of it, and takes no thought of the tremendous expenditure of time, which counts for nothing on his balance-sheet, of talent which is destined to count for less, of strength which he is recklessly dissipating, of means which some

more worthy person has provided, at the expense, it may be, of all the highest opportunities of life. Likewise the miser forgets to set down the losses he suffers socially, intellectually, spiritually, and, as he sees the gold coming in from his rents and usuries, he counts it all clear gain, and flatters himself that his business is a paying one. There are others who neglect to make the proper entries on the gain side. The farmer and the mechanic are prone to put down only the crops and the stock, and the money proceeds of their labor, forgetting the solid home comforts, the physical strength and vigor, and the hearty enjoyment of rest which their labor brings, and which money can not buy. Let them give those items their proper place, and they will be convinced that in their labor is profit.

These are but representative classes. We are all making great mistakes in the reckoning of our accounts. The natural tendency is to let our lives out for so much, expressed in dollars and cents. We value our professional skill, our brains, our time, the work of our hands, according to their proceeds in gold and silver, in merchandise, lands, or bank stocks. We forget that in the use of that skill, that time and those brains, our chief gain is in the growth and strength of character we are acquiring, and that these material considerations are but the scaffolding by which we may mount to higher planes of action. In asking the question then, so vital and practical to all in this life, why not consider first of all what real and eternal good is to accrue to us from any proposed line of action; and let these sordid, perishing things take the secondary place they deserve? At the close of life, when we are called to make our final balance and render our account to the Judge of all

the earth, it will be sad to discover that we have made an irretrievable mistake; to find that the things in which we have been willing to take our pay have been but dust and ashes; to realize that for the outlay of a whole life-time, with all its opportunities for laying up treasures incorruptible, we have no income to show. Our bank accounts, our stocks, our lands, our merchandise will be of no avail, and we shall stand bankrupt. Only that which we have spent in the service of the Lord can then bring us any credit. If all our life with its blessings and privileges has been used in that service, then and then only will our account stand balanced and approved.

“Ye can not serve God and Mammon.” Which is the better paymaster? Yea, “What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

CANDACE LHAMON.

THAT SWEETER SONG.

“Make life and death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.—KINGSLEY.

One of the every-day triumphs of Christianity is seen in the purpose that it gives to lives that would otherwise be meager and commonplace. A man of ordinary intellect and opportunities may be, when unawakened to the dignity and responsibility of living, an ordinary man, but if filled with enthusiasm for the Master's work, he may become a power.

Every student of English literature remembers the story of Cædmon. According to the legend, Cædmon, while in the hall of feasting, amidst the notes of the harps and the merry laughter of the crowd, had no song to sing. He was so chagrined to think he could not share in the festivities as did the rest, that he went out and flung himself down in the stable. There he fell asleep, and dreamed that a heavenly voice said to him, “Sing me a song.” In vain he pleaded his inability, and in his sleep, so the quaint tradition runs, he found himself uttering those stanzas of praise to God, through which he is known to the world.

There is many a humble life, having no voice for the merriment of this world, that once brought into accord with the divine harmony, will breathe its faith in glad and grateful notes of praise.

" BURNING " THE DEAD IN INDIA.

[From a recent book of Explorations in India, we get the very suggestive paragraphs which follow.]

We noticed several human skulls bleaching upon the sand-bars in the river, and just below Etawah we witnessed a Hindoo funeral. The procession came filing along the bank, about twenty low-caste men, four of whom bore the corpse on a litter on their shoulders. They wore their ordinary business suits, simple waist-cloths only; some carried straw, one carried an armful of wood, and all chanted a monotonous dirge. They reached a spot close to a ruined temple, where the bank almost overhung the water, and the current was both deep and swift. There were bare, black spots upon the edge of the bank, as if the same ceremony for which they had come had often been performed there before.

A bed of straw was spread close to the edge of the bank, and the corpse laid upon it. The body was wrapped from head to foot in a red cotton cloth. Then more straw was piled upon the body, and a very little wood upon that, after which one of the relatives touched a lighted match to the straw. The mourners sat down upon their heels in a group to windward of the pile, and chatted sociably while they watched it burn. The wind was strong, and it burned fiercely for about three minutes, then very moderately for about ten more, by the end of which time the fuel was all

consumed. Then the mourners arose, dipped water out of the river, and drowned out the fire; the corpse lay there almost intact. . . . Presently one mourner put a stout stick under the neck, another put another stick under the hips, and at the word the carcass was tumbled over the edge of the bank, and fell into the water with a loud splash. A few yards farther down, it reappeared at the surface for a moment, upon which one of the cremators reached out with his stick and pushed it under, after which we saw it no more.

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All the ashes and bits of wood were thrown into the river and the spot washed clean, after which the mourners took their departure. . . .

That body-burning was a mere shallow pretense, and might just as well have been dispensed with, for all it amounted to in reality. But religion is religion, and the forms at least must be carried out.

In some portions of India, where fuel is exceedingly scarce and dear, the poorest of the low-caste natives fulfill the letter of their religion by simply putting a live coal upon the tongue of the corpse, and they call this " burning." After all, is not that as sensible and complete a " burning " as a few drops of water sprinkled upon one's head is a " baptism," a " burial " with Christ? To my mind, one is no less absurd than the other.

THE MAGDALEN'S STORY.

I wandered alone, one evening—'t was just at the sun-
set hour —
Through the beautiful, silent city, close by the old
church tower.
The gold of the western sky fell gently on marble and
mound,
But lingered longest and brightest on the humble
"Paupers' Ground,"
Where the black-robed form of a woman, whose tears
fell fast and free,
Knelt low by a wooden cross, with its story, "Annie,
Aged Three."

Who was she? An outcast only—a mother, and yet
no wife;
Bearing forever the shame of sin—a wrecked, lost,
ruined life.
But she who knelt there was mother, let her life be
what it had,
And a mother's heart, that mourns her child, can not
be wholly bad.
Moved by the sight of the sorrow on her face so deeply
traced,
Kneeling, a snow-white flower on the grave I tenderly
placed.

"Your baby's grave?" I murmured. The sad eyes
were lifted to mine;
Trembling and low was the voice—the answer: "I do
not repine
That God, the Father, has taken my baby home to His
care,
For I know that temptation and sin never can reach her
there.
But the mother heart will grieve for the babe that's
laid on her breast,
E'en though in the Saviour's bosom the little one be at
rest.

"I have borne my sorrow in silence; for why should
such as I
Expect the pity of others, or for their sympathy sigh?
But the human heart is human still, and longs to find
relief
For all its burden of sorrow, its heaviest weight of
grief.
No voice, for years, so kind as yours, has fallen upon
my ear;
I would ask of you one kindness more — that you my
story hear.

"There was a time, when I, like you, was innocent,
young and fair;
The village beauty they called me — bright eyes and
glossy, brown hair;
A heart that was pure and simple, untouched by the
world's deceit,
Knowing naught of the dangers that snare young and
unwary feet.

Then *he* came, and the world so bright still brighter and
brighter grew,
And the heart of the child awaked, and a woman's
passion knew.

“He wooed me in words so tender — words that sank
deep in my heart,
And filled it full of that glory which naught but love
can impart.
He pictured the world in its beauty — the world I
longed to see;
And I listened — ah, too gladly! — as he whispered
low to me:
'Come with me, my darling, my loved one! I pledge
to you my life!
No woman shall be so happy — I promise to make you
wife.'

“So I left the homestead so humble — father, mother,
and all,
To follow my heart where it led me, lured by the
stranger's call.
A month had passed, and my mother was laid to rest
'neath the sod,
And her soul, loosed from its prison, went home to its
Father, God.
The marble that watches her grave tells nothing but
age and name;
They said 't was the fever that killed her, but I—I know
it was shame.

“My father was old and helpless; left without daugh-
ter or wife,

What could he do but grow weary, and pray God to
end his life ?

The Master, knowing the burden was greater than he
could bear,

Listened in tender pity, and answered the sorrowful
prayer.

The old home was sold, and the mem'ry of those who
gave it cheer

Grew dim in the fading distance, and lost in a passing
year.

“ Did he keep his promise ? Ah, no ; but I lived one
year of joy,

And then—'t is the same old story—he weary grew of
his toy.

The anguish I had caused others was now to be felt by
me ;

I was thrown aside, like a garment, and he once more
was free —

Free to return to the world, which smiled and received
him again,

While I was a thing polluted — my portion, a life of
shame.

“ Deserted, alone, no home, no friend — ah, bitter, cruel
fate !

In that hour I learned how woman's love can turn to
woman's hate.

But God, the merciful Father, took pity even on me,
And my baby — my Annie — came, the light of my
heart to be —

A light that showed me the darkness, and all the depth
of my sin,

And moved me to pledge to my Saviour a new and pure
life to begin.

“The way down to vice is easy — no trouble at all to
find ;

But that up the hill of virtue is rugged and hard to
climb.

I struggled on. There was little to comfort me on the
way.

It mattered not, for heaven in the smile of my baby
lay.

But God, who saw all the struggle, and does all things
for the best,

Knew that the shame of the mother on the innocent
child would rest ;

“And so He gathered the jewel He had loaned to me
a while,

Ere its luster was dimmed by sin, its purity stained
with guile.

And now, the dear baby fingers reach down in tenderest
love,

And draw me gently, but firmly, up to the bright
home above.

So, washed from my sin and shame in the blood of
God's Holy Son,

A welcome will be, e'en for me, when life's short story
is done.”

I listened in solemn silence. The story of sin was o'er.
My heart seemed stilled within me. A voice, “Go,
sin no more,”

Came echoing down the ages in tones of heavenly love,

And I could only reëcho the message of Him above.
My soul full of deepest pity for one 'neath the chas-
t'ning rod,
There, by her little one's grave, I left her alone with
her God.

ALLIE B. LEWIS.

CHRISTIAN HOME CULTURE.

It is important for us to realize that the Sunday-school, valuable and effective as it is in its own field, can never take the place of Christian home culture. If there be a parent who has ever laid the flattering unction to the soul, that the attendance of the child upon the Sunday-school would serve as excuse before God, for the neglect of his or her own parental duty, I beseech you to drive far away this temptation of the devil. "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," stands sentinel at the door of every professedly Christian home, and must be met at the judgment seat by every parent, whether there is or is not a Sunday-school at hand. The single hour of an entire week that the most faithful teacher has with the class, can never take the place of the nurture that is to extend throughout that week in parental hands. However well the work of the teacher may be done, it can form no part of the parent's answer to the summons of heaven. It is better for parents to realize this now than when it is forever too late.

My subject is so broad, it involves so many considerations, that I can only hope to touch a few of them, and even these briefly, within the limits of a single article. *Culture*, itself, is a broad word, far broader than much of its current usage. Too often it means a dilettant cultivation of two or three departments of thought, pervaded by affectation and marked

by exclusiveness, as different as possible from the four-square manhood or womanhood that the word, rightly conceived, really covers.

Unless there be a restrictive and explanatory adjective affixed, the word "culture" can not be properly applied to anything less than the rich and harmonious development of all the departments of the nature, all the faculties of mind, and heart, and soul, and body. That is, not a cultured man or woman who is an accomplished musician, or a fine artist, or can understand and analyze Emerson's essays or poems. Such an one, while accomplished in one or more of these certain directions, may lack many of the elements of true culture, and may be utterly wanting in some of its large departments.

The word "home" prefixed to "culture," may be considered as somewhat limiting our horizon of thought. In the great majority of instances in our day, the work of *intellectual* culture is largely removed from the home to the school, and generally with great advantage. The schools can concentrate and employ an amount of knowledge and ability which would manifestly be unattainable in nine out of every ten homes, if, indeed, the proportion be not still higher. No doubt intelligent parents can assist and supplement the work of the schools, but the pressure of the cares of life is such that it will always be necessary to do the larger amount of intellectual development in the school-room.

Yet the atmosphere of the home should be such as will exercise no blighting influence upon what is brought home from the school. Parents should manifest an interest in the studies of the children, should be ready to aid them in the mastery of the lessons where the ability

is possessed, should show pleasure in their triumph over difficulties, and sympathy when the hard bridges are being crossed and difficult heights scaled.

The voluminous daily papers, with their eight, twelve and sixteen pages, that consume all the home-time of many fathers and some mothers, become a curse to many family circles, utterly debarring, as they often do, the encouragement and assistance that thorough home culture could give the pupil and the teacher alike in the arduous work of intellectual education. I pity the man who immerses himself in his own paper or own book, and has no word of interest in the children's studies; pity him because of his loss of sympathetic union with the boys and girls; pity him because of duties he is leaving undone; pity him because of the account he must render to God.

After all, however, this is not the most important part of home culture. My subject title embraces another adjective—"*Christian*" home culture. While it is true that the title thus rendered complete is not limited thereby but rather extended, that Christianity covers every department of life and every faculty of the being, yet I presume it was with special reference to its moral and spiritual aspects that the subject was assigned to me.

Thus considered, "Christian home culture" is a matter of transcendent importance. Outside the home circle, intellectual and physical culture may proceed, in spite of negations within the home, always losing something by those negations, yet able to triumph over them in the end. Not so with the moral and spiritual influences. They begin in infancy, they lay the foundations of character, they penetrate and

pervade the warp and woof of the nature. Though divine grace may in the end form a beautiful character through the furnace of experience, yet always there will be something higher and richer than the character might have been, if home culture had contributed its quota to its rounded fullness.

It will doubtless be expected that I shall indicate some special measures to be taken, or practices inaugurated, with a view to the improvement and perfection of home culture. Our tendency is to imagine that there is some special machinery by which this is to be accomplished, and that what we most need is knowledge of the necessary machinery and starting it in operation; this done, all will be well. I need hardly say to the thoughtful that this is a mistake. It is impossible to suggest or describe plans of this kind that will be universally applicable.

The homes of the rich and poor, the learned and unlearned, of the busy and idle, of the city and country, so differ from each other in their demands and leisure, in their abilities and opportunities, that suggestions which might be extremely valuable for one would be useless for another. Glowing pictures are sometimes presented of what is done, say, in a certain minister's family, an elaborate system of home culture, which, doubtless, is admirable in itself, achieves noble results in the family, and, perhaps, beyond it; but which it would be impossible to successfully or profitably use in another family on another plane of development, or in another class of the community.

I shall not, therefore, undertake to formulate the exercises and methods and observances of a definite system of home culture, but only to indicate some of

the general principles on which it should be conducted, and a few specific practices that should be in every home, the heads of which are professed Christians.

First of all, I indicate family worship as a subject of primary importance. There is no more sorrowful sign of religious decadence than the decay of the practice of family worship. I am at a loss to imagine upon what grounds such vast numbers of church members have allowed this beautiful practice to be absent from their homes. Yet there are thousands upon thousands of professedly Christian households, where from year's end to year's end, the children never see an act of worship or thanksgiving to God performed, unless it be a hasty blessing at meals, and in a large number of instances even this is not present except when the minister happens to visit the family.

Can it be wondered at that there should be but little religious vitality in such a circle, that religion should seem to the children as something belonging to the church-building and there to be left, that they should grow up without definite religious impressions, that parents should mourn that their children do not become Christians, or that, if they *do* become professors, their religious life should become a poor, formal, meeting-house experience like that of their parents?

The practice of family worship at least once a day, a daily recognition of God and the desire for his presence and blessing in family relations, I look upon as a necessity of intelligent Christian home culture. It should not be confined to the parents. As soon as the children are old enough they should have some part. It is well to close the prayer with the Lord's Prayer, in which the children should be invited to join. Giving them the

opportunity to read a portion of the scripture lesson is also an excellent plan, and if singing can be conveniently made a part of the service, they should of course join in that.

Many persons make the excuse that they can find no time for family worship, but I give to the excuse no allowance whatever. Where the exigencies of time are pressing, the whole service need not occupy over ten minutes, and I have yet to find the family which can not be quietly together ten minutes at some time in the twenty-four hours, if the desire to do so really exists.

Another excuse is that neither father nor mother can "lead in prayer." This may be true in regard to the church-meeting, that the prayer of such would not be to edification, but the demands of the family circle ought not to be severe, and the simplest prayer of a pious, loving father or mother ought to be music in the ears of the children. There is an exaggerated idea in the minds of many as to the demands of audible prayer. To me there is nothing more offensive than what is sometimes called "a beautiful prayer," in which there is an evident effort at elegant diction and rhetorical effect, as utterly inconsistent with the essential spirit of prayer as ostentation with piety. Of such a prayer it was once said that "no more elegant prayer was ever offered to a Boston audience," with a sarcasm which was pungent but deserved.

I do not mean to say that a prayer is the better for being uncouth or ungrammatical; at certain times and from men in certain positions, it might be the worse for this. But I do mean to say that prayer is the utterance of the heart's desires or thanksgivings to God, and if your prayers meet this description, the diction you

are able to use will be acceptable to God. Freedom of utterance in audible prayer is largely a matter of habit. If you are not able to pray acceptably in public, it is most probably because you have not made the attempt to do so with the persistency which you would have shown in something pertaining to secular life. There is no better place to begin than in the family circle. If family prayer were the general practice of church members, we would have three able to pray to edification in the church where we now have one.

But grant the extreme, that you really are so deficient in the inventive and combining faculty that you can not make a two minute prayer fit for your children to listen to or God to accept. You perceive I make a large allowance. Grant this—what then? I know of no law that demands that prayer shall be extemporaneous, or its form original. Take a written or printed prayer, and let your heart make it your own while you reverently read it in prayerful posture. Such a prayer, so offered, will be as acceptable to Deity as if its wording had been the offspring of your own mind.

I have thus destroyed your excuses and hedged you in, because I deem it a matter of very large importance that the family altar should be erected in all our professedly Christian homes, and believe that one frowning obstacle to the progress of the church will be removed when this is done. You are absolutely without excuse if you do not establish it in your own family.

The real obstacle in the way of the establishment of family worship in many families is the realization, not formulated in words, that the other developments of the daily life are not consistent with the observance; that it would not be in harmony with the home atmosphere.

Sad as is the admission, I fear that it is true of too many families, the names of whose heads are found on church books. Alas, in such families there can be no Christian home culture. They are all sliding down to perdition together, no matter what story the church books tell. But I am talking of and to the families in which Christian home culture is possible, and to these I say that the presence of family worship in some form is essential to true home culture.

I take it for granted that the children of the families in which we desire to improve home culture attend the Sunday-school. If so, there should be an earnest home coöperation in the objects of the Sunday-school. The children bring home their papers or books. Encourage them to read them! If necessary, read with them. A display of interest on your part will interest them. Emphasize lovingly any important lesson that may be taught by a story or a paragraph! The children will take care of their papers, and bring them home in good order, who are thus treated.

They will bring home their lesson papers. The teachers are very anxious that they shall study these at home; it adds greatly to the efficiency of the Sunday-school when they do so; it produces more permanent results in the child's mind than when all the work is done in the school. You should assist the child in the study. It will be a great benefit to yourselves. One of the marvels of the last twenty years is found in the lesson papers on the International S. S. Lessons. A mass of information is brought together in many of them that is simply wonderful. It is gathered from many and recondite sources; it is selected, and condensed and arranged, until, on three or four octavo

pages, we have what fifty years ago would have required wandering through no end of ponderous tomes to acquire. There it is, boiled down to invite the appetite of any desirous of scriptural knowledge.

But the very fact of its condensation requires the more care for its digestion and assimilation. What is now required is that your children shall make this knowledge their own. You can aid them to do this. You *should* aid them. It may require a very thorough study on your own part. It probably will. That only proves that you should give the study. You can afford that your children shall know more about science and literature than yourself, but you can not afford that they shall know more about the *Bible* without an effort on your part to know as much.

You must help them with their Sunday-school study, then, both for the assistance that you can give them directly, and for the benefit to be received by yourself, by which you will be better qualified for other departments of home culture.

The careful and discriminating oversight and regulation of your children's reading is an important branch of home culture. There has been much *careful* oversight which has not been *discriminating*, and the reaction from its crude restrictions has sometimes been appalling. To expect to limit the curriculum of a family of bright, active, book-loving children to "Baxter's Saints Rest," and similar works, or to the goody-goody books of forty years ago, whose only recommendation was their piety, is to expect an impossibility. You can neither confine to technically religious reading, nor exclude fun and fiction, nor in this day should you try to do so.

But there is attractive and *unattractive* religious

reading, there are good and "*goody-goody*" religious books, there is helpful and *hurtful* fiction, there is innocent, delicate fun, and *coarse, vulgar* fun. I would rather take a nauseous pill than read some religious books. I have received more decided moral impressions from some novels than from some didactic books on moral subjects.

Be careful in this department of home culture that prohibitions are not too sweeping, that you do not overshoot the mark, but be equally careful that you do not undershoot it! Do not allow the coarse, the vulgar, the skeptical, the books that sneer at righteousness, that excuse wickedness, that deny God directly or by implication, to come into your house! But remember that religion is more than church services, that it is right living in every department of life, and that there is much of fiction and other secular literature that makes for righteousness in this direction, that tends to build up noble manly and womanly principle.

It is not always the book that says most about Christ that has most of Christ in it. Christ can so shine out in the character and actions of the hero of a book that does not mention his name often, as to flood us with radiance and inspire us to emulation. At the same time we should try to cultivate a taste for distinctively religious reading. That man will not succeed in this, however, who, while lecturing the children gives his own Lord's day leisure up to the reading of the mammoth Sunday editions of the great metropolitan dailies, with their *melange* of murders, seductions, defalcations and funny stories. I have said enough upon this point, I think, to make clear what I mean by discrimination.

Christian home culture includes in its purview the amusements of and visitors to the home circle. Some well-meaning people, sincerely desirous of their children's welfare, make a great mistake at this point. They have gotten beyond the need of amusement themselves. Their conceptions of religion are exclusively serious. Their minds dwell much on that pernicious axiom, "Jesus was never said to laugh." Yes, there is no record of it, nor of his *smiling*, and yet what sensible man can imagine his taking the little ones in his arms and blessing them, without imagining the sweet smile that overspread his face as well? I think that he smiled, I think that he laughed, I think that at the wedding-feast at Cana he participated in the enjoyment of all that was innocent and pure. I think that, as a boy, he played and romped like other boys. When I sat by the side of the great spring below Nazareth, to which the women come for water now as they did in the days of Christ, I saw, in the sportive boys that ran by their mothers' sides, the image of a sportive boy that ran by his mother Mary's side, 1800 years before. Christianity is not unnatural, and therefore it is not inimical to amusement and sociality.

Christian home culture does not make the home a prison, it does not suppress the merry laugh, it does not forbid the gay romp, it does not banish innocent amusement, it does not keep the parlor closed till it grows damp and musty, it does not forbid a sweet song because it is not a hymn, it does not suppress cheerful noises, it does not make life a cheerless grind of labor for the children. Oh, no, no! For it knows that Christianity is genial, rounded, and full, and rich, and

knows nothing of one-sided culture or gloom for gloom's sake.

But at the same time Christian home culture does not make of life one great jest. It makes amusement the *fringe* of the garment of life, not the garment itself. It varies amusement with serious thought and earnest work. It teaches the children to think, and care and live for others. Most lives of *mere* amusement are lives of selfishness. Christian life is a life of otherselfishness; altruism, as some of our friends call it.

Christian home culture carefully excludes from the home amusements everything that can minister, directly or indirectly, to evil. It excludes whatever has evil in its common associations of thought. It can not afford polluting memories within its charmed circle. Progressive euchre can find no place in a true Christian home. The prize is a stake. The winning of it is gambling. Gambling is theft. No matter what specious form it may assume or what deceptive name it may bear, gambling is an offence to Christianity and a violation of its ethics. The wise Christian parent allows no playing cards in his home circle. Their affiliations are unsavory. They smell of the pit. The home should never be made the preparatory school for the gambling saloon.

Christian home culture excludes the round dance between the sexes. It not only prays "Lead us not into temptation," but *lives* it. It does not permit contact and liberties to the sound of music, that would not be permitted when music is silent. It guards the citadel of woman's modesty from all profanations. The Christian home should never furnish stepping-stones to a career of vice. The revelations of the Catholic con-

fessional, of New York police investigations, and of physicians in our cities, as to the evil results of the round dance, ought to be sufficient to exclude it forever from every home which makes the slightest pretension to Christian home culture.

Singing, instrumental music, games of skill, sprightly conversation, reading aloud, recitations, literary discussions, charades, tableaux, may all find legitimate place in the Christian home, and should be sufficient to fully meet the craving for amusement, which every wise man must surely recognize as entering into the composition of *young* human nature at least. To refuse to recognize this craving is to drive your children away from home for the enjoyment that they should find there, or, if you keep them at home by force, it is to develop their natures unsymmetrically.

As I said at the outset, I do not expect to be exhaustive in the minute specification of all the things which ought to be introduced into the home circle or excluded from it. I can only be suggestive as to the principles of selection. The conditions of family life are so varying, that there will necessarily be a wide variety of detail and combination. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

But there is something in Christian home culture which is more important than any specific observance or exclusion. It is the home atmosphere. It is easier felt than described. It surrounds, envelops, governs, yet to specify its elements is not to describe it or do

justice to its power. To say that the ordinary atmosphere is composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, and a varying portion of watery vapor, may be a chemical definition, but leaves us almost as ignorant of the properties and power of the atmosphere as before. Without knowledge of these ingredients we become acutely conscious of wondrous influences of this great invisible ocean of air, noxious or beneficial as the case may be.

There are regions where the sun shines as brightly as elsewhere, where the splendid display of the night sky charms by its beauty, where the fruits grow richly and the earth teems with production, where there are a thousand things to cheer and charm, and the casual visitor would call the scene a paradise. Yet there is a mysterious presence in the atmosphere, a weird power that folds in an embrace of ruin, that poisons the sources of life, that depresses the energies of the system, that robs all extraneous surroundings of the power to charm and bless. "The atmosphere is malarious," says the physician, and, having named it, he knows no more but its results.

There is a home atmosphere, which is of the most vital importance in this matter of home culture, and may neutralize the most elaborate machinery. I have known it to exist where the voice of family prayer was heard every day; where the Sunday-school lesson was studied and the Bible talked about; where the family went regularly to church, and where the playing cards and the round dance were rigidly excluded. It is a something that radiates from the parents in the first instance, but which is fearfully reproductive, and in due time radiates from the children as well. It is the

offspring of *character*. It can not be produced by anything but character. It is a malarious influence which will neutralize the most careful objective arrangements for home culture. From its midst the children will go forth morally and spiritually diseased, though they may have heard the voice of family prayer, and may have been surrounded with every variety of moral restriction in the shape of rules and prohibitions.

It exists wherever the religion of the parents is mere formalism, wherever they have simply "joined church" instead of being spiritually united to Christ, wherever religion is deemed to be contained within and bounded by ecclesiastical forms, instead of being understood as a vital force that is to purify the whole nature, and regulate every action of life by lofty principle. If the parents are impure of heart, deficient in integrity, lacking in reverence for God, careless in regard to truth, cruel at heart, bitter in spirit, the radiation from these types of character or combinations of them, will form a home atmosphere which will bid defiance to the most careful artificial contrivances for home culture.

The children will feel it and be influenced by it. They may not describe it or even formulate it in their own minds any more than we can formulate miasma, but this will not interfere with its power over them. Nor can the most accomplished hypocrisy, the most iron self-control in the family circle, the most sedulous hiding of traits of character, be always successful in concealing from the family the defects of character.

A habitual regard for truth that will neither practice nor allow unrebuked the slightest deviation or prevarication, even in the most trifling matters, is an essential

requisite of perfect home culture. The home of white lies becomes sooner or later the parent of black ones. The parent guilty of unfulfilled promises, whether of reward or punishment, to the little ones, is teaching the child to lie. The parent who sends a false message of "not at home," by servant or child to the visitor, is doing the same thing. There are households in which the intimation of the possibility of deliberate falsehood upon the part of either parent would arouse instant protest, where, nevertheless, an atmosphere of habitual insincerity surrounds the growing children, in which it is simply impossible for them to grow to the sturdy proportions of unswerving rectitude.

So there are households illustrating each of the bad traits mentioned a few minutes ago, in which an irreverent, or cruel, or bitter, or impure atmosphere, is making ineffective upon the child the teachings of the Sunday-school, the exhortations of the pulpit, and even the formal attempts of the parents themselves to bring about Christian home culture by special observances.

I would therefore impress upon you that one of the essentials of Christian home culture is what the parents *are*. What we need is to know what we *are*, beholding ourselves in the mirror of the Word of God, carefully studying our moral lineaments, pruning and shaping ourselves without pity, according to the standard there presented, earnestly invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit, and ready to crucify self if need be. In other words, the essential foundation of Christian home culture is Christian self-culture by parents.

What you would have your children to be you must yourselves be. They watch you with eagle eye, they drink in your spirit, they imitate your example. See

to it that your spirit and example are what you will be willing to meet at the judgment day!

Christian home culture is worth all the toil, all the watchfulness, all the self-denial and self-sacrifice it may cost. To see our children one by one arriving at maturity, true followers of Jesus Christ, living epistles known and read of all men, going forth to new homes of their own, carrying to them a character that will fill them with the true Christian home atmosphere, this is sufficient reward for all we can do. But it does not stop here. After awhile, when life's cares and responsibilities are at an end, to stand amid the hosts of the redeemed, and beam under the smile of Jesus, and say, "Lord, behold the children thou didst give me," and hear his words of approval and acceptance, we shall feel to be worth a hundred times all our labor and sacrifice.

ALFRED N. GILBERT.

Not only when in poverty
We sink beneath our load of care,
And drag the cross we can not bear,
As did our Lord on Calvary,—

But when the stores of wealth are poured,
Around us by Thy liberal grace,
Lest what Thou givest hide Thy face,
Oh, then, deliver us, good Lord!

—Selected.

(Selected.)

A DYING HYMN.

Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills ;
Ye gates of death, give way !

My soul is full of whispered song,—
My blindness is my sight ;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are full of life and light.

The while my pulses fainter beat,
My faith doth so abound ;
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go :
I know that my Redeemer lives,—
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

ALICE CARY.

DE SIMIIS.

Antiquissimis diebus—

In the ancientest of days,

Miris novi mundi rebus—

Mid the new world's wondrous maze,

Arbore in alta sedens—

Seated in a lofty tree,

Pomum otiose edens—

Eating fruit so leisurely,

Simius sic cogitavit—

Thus an ape did meditate :

“ Quam ob rem ignava fera—

For what end is untamed brute ?

Quare hæc inculta terra—

Or this earth unsown to fruit ? ”

Pomum subito ex dente—

Quickly from his teeth the nut

Sputans, inquit is repente—

Spitting, said he ere they shut,

“ Ego terram dominabor—

I will straight subdue the soil,

Nihil sumens meus labor—

Naught consuming which my toil—

Sine fraude non creavit—

Did not honestly create.”

Tunc ex arbore descendens—

From the tree descending quick,

Baculum in manu prendens—

In his hand he grasps a stick,

Feras fugans tali telo—

With such bludgeon routs the beast,

Statim, hoc confecto bello—

Then, when this campaign had ceased,

Sevit herbas et frumentum—

Herbs and golden grain he sowed.

Mox ædificavit domum—

Next a house he built him straight,

Cæpit propagare pomum—

Fruit began to propagate,

Cæpit asinum domare—

To domesticate the ass,

Et in eum equitare—

And thereon to ride in state ;

Simiam uxorem duxit—

Woos and weds a simian lass,

Sed extemplo triste luxit—

But laments, when all too late,

Suum aurum et argentum—

Gold and silver lavish strewed.

Stirps ab iis orta crevit—

Sprang from these a nobler race,

Mundum rapide implevit—

Filled the waiting world apace,

Et, paulatim commutata—

Rising slowly in degree,

Sic a feris designata—

From the brute race thus made free,

Sumpsit spiritum divinum—

Took a godlike element :

Literas invenit demum—

Letters to its aid it draws,

Leges statuit postremum—

Finally enacted laws,

Templa demique instruxit—

Fanes at length it sought to rear,

Tunc interpretum produxit—

Then its own interpreter—

Præstantissimum Darwinum—

Darwin, O Most Excellent!

Tentat fabula docere—

Tries this fable to instil,

Omnia quam explicare—

That all things to explicate,

Mundum ordine implere—

The universe with order fill,

Atque hominem creare—

And humanity create,

Nil facilius repertum—

Nothing easier is found,

Aut doctrina magis certum—

Or in doctrine more sound.

B. J. RADFORD.

(Selected.)

TO AGNES.

Time will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle Agnes scold,
For 't is the Sage's dear delight
To make young ladies old.

Then listen, Agnes, friendship sings,
Seize fast his forelock gray,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorned with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plow your face;
For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start now; old age is Virtue's prime;
Most lovely she appears
Clad in the spoils of vanquished Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER I.

RISING BRANCH.

It was a sultry afternoon in August. Not a cloud shut off the rays of the sun. The cricket sang in the fencerows; and the homeless bumble bee, whose nest in the stubble had been turned under by the plow, buzzed aimlessly through the air. Now and then the hum of a threshing-machine could be heard afar off. All things wore an after-harvest look. Ricks of straw stood like brown giants in the barnyards or solitary in the midst of reaped fields. The dust lay thick in the roads, and covered the lowest rails so deep that the harmless garter-snake left a trail when she crept through.

The little stream called Rising Branch, from which the whole neighborhood took its name, was nearly dry. Below the mill-dam, at the foot of Craggy Hill, it was a mere thread of water running in a narrow gully, whose edges were tramped to a thick mud by cattle.

There was but little need of the rude bridge over which old Joe Sales was riding on his way to the village. His bridle was thrown loosely on the neck

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of his old gray horse, which walked leisurely along with head down, while the master, with both hands buried deep in the pockets of his baggy trousers, seemed in a deep study.

"How d'ye do, Uncle Joe?" shouted a barefooted urchin who had come out of a stubble-field just ahead, and was perched upon a rail-fence.

"How are ye, Sandy?" answered the old man without stopping his horse. "Where is yer father?"

"Ter town," replied the lad, waving his hand in the direction of the village. The old man's eyes fell to the ground again, and he passed on. The boy sat watching him for awhile, and then, dropping to the ground, scampered back upon the road.

"Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe," muttered the old man to himself. "I am Uncle Joe to pretty nigh every body, and ef the Lord spares me I'll be more than a Uncle Joe to this neighborhood yet."

The old man uttered this remark with the sense of one who has a profound thought at heart. A casual observer might have detected a gleam of inspiration in the smile that played on his wrinkled face; but with the ejaculation "Well!" accompanied with a sigh, he uttered no further sound until he reached a house at the edge of a village. This house, a long and narrow one, was of the variety known in that neighborhood as "cast and plaster." It was built of logs and covered on the outside with coarse mortar, then whitewashed. Its side faced the road, and creeping vines almost covered a low porch that extended the entire length.

While Uncle Joe, for so we shall now call him, was hitching his horse, a woman appeared at the gate. She was apparently in middle life. Her black hair was

combed back from a high forehead. Her eyes, though as black as her hair, were very mild. Around her mouth a few faint wrinkles were visible, suggesting that her life had not been all sunshine. She was clad in a plain alpaca, a little rusty for the wear, but perfectly clean.

The widow reached out her hand to meet Uncle Joe's, who replied to her salutation with: "Well es usual, Sister Conway, 'ceptin' a little tech of rheumatiz thet I felt after diggin' that ditch twixt me and Elder Tribbey. It war hard and dry enough till we came to the swamp, and there it war wet in spite o' the drouth we're hevin'."

Uncle Joe had reached the porch, where a girl, the likeness of her mother, set for him a chair. He took off his hat, placed it on the porch beside him, wiped his bald head and continued to speak:

"I thought I would stop in a spell, fur I heerd as how your Jake war over to Hanaford yesterday, and I allowed he had some news of the new railroad. Sandy Warner told me yesterday thet it war a settled thing, but all I could get out of him was that he heerd 'em say so up at the blacksmith shop."

"I guess Sandy is right, Uncle Joe," replied the widow. "Jacob learned over at Hanaford that the subscription books were closed there, and you know that sufficient stock was taken at Carterville, the other end of the line, in a few months after the project was started. The village here is just half-way, and Mr. Sarcott says it will be an important station."

"I heerd he war goin' to build a mill, if the road kem," said Uncle Joe.

"Yes, indeed, more than a mill, Uncle Joe," cried

a strapping boy who entered at this moment, "a grist-mill, a factory, and if the company can get the land, they may build some shops here, too." Jake sat down on a big chair, all out of breath.

"What kind of a factory es it a goin' to be, Jake?" asked the old man, slowly.

"A woollen factory, they say," replied Jake, "and that will bring people to Rising Branch and give the town a boom."

"Jake!" said Mrs. Conway, in a tone of reproof.

"Oh! I forgot a little, mother, that's all; these slang words will stick to a fellow so."

"Guess you larnt that over to Hanaford at the railroad, did n't ye, Jake?" remarked Uncle Joe slyly. Jake was silent, and in a moment the old man added: "That's jest the kind of freight the railroad will bring in, Sister Conway, but that is n't sayin' as thet I'm opposed to it. Curses likes to keep company with blessin's, even if blessin's do n't consent, and they both are allus found purty close together. We all want the road, but what I am in fur is to pervide agin the evils it'll bring, and then we can enjoy its good."

Jake turned to the old man with a look of surprise, but before he could speak Mrs. Conway replied: "Why, Uncle Joe, you do n't think the road is going to be as bad a thing as that, do you?"

"I have n't said as thet it war a bad thing, Sister Conway," replied Uncle Joe. "I said that it war likely to bring evils, and we must prepare for 'em."

"Why, Uncle Joe, it is n't the cholera that's a coming?" The speaker was Eurilda, the widow's daughter.

"Of course not, of course not, 'Rildy," and the

old man's eyes twinkled as he spoke; "but let me tell ye, child, that while cholery may kill the body, a growin' town is likely to develop evils that are worse, fur they kill the soul. I heerd Brother Scammon sayin' in a sermon down at the old meetin' house last Sunday that wherever ther' war soil, both weeds and flowers war sure to grow. He war a' quotin' it from some old poet, I believe. Anyhow it is so."

"So you believe that the railroad will improve the village soil, do you, Uncle Joe?" said the widow, smiling.

"Exactly so," said Uncle Joe, with great emphasis upon the first word, "and we must get the handles in our hoes to fight the weeds." No reply followed this last remark, and both Jake and Eurilda looked puzzled.

Uncle Joe paid no attention to their mute appeals for explanation, but continued to address himself to their mother.

"Sister Conway, I am thinkin' thet since this railroad matter hez taken sech a turn, an' is likely to be a sure thing, thet the question of buildin' our new church ought to be shook up a little livelier. A new house we've got to have: the old one is nigh about past mendin'. Some of the brethren want to build on the old spot, seein' thet the buryin'-ground is there, but my choice hez allus been the village. The young folks is centered around here mostly, and we hev got to build fur them."

"Father's grave is there," exclaimed both Jake and Eurilda at once.

Mrs. Conway remained silent; a handkerchief was pressed to her face; and Uncle Joe knew full well

what memories his allusion to the old church had called up.

"I know, Sister Conway," continued he, "thet it seems kind o' sad to you to think o' movin' the old church. Bro. Conway were born into the kingdom inside its logs, one may say, and it war his home fur many a year. But will the new church benefit the dead? Won't they sleep as sound as they ever slept while the instrument of the Lord hez only taken its presence from them because it hez found a field ripe fur the harvest?"

The widow nodded assent, but could say nothing.

"Sister Conway," resumed the old man, "hev I not them thet I love lyin' in the old buryin'-ground? Isn't my Josie thar? He would a been a young man now. And where's my William that was drowned in the dam below Craggy Hill; to say nothin' of Susie, who war married long afore Jake here war born?"

"I know it, Uncle Joe," was all the widow could say.

Uncle Joe kept on. He grew more earnest. "But, Sister Conway, we need a church here at the village. We must build fur the livin'. Now's the time for us few Christians in the neighborhood to fix a center of influence thet will stand agin the evils of a growin' town. Risin' Branch village is goin' to grow, no doubt, and unless we who profess to foller the Master see to it, it'll not grow very fur in grace."

Uncle Joe had arisen at the close of this remark, and had placed his hat on his head.

The widow's voice arrested the step he had taken toward the door.

"I know," she began in a voice that now betrayed

no emotion, "that there is force in what you say, Uncle Joe, and it was not wholly past sorrows that made me weep. My husband's grave is indeed at the old church, and it would seem strange to me to go to morning worship without pausing after it was over to look at the spot or to lay a flower there. I have reason enough to want the church here at the village." She glanced significantly at Jake and Eurilda. "But, Uncle Joe, I fear there will be something harder to overcome than the sentiments of some of the brethren."

Uncle Joe opened his eyes very wide. "Why, what, Sister Conway?"

"Mr. Sarcott!" calmly answered the widow.

"Sarcott, Sarcott," ejaculated Uncle Joe. "Why, I know thet he 's an infidel, an' it 's a pity."

"And he owns all the land for a half-mile around the village, except my little piece here," said Mrs. Conway, cutting off Uncle Joe's remark.

"Thet's a fact, thet's a fact," said the old man, half in reply and half to himself. He stood meditating for a moment, then said, "I 'm goin' to talk with James Sarcott myself, and thet before this day is past. Now it is gettin' toward evenin', and I will have to be a huntin' him up."

With a very decided air the old man started for the door. He strode rather than walked; as if he were making toward some object that had irritated him by trying to escape.

When he had gone, Jake said: "I do not see why Uncle Joe is afraid of the railroad's spoiling Rising Branch. One would think, to hear him talk, that there can be no enterprise without wickedness. Do you understand him, mother?"

Mrs. Conway replied: "I think I do, Jacob, and I think he speaks the truth. The godlessness of Rising Branch is a matter of remark even now; there has never been a church nearer to it than the one at Craggy Hill"—

"That is three miles away," interrupted Eurilda.

Mrs. Conway finished,—“and a greater activity in our village life without some restraining, or rather guiding, force may be no desirable boon.”

"Mr. Sarcott never wanted a church here," said Eurilda.

"He won't sell any land for one now, I'll bet," added Jake.

Mrs. Conway cast a look of reproof at the careless boy, who tried to turn it aside with: "Oh, I forgot again, mother."

His mother noticed the slang no further, but said: "People dislike the presence of standing rebukes to their ways of life, children."

Both Jake and his sister looked doubtful about the meaning of this remark, but their mother ventured no explanation.

In the meantime Uncle Joe Sales had reached the village store, in front of which he again hitched his horse and dismounted. Rising Branch village, to distinguish it from the neighborhood which bore the same name, was generally called the "village." It stood on a rise of land that sloped toward the stream before spoken of. The road crossed the stream again beyond the village by a bridge similar to that over which Uncle Joe had come.

At this point the railroad from Hanaford was to touch Rising Branch, and was to follow the course of

the stream down the valley to Carterville. A store, a blacksmith shop, and a half-dozen houses formed the nucleus around which was to grow a "big town" when the railroad came.

A general air of listlessness pervaded the place; the blacksmith shop was closed and the smith himself, a burly fellow in blue overalls, and with a great quid of tobacco in his mouth, sat on an empty sugar barrel in front of the store, eyeing the movements of Uncle Joe.

The latter paid back his nod of recognition with: "How d' ye do, Robert? Out o' work to-day?"

"Yes," said the smith, "I am out o' the old shop for awhile, too. I'm goin' onto the road Monday. When we get the old smoker through here I won't have ter lay idle more nor half my time." The smith spoke this in a drawling tone that suggested that his compulsory idleness was not a grievous yoke.

Uncle Joe replied: "I hope not, Robert; I hope not."

"Wish he'd call me Bob. I don't want to be Roberted," growled the smith to the storekeeper, who had come to the door.

But Uncle Joe was too far away to hear. He had not entered the store, but was walking rapidly toward a large, white house: the finest one in the village.

ARTHUR C. PIERSON.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

BY whomsoever arranged, and for whatever purpose (and this may be effectually concealed in the maze of professional lying called diplomacy), the spirited sparring-match—without gloves—between the European light-weights, Serbia and Bulgaria, has served to fix the eyes of the world once more upon the center and pivot about which European international politics has revolved for many years—*Constantinople*. They who suppose that Herat and her rugged mountain gateway are the real objects of Russian ambition, have forgotten the history of a thousand years; nor do they take account of those traditionary forces and hereditary tendencies which set in motion historic currents as powerful and persistent as the Gulf Stream. National, as well as individual, life is directed chiefly by these antecedent currents, and the independent estimate of ends and choosing of objects can change them only by one degree on the circle of the compass in a generation. But could you demonstrate to Russia that India, and not Turkey, is the great prize of the stupendous forthcoming European International Heavy-weight World-championship Mill, still Russia knows that Constantinople, and not Cabul, is the gate of India. Of what avail to England would it be to hold the key to those outer gateways, Gibraltar and Cabul—simply the storm-doors of the great oriental treasure-house—if Russia were already in the vestibule?

However, the scene, the nature and the result of this impending conflict are not to be determined so much by these remote prizes and politic considerations as by those traditional sentiments and tendencies already mentioned. These sentiments are both political and religious, and in parallel currents are bearing the Russian ship of state inevitably towards Constantinople. The political tendency may be traced through all the monarchies of continental Europe in the effort to revive the form and spirit of Roman Imperialism. Cæsarism crops out not only in the titles, Czar, Kaiser and Emperor, but also in the senseless militarism and predatory spirit everywhere found. There goes along with this the instinctive conviction that Imperialism will flourish best in its ancient seat. The same conviction with respect to Ecclesiastical Imperialism accounts for the stubborn tenacity with which the Catholic Church has clung to Rome. It was this sentiment that compelled every would-be Cæsar, from Charlemagne to Napoleon, to lead his legions into Italy and crown himself at Rome; and it was the same sentiment that aroused the jealous Pope to see to it that these fledgling Cæsars did not find a seat in Rome. Somewhere thereabouts was to be found the meat on which if these same Cæsars should feed they would become too great. Despairing of ever being able to impersonate Imperialism undisturbed in its proudest and most ancient seat, Napoleon, actuated by this universal fetich of locality, sought to reach that seat of ancient empire second in splendor and sanctity—Constantinople. Failing by way of Egypt, he sought it by way of Russia, if there is ever to be found any key to the riddle of that disastrous Moscow march. What possible ground of

quarrel could Napoleon have with Russia except that he wanted Constantinople? And why should Russia care whether Turk or Gaul was seated on the Golden Horn? It was not so much a question of nationality as of title. There was a great gap between Sultan and Cæsar. When the time should come for the Sublime Porte to give place to the Emperor of sublime port—that ancient and original lord of the manor—he must come in the person of the legitimate heir, the Slav. This sentiment will as surely lead some Czar to the Bosphorus as it has led Western Cæsars to the Tiber.

The religious sentiment connecting title and authority with locality and ancient inheritance is still stronger, as we have seen, in the case of the Roman Catholic Church. The Holy Seat may be transferred, but the sanctity remains. Paul preached and Peter perished (traditionally) *at Rome*—not at London, or Paris, or Avignon. Here, if anywhere, that system of religion which makes so much of places and pilgrimages, must flourish.

Now, all that Rome is to Catholicism, Constantinople is to the Greek Church. The ancient and original seat of ecclesiastical empire, she is the center towards which all religious currents set. From Russia, at least, all roads of political and ecclesiastical ambition lead to Constantinople, and as soon as the ancient highways are sufficiently cleared of the medieval robbers which Western Christendom has defended in consideration of a share of their plunder, we shall see Czar and Patriarch hastening back to the old thrones to revive their old splendors and their old jealousies and quarrels. This may come soon, or later, but come it must, and will open the next real chapter of European history.

BOTH the geologist and the biologist demand infinite time for the scope of their theories; the physicist postulates power infinite in magnitude and duration; the astronomer is brought face to face with infinity of space, and all inquiries in all fields of investigation are compelled to recognize some phase of infinity. Infinity is the necessary logical correlate of the finite; and if the finite in space can be understood only when projected upon the plane of its own infinity, and finite phenomena only as displayed on the background of infinite power, how shall we understand finite life except as projected on the plane of infinite life; finite intelligence on the plane of infinite intelligence; finite love on that of infinite love? But infinite power, and space, and intelligence, and love, are Infinite Power, and Ubiquity, and Wisdom, and Love—and *who* is that?

SCIENTIFIC truth is a servant; moral truth is a master. The one comes to us as a menial to a feudal lord, ready to swear allegiance and obey. It brings both service and servile flattery; so we receive it complacently, and "knowledge puffeth up." But moral truth comes to us from the other side as a royal messenger from the sovereign to the proud feudal chieftain, reminding him of vassalage and duty, and we feel humbled and rebellious. The intellectual domain is at present in that half-organized feudal condition in which each petty chieftain exacts everything from those beneath him, but turbulently rejects allegiance to the Crown; denying admittance in his strong castle of pride, perched on some supposed impregnable height of independence, to the messenger of the King bearing the royal mandates of moral truth.

We should understand that feudalism in any sphere is the worst, most ferocious and irresponsible form of despotism, and that deliverance from it in our intellectual sphere is to be found in allegiance to the sovereign—Moral Truth. So there is a truth to be obeyed, and in the obedience we are to be made free. "Ye shall recognize the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"THE question is not," says Spurgeon, "whether the heathen can be saved without the gospel; but whether *we* can be saved if we withhold the gospel from them." This is true and terse, and yet there is another—a broader and unselfish view of this matter of missions. When Wm. H. Seward, rising above party and partisan, saw the real nature of our national struggle, and declared that it was an 'irrepressible conflict' between freedom and slavery, many refused to believe him, and others said: "It is a hard saying, who can hear it?" Yet when the great prophet of the people, Abraham Lincoln, rose up to interpret this oracular deliverance into our plain every-day speech, and to preach that "this nation can not endure half slave and half free, but must become all one or all the other," we began slowly to realize the truth, and the duty of the hour. It was in the fuller and fuller realization of this truth that we became better and better prepared for the great conflict; and when, at last, it fully dawned upon us, we saw there was but one thing to be done—*slavery must be exterminated*;—we all suddenly became Abolitionists, and the Emancipation Proclamation was the patriot's creed. There were but two

flags, and all men were compelled to choose between them.

The multitude refuse as long as possible to see this necessity of choice, and seek to evade it. But it always overtakes them, and often when least expected. When the vindictive populace beset the palace of Pilate, on that memorable morning, they supposed they had a very simple matter in hand—to make away with Jesus of Nazareth. They were astounded to find that it involved the release of a murderer. It was Jesus or Barabbas. So it always is. Can a man hate light and not love darkness? Can he bind the truth without releasing error?

We shall never be ready to deal adequately with the peril that is upon us by reason of intemperance until we realize more fully than we do that there is an irrepressible conflict between the *saloon* and the *home*—between the Barabbas of strong drink and the Christ of joy and peace and sobriety. Men—good men—are rejecting this as a hard saying and are crying “peace! peace! but there is no peace,” until the saloon is abolished;—we shall all become Abolitionists in this matter, too, or be forced into the camp of the enemy.

Now make the broad application of this plain philosophy to the church and the world—to Christianity and Paganism. Jesus constantly impressed upon his disciples the irrepressible, uncompromising, dangerous and deadly conflict they must have with the world. The world can not go on forever half for God and half against him, half Christian and half Pagan; but will become all one or all the other. Seeing this, if you are a true patriot in the kingdom of heaven, you will lose no time in finding your place in ranks under the

banner of Christ, ready for whatever may come, whether it be defeat or victory. But you have this assurance for encouragement and inspiration, that Christ will lead to ultimate victory. He will put down all rule and all authority; all enemies will be put under his feet, and the sovereignty of this world will belong to our God and his Anointed.

But this conflict with Paganism is not only irrepressible, it is *imminent*. Steam and lightning have brought the ends of the earth together. The nations are crowding into one neighborhood, and the great struggle is at hand. Paganism is running riot in our great cities, and, sure enough, it is a foreign importation. In a more naked, nastier form it is flooding our Pacific Coast—pressing into and defiling our temple through the golden gate that is called Beautiful. Carthage is at the gates of Rome. What shall be done? Carry the war into Africa. *Delenda est Carthago*. Nor do we need any Fabian counselors. The church has had them in plenty; and *we* more than our share. “Why stand *we* here idle; our brethren are already in the field!” Every spicy breeze that wafts a sail from India’s sands brings us news of the progress and the *peril* of our little skirmish band; the news is favorable from those who are spying out the farther land of Japan. But we must carry the war into the very Africa of Chinese heathendom, whence comes the most serious menace to our Christian civilization. It must be done and that soon. Let *us* join with missionary Christendom about us in this grand work. There are many of our preachers who do not realize the need of this. What? Art thou a teacher in Israel and understandest not these things? There is no

apology for such apathy and inaction on your part. There is an irrepressible and an imminent conflict, and the enemy is active, defiant and *aggressive*. What do you propose to do?

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

PROMINENT among the desires of our curious nature is a wish to get back to the beginning of things. "Who made it?" "How was it made?" are questions which we ask concerning whatever engages our interest, whether it be a world or a lead-pencil. The child is never happier than when in a carpenter-shop or machine-shop, watching the play of the workman's tools, and noting the slow stages by which the material he uses is shaped and finished. In mature years our curiosity is broadened as regards its objects, but seldom lessened as regards its degree. We read a book. "Who is the workman?" we ask. "Where is the shop in which it was made?" And when we find the place in which the materials were gathered together, and where they were planed and fitted and nailed, we lift the latch with reverent fingers, and peer with awe and veneration at the workman who has given the work its form. Then if the workman looks amiable we enter, to watch him for a little time. And it may be that, as children carry away their trophies of blocks and shavings from the carpenter's bench, we venture to carry away some bits of fact and fancy as reminders of our own audacity.

WE hope to give several interesting serials to the readers of the DISCIPLE this year. One of these, from the pen of Prof. Arthur C. Pierson, of Hiram College is begun in the present number. Another, from that of Peter Vogel, will soon be introduced. Others still are in store, of which announcements will be made duly. The aim of the DISCIPLE has been, from the first, to produce permanent Christian literature. Under the editorial management of the past, it has done something worthy in this direction. Whatever its experiences may be under the present management, the same end will be steadily held in view.

THE first volume of "Evenings with the Bible," by Isaac Errett, has attracted such general interest, that frequent inquiries are received as to when the second series of studies, now in course of publication in the DISCIPLE, will be completed and gathered together. The date of their appearance in book form has not been determined upon, but we have good reason to hope that it will not be far distant.

OUR scribes are promising us good things nowadays. Prof. J.W. McGarvey, of Kentucky University, author of "Lands of the Bible," is about to bring out a text-book on Christian Evidences. A. P. Stout, author of several works involving the chronology of the New Testament, is preparing a work on the trials and crucifixion of Christ, which will be illustrated by several original diagrams. Prof. A. M. Weston will give to the public before many months a book on the Sabbath question, which is said to be an original and comprehensive treatment of that subject.

J. C. Tully is the author of a valuable little study of "Popular Amusements," which will be ready at an early day.

THE holiday season brings out a large number of books for young people. There are among them good books, bad books, and books that do not seem to quite belong to either class. Watchful parents and teachers can easily detect and weed out the really dangerous specimens; but it is a much more difficult task to tell how many of those that remain are thoroughly wholesome. Is it good for young folks to regale themselves with the story of a preternaturally smart boy, whose shrewd calculations are supposed to demonstrate the policy of honesty, and who finally, through the combined agencies of sharpness and "luck," outwits all his enemies and falls heir to an enormous fortune? Yet such stories may be found on our tables, in our Sunday-school libraries, and under the pillows of imaginative children, who dread to lose a single waking moment from their perusal. In many a home where the parents would turn pale at the bare mention of the word "novel," the reading of juvenile books of a class vastly more unreal than good novels, is permitted and encouraged. If fiction is untrue to life, its ultimate tendency is harmful, however it may abound in excrescences that its authors proudly point out as "morals."

THE forthcoming life of Longfellow, from the pen of his brother, will be hailed with eager interest. The task of writing Longfellow's biography should be a pleasant and gracious one, for there are no scars that need be hidden, no unsightly blemishes that need be covered up.

WE fancy that the present hour, when all readers of English verse are laughing over Tennyson's "Vastness," will be bitterly repented by and by. When the Laureate dies, critics will hasten to unsay all their flip-pant sayings, and will write after the closing chords or discords of his song, as composers write upon their music when the earlier strains have the finer harmonies, and the effects that they desire to have last in memory longest: "Da Capo"—"Turn to the beginning."

THE fact that Tennyson is no longer Tennyson, reminds us that our own golden age of poetry is passing by. Bryant and Longfellow are gone. Whittier and Holmes remain; but despite the youth that lives in their hearts, they must soon leave us. Lowell is no longer young, though while thought and speech are so vigorous, we surely have no right to call him old. Where are the Elishas, on whom the mantles of our Elijahs may fall? May it not be possible that it takes a great moral and national crisis, like that into which these men flung their souls during the best years of their activity, to develop a company of poets like those that are passing away?

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Study of Origins, or the Problems of Knowledge of Being, and of Duty. By EDMUND DE PRESSENSÉ, D. D., New York: Jas. Pott & Co.

In his preface the author tells how he came to write this book, but seems to be a little discrepant in his state-

ments. At first he says, "If we are to believe the men who come forward as the recognized organs of the scientific world, we must conclude that all that has been affirmed by the disciples of the gospel and the philosophers who believe in God, in the soul, in a future life, in the morality of duty, is but an empty dream." Two pages, afterward, in seeming unconsciousness of this sweeping declaration, he innocently corrects it by saying, "It must be understood that independent science, even that which stands apart from all philosophical and religious schools, repudiates the claim of materialistic transformism to assign the origin of life and of mind to pure force; and that in reference to this question of origin it adopts Dubois Reymond's famous motto—*Ignoremus*." Toward the close of the preface he says of these materialistic doctrines which nine pages back were defended by the "recognized organs of the scientific world," "they are contradicted by the most indisputable results of science and philosophy." In the last breath of the preface (which evidently is a post-face, written hastily and loosely), he laments "the fatal misconception that science and conscience, liberty and religion, are incompatible." The book, however, is better than the preface. If it were stripped of repetition and cumbering words it would lose some sixty per cent of its bulk. Oh that some *medicus librorum* would invent some potent anti-fat for obese volumes.

Our author does not keep steadily before him the chief point—the "Study of Origins;" but, like many another preacher, wanders from the text. On page 78 he says, "Our aim must be to bring into harmony the two greatest philosophical geniuses of modern times—Descartes and Kant." So impressed is he with the im-

portance of this task that he breaks out again on page 84 thus: "What we want for our own age is to reconcile and to balance the claims of these two royal minds." In some parts of the discussion of the "Problem of Being" and of the "Problem of Duty," he loses himself and the reader in the mazes of metaphysics, and, after the manner of philosophers, delivers himself of many things, of which the meaning (if there be any at all) is to be gathered from something in the writer's mind which failed, somehow, to get into the writing. He has thus given us many puzzles of which the keys are in his own keeping, unless, like his idolized Kant, he has unfortunately lost some of them. He devotes several pages to a serious attempt to answer the dreamer Hartmann; expending all his strength in the effort to pluck up from European soil the transplanted and already withered offshoot of Buddhistic Nirvana. He is so much afraid of experimental science that he exaggerates intuition almost to the exclusion of revelation; and though his discussion of Instinct is very fine, there is an evident trepidation in his manner—as if it might turn out to be a sort of Intelligence—*horribile repertu!*

As happens to every one in a large and unfamiliar field, our author doubles upon his own track; and betrays at times an uncertainty as to his bearings which he struggles heroically to conceal, as becomes a professional guide; but it must be admitted that he soon catches some familiar landmark and comes out right at last. He has evidently made prodigious effort to acquaint himself with the whole round of scientific literature bearing on these questions, and gives the reader a painful impression that he has overworked in the preparation, and overtaxed his powers in the performance.

Yet, it is a magnificent book, full of information and suggestions — sparkling and eloquent. It is a gritty whetstone to sharpen up on. The style is nervous and pleasing, and he leads you captive and amused, even in those places where you suspect he is himself bewildered. A few specimens will awaken a desire to enter the rich mine of sparkling gems whence they were taken.

“Man is so essentially a religious being that he makes a sort of religion out of irreligion itself.”

“Ignorance and uncertainty are not errors; error begins when the mind arrives at a false conclusion.”

“Logic imprisons liberty in a network of contradictions from which it only escapes when, by a sudden stroke of the wing, it rises into the higher region of intuition, where conscience commands without arguing, and the supreme authority is duty.”

“The prejudice against the idea of the Divine must be strong, when mind is assigned by preference to the material atom, rather than admit a spiritual power.”

“It matters nothing that man can only dispose of the quantity of force that he derives from food, air, and sunshine, it is enough that he has the free disposition of this to make him responsible for his acts.”

“Universal love becomes the keystone of the arch of social science, and the purely mechanical is eliminated.”

“It is impossible to confound the anguish of mind caused by a violation of the moral law, with the regret resulting from a misfortune or a failure.”

“All the avenues of the soul lead up to God. The metaphysical, the moral, the active life, all terminate in the Divine; there is not one of our faculties which is not in its highest aspect religious.”

The book is well printed and neatly bound, and comprises 515 pages.

THE CHRISTIAN INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTARY, for 1886, is a well printed book of 281 octavo pages, by B. W. Johnson. Bro. Johnson is the author of "A Vision of the Ages," in which he has used to good advantage his great store of historic knowledge, and the same has been drawn upon in the preparation of this Commentary. Both the Common and Revised Texts are given in each lesson; the Introduction is clear and condensed, the Notes are full, and the Practical Suggestions are eminently practical and satisfactory. It is an excellent help for the Sunday-school teacher and advanced scholar.

"EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS, for 1866," is the title of Dr. E. W. Herndon's new issue. It is a well printed, neatly bound volume of 300 pages octavo. The arrangement of the lessons is very satisfactory. The Introductory part is given careful attention; the Notes are good, but not so full sometimes as one could wish; while the Application, though perhaps not just such as we would always make, shows independence of thought and intense moral feeling and a moral purpose. It is a good Sunday-school volume and will do credit to our literature of this sort.

HARRY SOMERS; OR, LIFE IN BURTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

All Burton was moved as never known before. There had been religious revivals, during which excitement ran high, and the people seemed to enjoy religion, as they would any other sensation, as long as it lasted; but anything to equal the deep, thoughtful under-current that now pervaded the community, had never been experienced.

Like all deep, strong movements that leave a mark on the time to come, this commenced in a quiet, humble way—ten or twelve meeting in the village school-house to listen to the gospel in its simplicity; and in its exponent we recognize the same bold speaker who gave the first blow toward breaking the chains of unbelief with which our hero was bound—Charles L. Dacy.

Following the example of Paul, he reasoned out of the scriptures, and insisting so strongly on the necessity of a knowledge of God's word, that it became quite common for most of the little band who went to hear him, to take their Bibles with them, and diligently refer to them as he directed while preaching.

The novelty of this, while it was not so intended, attracted attention, and many who came out of curiosity, "to see what that feller is about," staid to join eagerly in the study they had at first felt disposed to ridicule. Gradually the congregation increased, until at the end of two weeks the school room was insuffi-

cient, and, finding the interest increasing, Mr. Dacy accepted the use of the Methodist Church, tendered by old Father Moore, who attended every meeting and seemed deeply absorbed.

Ridiculing none—indulging in no pulpit buffoonery—profoundly impressed with the importance of the work of saving souls, the man of God preached the Word and gave it its full dignity as “*the* power of God unto salvation.”

Groups of men could be seen about town, after the hour of service was over, discussing the last sermon, while more than one was provided with the Bible, eager and anxious to know if the statements of the preacher were true.

After one of these impromptu conventions, an old farmer, who had been an attentive listener and had frequently consulted the Bible in his hand, remarked, as he put it back in his pocket :

“No use, boys, to talk. He’s got the papers on you. I ain’t ’shamed to say that I’ve learned more ’bout this same Book,” giving his pocket a vigorous slap, “since this meetin’ begun, than ever I knowed in my life.”

So, slowly but surely, the people were being taught the way of life, and the result was being shown in the numbers who resolved to henceforth know no name save the name of Christ, and to bow unreservedly to His holy authority.

Lovingly those who professed to love the Lord were urged to yield their opinions and to unite on the Word and the Word alone, burying prejudice and sectarianism, and marching forth to conquer the world under the banner of “One Lord, one faith, one baptism.”

To say that Grace was rejoiced at the glorious result of the simple gospel teaching, would but faintly express her joy.

When at last her mother came forward and asked to put on Christ by immersion, and announced her determination to discard all human creeds and wear the name of Christ, Grace thanked God and took fresh courage.

As yet, her father had signified nothing as to the impression the preaching made on him, except by regular attendance, and this, Grace knew, meant a good deal from one who had so persistently refused for years to attend any religious meeting.

The meeting went on for three—four weeks, and still the vigorous old man, who was breaking the bread of life to the hungry souls around him, gave no sign of breaking down, while the church building grew too small to accommodate those who came to hear.

It was now midsummer, the time of the yearly camp-meeting with which our story opened.

It was proposed that the meeting be moved to the camp-ground, thus furnishing room for all. This was accordingly done, and now where penitents had been wont to mourn, patiently waiting the illumination they looked for from on high, there came those who, instructed in what the Lord commanded in order to their salvation, were ready and willing to obey Him in all His commands.

Grace would not have been human had not her thoughts oft wandered to the one her young heart held so dear, who had gone forth from that very spot burdened with doubts which had gathered and strengthened till they shut out the whole light of God.

She knew nothing of the study in which Harry had

been engaged since she last saw him, as he, unwilling to rouse hopes that might not be realized, had forborne to write to his aunt of his state of mind ; and Grace, having no other way of hearing, was ignorant that he was beginning to take the Word of God as a lamp to his feet.

It was a beautiful, bright night, and many had come from far and near to attend the meeting.

There was breathless silence as the minister arose and commenced to speak. Few, except those immediately around him, noticed that Harry entered the arbor just as Mr. Dacy read his text.

His presence was easily explained. He had come to within twenty-five miles of Burton the day before, on business for his employer, and not getting through in time to take the train back to the city, had concluded to visit his old home for a night, before returning.

Arrived in the village, he found his aunt, together with 'most every one else, absent—having gone out to the camp-ground.

Although Harry's recollections in connection with the camp ground were not very pleasant, still he had too short a time to remain with his aunt to wait for her to return, so he secured a horse, and in about an hour reached the scene of the meeting.

Seeing that service had commenced, he entered the arbor quietly, to wait until opportunity offered, to make his way to his aunt.

He was surprised to recognize in the preacher the man to whom he felt he owed his rescue from infidelity, and glad of an opportunity to again hear him, soon became absorbed in the sermon.

“No man can come to me except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him.”

Clearly, plainly, so that even children twelve years of age could understand him, the speaker explained the scripture he read.

“God, in His holiness and majesty—man, in his fallen, sinful state. God’s desire that man should come unto Him and live. Man’s tendency to wander away from God and His love, requiring that God draw him back.

“How does God draw man to Himself?

“By His Spirit. How by His Spirit? God, the principal—the Spirit, the agent—the Word, the means.

“The power of the Word—motive, not physical power.

“Motive power addresses itself to the understanding—man’s capacity to be moved by the inducements offered in the Word—his responsibility in accepting or rejecting these inducements. God’s judgment awaiting man’s decision.”

Such in brief was the substance of what Harry heard, and though, like Agrippa, almost persuaded before, he was at the close of the discourse altogether persuaded to be a Christian.

A song of invitation was sung, affording those who desired to confess Christ before the world an opportunity to do so.

How different Harry’s emotions, as he went forward in response to the invitation, from the bitter disappointment he had once borne away with him from this same spot!

Then, doubting God’s goodness—now, putting all his trust in the promises of his Master; then, proud, defiant in the midst of his sorrow—now, humble, submissive in his joy.

A stifled exclamation from his aunt and Grace, who were sitting together, and had not been aware that Harry was near until they saw him come forward—a fervent “Thank the Lord” from Father Moore, who met the youth with a warm hand-clasp, and Harry made the simple confession: “I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.”

Scarcely a dry eye could be seen, for the circumstances connected with his former effort to come to Jesus were yet remembered by most of those present, and though none knew how hard the struggle had been, all rejoiced that the victory had been won and a soul dedicated to the service of God.

Scarcely had Harry’s voice died away, when Father Moore asked to be heard for a moment.

“O my children,” he exclaimed, in a voice of deep emotion, “you, whom I have served and loved since the days of my youth—with whose joys I have rejoiced, with whose sorrows I have mourned—I beseech you by the love of Christ that you cast out all spirit of prejudice and sectarianism, and with me pledge yourselves that henceforth your creed shall be the Bible, your name the name given in the days of apostles to those who followed Christ—the holy name of Christian.

“You may say that I have led you to trust in the inventions of man more than in the everlasting promises of Jehovah. I can only sadly answer that I knew not what I did. I leave my life, with all its errors of commission and omission, in the hands of my Maker, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and will judge right; but having learned the way of the Lord more perfectly from the light cast upon God’s word during this meeting, I am resolved to walk in it.

"I ask you to go with me. You will give up nothing but traditions of men—you gain everything that is found in the authority of Christ and His apostles. I do not expect you to be able to give up all the *opinions* you have cherished for years, but opinions should not be a stumbling-block in the way of the union of God's people. I entreat you to obey Christ in all His holy ordinances, for thus, and thus only, can you appropriate the promises of the Scripture. Come, let us join together to serve the Lord with new zeal, content to make obedience to God's commands the only test of fellowship. As our Saviour prayed that his children might be one, so now I pray that you may come with me, acknowledging 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' May God help you to do right."

In response to this appeal, twenty persons came forward, agreeing with Father Moore as their leader to take the Bible, and the Bible alone, as a rule of faith and practice. Fifteen of these had never been immersed, and announced themselves as anxious to thus obey without further delay. Among these was Mrs. Murray, Harry's aunt.

Grace could hardly credit the evidence of her senses when she observed the answer to Father Moore's appeal. It seemed incredible that such a breach should have been made in the wall of sectarianism in so short a time, but as she viewed the scene through a mist of grateful, happy tears, she felt that only one blessing could be added—to see her father a Christian.

Even as she thought, she heard his voice.

Rising in full view of the congregation, he said:

"I've been a holdin' out a long time, wastin' all my young days, lookin' to see them as called themselves

Christians do better an' stop peckin' at one 'nuther, an' I'd give out ever seein' what I have to-night—folks willin' to give up the'r sayso's for what the Lord says. But the Lord has spared me to see it, an' it's time for Josh to give up, too, and jine with them in servin' Him. The best o' my life's gone, an' more's the pity, but Satan sha'n't have what's left of it."

Possibly nothing could have made such a strong impression then and there as this homely confession. No greater tribute, in the minds of those who knew him, could have been paid to the power of pure gospel truth, than such an acknowledgment from Uncle Josh.

"My cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," murmured Grace to herself, as she listened to her father confess his faith in Christ.

The faithful wife, who had shared the joys and sorrows of his life, wept aloud with joy and thankfulness that after many days the lost was found.

"My friends," rang out the preacher's voice, "see, here is water near by. What doth hinder that these should be baptized?"

A baptism by moonlight! What scene more beautiful and solemn—a scene calling for the poet's pen to fitly portray!

As one by one the candidates were "buried with the Lord, by baptism," all felt that it was a "good and acceptable thing" that sectarianism should be lost in the waters of obedience.

On and on went the good work; the noble man of God who had inaugurated it, reinforced by others, devoted to preaching the Word, until in Burton there numbered two hundred souls who had taken their stand

on the Bible. Among these was Deacon Harper, for once acting without his wife's permission and against her authority.

* * * * *

New Year's eve, and the stage deposits two travelers at Uncle Josh's gate, and Uncle Josh himself, in a full suit of broadcloth, looking very proud and feeling very uncomfortable in his unaccustomed finery, meets them and gives them a hearty welcome, and in the serene, thoughtful face of the elder lady and the bright, mirthful one of the younger, we recognize Mrs. Wallace and Lillie.

"Oh, you naughty girl!" exclaimed the latter, dashing into Grace's room and clasping the lovely vision in white in a warm embrace, "what do you mean by bringing folks all this way in the cold? Tell me how you learned the art of making people fall so in love with you, that they run the risk of frozen ears, just to see you given away to a young fellow who do n't half deserve you? And you, you little modest puss, I suppose you are so happy as to be existing in a world far above common mortals. Here she is, Aunt Mary, looking like she might fly away and leave us, without a moment's notice," she said, as her aunt entered the room.

An hour later, and Harry looked with pardonable pride on the pure, sweet face by his side, as the words were spoken which gave him the right to love and cherish the life thus confided to his care.

"Take her, my boy," said Uncle Josh, after the ceremony, while he made no pretense to hide the tears that flowed down his rugged cheeks; "she's one o' God's own angels, ef there ever was one in this world,"

and here his voice broke down as he thought of giving up the light of his life.

So, between smiles and tears, Grace realized that life at Burton was a thing of the past, and that before her lay a new life of happiness and increased usefulness, along whose way she prayed the guidance of her Father, God.

Not rose-colored were all the days that followed. The psalm of life would lack its fullest, richest melody, did no minor tones intermingle.

But the husband and wife, with love for each other, and faith in God, could look beyond the clouds of affliction, and lo! the sunlight of the Father's love rests on His children.

The years but strengthened and confirmed their trust in this wonderful love, and in all the success that crowned Harry's efforts in life, he, with humble heart, gave thanks to God, and, next to Him, to the purifying, ennobling influence of a Christian wife.

The friendship between Grace and the noble Christian woman, to whom she owed the clearer perception of God's purposes towards mankind, proved a great comfort and help to the young wife, and when, a year after her marriage, Lillie became the wife of the young minister who had succeeded Mr. Peyton, making, to the astonishment as well as delight, of those who loved her, a most exemplary preacher's wife, Grace felt that she was indeed blessed in her friends, and that in all things her lines had fallen in pleasant places.

So, hand in hand, as heart to heart, we leave those into whose lives we have glanced, and with something akin to regret, bid them farewell

THE END.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

III.—WORDS FROM THE WISE.

“Through wisdom is an house builded ; and by understanding it is established : And by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches. A wise man is strong ; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. For by wise counsel thou shalt make thy war : and in multitude of counselors there is safety. Wisdom is too high for a fool : he openeth not his mouth in the gate. He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person. The thought of foolishness is sin : and the scorner is an abomination to men. If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small. If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain ; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not ; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it ? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it ? and shall not he render to every man according to his works ?” (Prov. xxiv. 3–12.)

The wisest, purest and best members of the Church of God, in all ages, so far as they have pronounced upon dancing at all, have regarded it as of evil tendency, and also useless as an amusement to intelligent people.

This is especially true of the modern churches. We cite first the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops in Plenary Council, Baltimore, Md., October, 1866, (Pastoral Letter) ; and secondly an extract from a Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Dublin.

Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, assembled in Plenary Council in Baltimore, October, 1866 : —

"In this connection, we consider it to be our duty to warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them an occasion of sin, and especially against the fashionable dances, which, as at present carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to morals."

Also the Archbishop of Dublin :

"Never engage in those improper dances, imported from other countries and retaining foreign names, such as polkas and waltzes, which are so repugnant to the notions of strict Christian morality, are condemned by many of the highest and most respectable members of society, and are at *direct variance with that purity and modesty of the female character* for which Ireland has been ever distinguished."

We next cite Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, says :

"Dancing is chargeable for waste of time, the interruption to useful study, the indulgence of personal vanity and display, *and the premature incitement of the passions*. At the age of maturity it adds to these no small danger to health, by late hours, flimsy dresses, heated rooms, and exposed persons; while its incongruity with strict Christian sobriety and principle, and its tendency to the love of dissipation, are so manifest, that *no ingenuity can make it consistent with the covenant of baptism*. It would give me sincere pleasure to have expressed a very different opinion, because I am well aware that few of my readers will relish my unaccommodating sentiments on such a theme. But candor and honesty forbid, and I may not sacrifice what I believe to be the truth, in the service of worldly expediency."

The late venerable and beloved Bishop Meade, of Virginia, speaking of dancing, says :

"As an amusement, seeing that it is a perversion of an ancient religious exercise, and has ever been discouraged by the sober-minded and pious of all nations on account of its evil tendencies and accompaniments, we ought conscientiously to inquire whether its great liability to abuse, and its many acknowledged abuses, should not make us *frown upon it in all its forms*. . . . It has always been considered so disreputable to excel in this as a public performer, that such persons have been excluded sometimes from civil, and always from

religious privileges, and from respectable society. Can the practice of it, then, even in a more private way, be suitable or becoming in a serious Christian? Very few persons can be found who do not answer, no. I shall not dwell on these two arguments further, for obvious reasons. To my mind they are conclusive to show that social dancing is not among the neutral things which, within certain limits, we may do at pleasure, and even that it is not among the things lawful, but not expedient, *but that it is, in itself, wrong, improper, and of bad effect.*"

Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, says :

"The only line I would draw in regard to the theater and the dance, is that of entire exclusion."

Bishop Coxe, of New York, (Pastoral Letter) said :

"The enormities of theatrical exhibitions, and the lasciviousness of dances, too commonly tolerated in our times, are so disgraceful to the age and so irreconcilable with the gospel of Christ, that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn those who run with the world to 'the same excess of riot' in these things, that they presume not to come to the holy table."

It is both interesting and encouraging to notice in this connection that the Protestant Episcopal Female Tract Society of Baltimore has uttered its testimony by declaring that "indecent dances, involving personal liberties between the sexes, which would be unsafe and indecent anywhere, become fashionable, and finally indispensable at the meetings of good society;" and that for "parents to have their children taught to dance is nothing else but leading the little ones into temptation, exposing them to a snare. They may in theory dance innocently, but practically they will not."

It is little wonder that, when asked to discuss the question of dancing, the Rev. J. T. Brooke, D. D., formerly rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati, exclaims :

"What! discuss the propriety of dancing as an amusement for those who, if they dance at all, must dance on the thin and uncertain platform of human life, without knowing how soon, or at what hour or moment, it may give way and drop them into everlasting burnings!"

We have quoted thus at length from these two churches, because, in the public mind, they are held as permitting dancing and other abominations, without protest or rebuke.

We quote next from the Presbyterian Church General Assembly resolutions, repeated and endorsed by the Presbytery of Indiana as follows :

"WHEREAS, There are rumors to the effect that dancing and theater-going are beginning to be countenanced by members of churches in this presbytery ; and,

"WHEREAS, Duty to Christ our Lord requires that we warn His people under our spiritual care against any dangerous and soul-destroying snares of belief or practice. Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this Presbytery does hereby express and put on record its deliberate and earnest convictions in this matter by repeating and endorsing the deliverance of our supreme judicatory, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, as follows, viz. : 'On the fashionable, though, as we believe, dangerous amusements of theatrical exhibitions and dancing, we deem it necessary to make a few observations. The theater we have always considered as a school of immorality. If any person wishes for honest conviction on this subject, let him attend to the character of that mass of matter which is generally exhibited on the stage. We believe that all will agree that comedies at least, with a few exceptions, are of such a description, that a virtuous and modest person can not attend the representation of them, without the most painful and embarrassing sensations. If indeed custom has familiarized the scene, and these painful sensations are no longer felt, it only proves that the person in question has lost some of the best sensibilities of our nature, that the strongest safeguard of virtue has been taken down, and that the moral character has undergone a serious depreciation. With respect to dancing, we think it necessary to observe, that, however plausible it may appear to some, it is perhaps not the less dangerous on account of that plausibility. It is not from those things which the world acknowledges to be

most wrong that the greatest danger is to be apprehended to religion, especially as it relates to the young. When the practice is carried to its highest extremes, all admit the consequences to be fatal; and why not then apprehend danger, even from its incipient stages? It is certainly in all its stages a fascinating and an infatuating practice. Let it once be introduced, and it is difficult to give it limits. It steals away our precious time, dissipates religious impressions, and hardens the heart.' (Minutes of General Assembly, 1818, p. 690).

"*Resolved*, That the fashionable amusement of promiscuous dancing is so entirely unscriptural and eminently and exclusively that of the world which lieth in wickedness, and so wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christ, and with that propriety of Christian deportment and purity of heart which His followers are bound to maintain, as to render it not only improper and injurious for professing Christians either to partake in it, or to qualify their children for it by teaching them the art; but also to call for the faithful and judicious exercise of discipline on the part of church sessions, when any of the members of their churches have been guilty." (Minutes, 1843, page 14. Reaffirmed, Minutes, 1853, page 340.)

The New School General Assembly, in 1843, and again, substantially, in 1853, declared,—

"The fashionable amusement of promiscuous dancing to be entirely unscriptural, and eminently and exclusively of the world, . . . wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christ and with that propriety of Christian deportment and purity of heart which His followers are bound to maintain."

Rev. Albert Barnes says :

"Dancing, balls, and parties lead to forgetfulness of God. They nourish passion and sensual desires. They often lead to the seduction and ruin of the innocent. . . . No child dances into heaven; but many a one dances into hell."

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, A. D. 1860, resolved :

"That whilst the pleasures of the ball-room and the theater are primarily intended by the 'dancing and stage plays' forbidden in the answer to the 139th Question in the Larger Catechism, the spirit of the

prohibition extends to all kindred amusements which are calculated to awaken thoughts and feelings inconsistent with the Seventh Commandment, as explained by the Saviour in Matthew v. 27, 28.

"That whilst we regard the practice of promiscuous social dancing by members of the church as a mournful inconsistency, and the giving of parties for such dancing on the part of the heads of families as tending to compromise their religious profession, and the sending of children by Christian parents to the dancing-school as a sad error in family discipline, yet we think that the session of each church is fully competent to decide when discipline is necessary, and the extent to which it should be administered."

In October of the same year, the Synod of Missouri met in the town of Columbia, and unanimously adopted the following :

"1. It is, therefore, resolved, That the practice of dancing, of giving or attending private or public dancing parties or theatrical exhibitions, and of educating their children in the art of dancing, by professing Christians, is clearly forbidden by the spirit of the gospel, condemned by our Confession of Faith, and by the decisions of our highest church judicatories, and in violation of the covenant obligations entered into by every one who connects himself with the Church of Christ; and that such conduct is an offense which a due regard to the purity as well as the peace of the church will not permit her courts to overlook or disregard.

"2. Synod does, therefore, recommend and enjoin that the sessions of all churches within our bodies treat these sins as other recognized sins are to be treated, and, by proper instruction, admonition and reproof, endeavor in the spirit of Christian gentleness and fidelity to remove all such practices from our churches."

Rev. Dr. Alexander said :

"The step is so easily taken from apparently innocent dancing to that which is free, indiscreet, amorous and licentious, that a tender conscience *will find it safest to reject all.*"

Rev. S. R. Wilson, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, preached a sermon on dancing, which has been sanctioned and published by

the Presbyterian Board of Publication. In it I find the following language :

"Without the least hesitation it may be affirmed that this fashionable amusement, as taught by French monsieurs and mesdames, whether to children or grown-up boys and girls, and as indulged in by a thoughtless world, at soirées, at fairs, at weddings, or at balls, belongs to the forbidden category of 'chambering and wantonness,' which the Spirit of God has associated with 'rioting and drunkenness.' *This amusement can never, with propriety, be participated in by Christians.* . . . The promiscuous dance is incompatible with modesty. This remark may be applied to the children's dance in the parlor, and to the dancing of grown-up men and women in other places, according to the measure of each."

Rev. J. H. Brooke, of St. Louis, says :

"The apostle informs us that God 'hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling;' that we are 'partakers of the heavenly calling;' that we must 'press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,' and that we are 'called to be saints;' that is, holy, and separated, and devoted to God. The word 'calling' in these passages comes from the same Greek verb from which the word 'church' is derived, and hence any true church is summoned to a 'high' and 'holy' and 'heavenly' separation from the world, or from that portion of mankind who are not Christians.

"In what respect, I ask, are members of the church separated from the world by a high and holy and heavenly calling, when they are found in the dance and in the companionships and associations with which dancing is unavoidably connected?"

The *Church Union* speaks as follows :

"Beecher says well, in his lecture on amusements: 'Whenever amusements become demoralized, it is better to get new ones than to put the old in hospitals: the turf is past redemption.' And he might have added the stage, and cards, and dice, and billiards, which were but gambling-tools in their very origin, *and the dance*, which has been devoted to revelry and lasciviousness ever since such things existed, and in the modern world never had so much as an exceptional better use, unless the refined dissipation of God-forsaking modern people be better (which we doubt) than the beastly dissipation from which it descended."

Rev. Stuart Robinson said :

"The question of indulgence in such worldly pleasures as the theater, the masquerade, the card-table, and the dance, can but be a doubtful or debatable question. . . . And the ground on which the Christian pastor warns and rebukes is chiefly neither because of any inherent sin in the amusements themselves, nor even the ethical precepts of the gospel against worldly conformity, but as evidences of a decay of spiritual life and danger of making shipwreck of faith."

Rev. Dr. Heckman, President of Hanover College, in a sermon published by his presbytery, said :

"Are not those members of the church who practice this amusement generally weak, or ignorant, or formal, or worldly? Did you ever know one who was prominent for dancing also eminent for piety? Do they not generally avoid and lightly esteem the more pious and earnest of their fellow-Christians, and in their associates, resorts, conversation, reading, amusements, and conduct of affairs show more of the spirit of the world than of grace?

"As a rule, are they not so liberal in their views, and habits, and speech, or so silent and undemonstrative as to religion, that strangers would never suspect their profession?"

Dr. Geo. W. Samson said :

"The Old and New Testaments and their intelligent expounders treat the moral evils of dancing as they do other vices against whose incipient stages the wisdom of legislators has framed safeguards. Cicero says: 'No intelligent man dances, unless he is insane; no one in solitude; dancing is the last attendant of boisterous conviviality, of lewd places, of excessive effeminacy; it is the extreme of all vices.' These convictions of the last Roman statesman of the Republic are grounds of laws."

Now, as to the Methodist Episcopal Church. John Wesley gave doctrinal form to it, and we therefore quote from him. In a sermon on "The more Excellent Way," he says :

"Some diversions are indifferently used by both sexes : some of which are of a more public nature, as races, masquerades, plays, assem-

blies, balls. Others are chiefly used in private houses; as cards, dancing and music. . . . Some are disreputable diversions of the field; indeed, it is not needful to say anything more of these foul *remains of Gothic barbarity*, than that they are a reproach, not only to all religion, but even to human nature. . . . Neither need much be said about horse-races, till some man of sense will undertake to defend them.

"It seems a great deal more may be said in defense of seeing a serious tragedy. I could not do it with a clear conscience; at least, not in an English theater, the sink of all profaneness and debauchery: but possibly others can. I can not say quite so much for balls or assemblies, which, though more reputable than masquerades, yet must be allowed by all impartial persons to have exactly the same tendency. So, undoubtedly, have all public dancing. And the same tendency they must have, unless the same caution obtained among modern Christians which was observed among the ancient heathens. With them, men and women never danced together, but always in separate rooms. This was always observed in ancient Greece, and for several ages at Rome, where a woman dancing in company with men would have at once been set down for a prostitute."

It may be claimed that the Methodist Churches are now more liberal than in Wesley's day in these things, and it may indeed be true; but if so, it is in spite of the doctrinal utterances of this large and influential people. We affirm of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Churches, both North and South, and of the assurance they gave, on being received into the Church, of a "willingness to observe and keep the rules," that all who desire to continue in the fellowship of those churches are required to abstain from "all such diversions as can not be used in the name of the Lord Jesus;" and this [has always been interpreted as prohibiting their members from attending theaters, circuses, balls, dancing parties, etc. And so frequently is this rule read, expounded, and enforced upon the membership, that to ignore its existence is to manifest a degree of ignorance of which any one in fellowship

with those churches ought to be heartily ashamed. And this rule is not a dead letter. Every probationer is required to "evidence his desire of salvation" by keeping it in connection with the other "general rules;" and none can be received into full fellowship until, in addition to other prerequisites, they give satisfactory assurance of a "willingness to observe and keep the rules of the Church." So that if members of these churches dance, or attend dancing parties, they not only violate one of the fundamental rules of their Church, but they are also guilty of violating a solemn pledge, given by themselves in the presence of the Church, to "observe and keep the rules" of the Church.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF THE CONCOMITANTS OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Rev. Dr. Potts, a Presbyterian :

"The female is expected to make her appearance in a ball-dress, which means that as much of the person as modesty will at all permit shall be exposed. She may be held in the embrace of the smooth-tongued stranger whom she never saw before, and whose heart is filled with lust, and her panting breast drawn close to his, while waltzing or practicing any of the still more indelicate dances now most fashionable. De these assemblies and acts commend themselves as very proper for either your sons or daughters? There is enough of virtue and sense of sound propriety yet to decide that these, too, are not the places for the lovers of light and purity."

Baptist Quarterly, October, 1867 :

"Passion, and nothing else, is the true basis for the popularity of the dance.

"For it is no accident that the dance is what it is. It mingles the sexes in such closeness of personal approach and contact as, outside of the dance, is nowhere tolerated in respectable society. It does this

under a complexity of circumstances that conspire to heighten the impropriety of it. It is evening, and the hour is late; there is the delicious and unconscious intoxication of music and motion in the blood; there is the strange, confusing sense of being individually unobserved among so many, while yet the natural 'noble shame' which guards the purity of man and woman alone together is absent,—such is the occasion, and still, hour after hour, it whirls its giddy kaleidoscope around, bringing hearts so near that they almost beat against each other, mixing the warm mutual breaths, darting the fine personal electricity across between the meeting fingers, flushing the face and lighting the eyes with a quick language, subject often to gross interpretations on the part of the vile-hearted,—why, this fashionable institution seems to us to have been invented in an unfriendly quarter, usually conceived of as situated under us, to give our human passions leave to disport themselves, unreprieved by conscience, by reason, or by shame, almost at their will."

"Always the dance inclines to multiply opportunities of physical proximity and contact between the sexes,—always to make them prolonged and more daring. . . . But if what has already been said and suggested fails to convince any that our analysis of the pleasure of the dance is true, we have a little problem to propose for their solution: *why is it that the dance alone, of all the favorite diversions of gay society, requires the association of the two sexes in it?* . . . And then consider, ye Christian fathers, and brothers, and husbands, to what horrible hazards of contact the opportunities of the dance expose your daughters, and sisters and wives. For who that has gained any experience of the world is ignorant of the fact that hardly once does a considerable party assemble, even in the most respectable society, without including some man whom his associates know to be a libertine at heart, if not in life?"

Bishop Whipple, on round dancing, says:

"While Paul wrote to the church at Ephesus, that it was a shame even to speak of those things that were done by some in secret, I should be ashamed even to speak, as the truth would require, of this thing which is done openly before all. I only say I trust no man or woman will be presented for confirmation who means to participate in this abomination."

JOHN LELAND'S EXAMINATION.

Up on the heights, in the Old Dominion, where the houses are few, and many of the mountaineers know little of the settlements below, a man of God lived who took to preaching the gospel in his own rude way. He was a man of strong character and clear common sense. He could just read the Bible—that was all; but he got at the heart of things, as his ministry showed, and drew near to the heart of his Master. He was a very plain preacher; a most careless and unguarded man. He told the people the truth without any apologies, with all kindness and tenderness of heart. Many were turned from sin unto righteousness; and the presbytery in whose bounds his work was, determined to ordain him simply on the ground of his efficiency and clear call to the ministry, though he had no education. He objected. They persisted. Finally the day was appointed, and a large company from the mountains, and the valleys below gathered to witness the examination for licensing and ordination of this strange character. All knew that there would be something entertaining in his answers. The presbytery assembled, the congregation looking on. John Leland took his place in front, dropping his head into his hands. The moderator simply stated the object of the meeting, addressing Mr. Leland. The latter looked up and said:

“Mr. Moderator, I’ll tell you all I know. It won’t take long,” and down his head went in-

to his hands again. A smile went around the assembly.

Moderator. Mr. Leland, do you believe that God had a people chosen and elect before the foundation of the world?

Leland. I do n't know what God was doin' before he made the world. Do n't know anythin' about it. I a' n't a educated man.

Moderator. Yes, but you must understand me. You certainly believe that God had a people chosen and elect from all eternity?

Leland. No. I do n't believe that. They could n't a' been our kind o' folks, any way; because ours are made out of the dust of the earth, you know.

Moderator. Mr. Leland, we have heard of your Christian life, of your efficiency and your success, and we are met to ordain you to the ministry of the gospel. This is a solemn occasion, and you must not make light of the questions. Now, I want to know if you believe in the total depravity of mankind?

Leland. No, I do n't, if you mean by that that men are as bad as they can be; for the devil a'n't any worse 'n that, you know.

Moderator. Do you believe in imputed righteousness, and that it is sufficient to save all who have faith?

Leland. I do n't know any righteousness that will save a man who won't do right himself.

Moderator. Do you believe in the final perseverance of the saints?

Leland. I do n't know what that means.

Moderator. Well, you believe that all who are converted will be kept, and not fall away?

Leland. Oh, I do n't know how it is down in the

settlements, among the educated ; but, I tell you, up where we live we have the awfulest cases of backsliding.

Moderator. But, Mr. Leland, you certainly believe that when a man is converted he will be kept in some way, and finally saved?

Leland. I can not tell much about that till I am saved myself. Do n't know any thing about it now.

Moderator. You feel that you are called to preach the gospel?

Leland. No, I never heard any one call me.

Moderator. We do not mean that you heard a voice—anything said—but that you are called.

Leland. Well, Mr. Moderator, if there was n't any voice, or anything said, do n't know how there could be any call. Never heard any.

Moderator. You believe it is your duty to preach the gospel to all creatures?

Leland. No. I do n't believe it is my duty to preach to the Dutch, for instance. I can 't talk Dutch. If the Lord wanted me to preach to them, in some way I could talk Dutch ; but I can 't, I never tried.

Moderator. Mr. Leland, you certainly desire to see all men come to repentance, and turn to righteousness. Your acts show that. We have heard of your self-sacrificing spirit, your love for mankind, and all your good works to win sinners to the gospel and repentance.

Leland. Mr. Moderator, I'll tell you the honest truth. I am a little ashamed of it ; but it is God's truth just as I tell you. Some days I do feel that way ; and then again, some of them act so bad, I do n't care if the devil gets half of them.

After the presbytery had retired to take counsel over the matter, they returned and announced that

while his answers had not been entirely satisfactory in every respect, nevertheless, in view of his efficiency in preaching, they had voted to ordain him, which they proceeded to do in the usual manner. After it was over, Mr. Leland lifted his head out of his hands, straightened himself up, and stood his full height. Looking first at the moderator, and then all around him, he said :

“Brethren, I’ve put you to a heap o’ trouble. I do n’t know anythin’ about your doctrines, ’n’ I told you I did n’t. I’ve been doin’ the best I could, preachin’ the gospel as I found it in the Bible. Now, you see, I do n’t know anything else. Another thing : when the apostles put their hands on a man’s head, I read that the man had some power, or some sense, or some knowledge, that he had n’t afore. But now, brethren, honest and true, right out, you’ve all had your hands on me, and I am just as big a fool as ever I was. But I thank you, nevertheless ; I’m very much obleeged to you.”

And so they let him go.

(Selected.)

ANCIENT HYMN.

Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?
“Come to me,” saith One—and, “coming, be at rest!”
Hath He mark to lead me to Him—if He be my guide?
In His hands and feet are wound-prints, and His side.
Is there diadem, as monarch, that His brow adorns?
Yes, a crown, in very surety—but of thorns!
If I find Him, if I follow, what His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear!
If I still hold closely to Him, what hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past!
If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven pass away!
Tending, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to
bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims, answer “Yes!”

Anonymous.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW IN THE OLD LANE.

The blacksmith remained sitting on the sugar-barrel, with his quid rolling from one cheek to the other and keeping time with his eyes, which glanced up and down the road alternately. He had cut off about a foot of the chimes of the barrel with his jack-knife, and, for want of other amusement, was drumming the side with his heel.

Both quid and eyes came to a halt as the latter rested upon Jake Conway, coming slowly toward him.

Jake carried in his hand two pieces of iron, which the smith no sooner saw than he exclaimed :

“That everlastin’ clevis agin ! I ’ve welded it a dozen times this summer if I hev once.”

Jake caught the remark, and replied :

“Now, what ’s the use of talking that way, Bob Loomis ? You know that you have never mended this clevis but twice before, and if you had half done it the last time, it would not need mending now.”

Bob did not resent the saucy reply, but, sliding down from the barrel, which he overturned and kicked into the road, he said :

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"Well, fetch it along to the shop. It's better than doin' nothin'; but let me tell ye, Jake, that it are pesky few clevises that I expect to mend in Risin' Branch any more."

Jake looked astonished; from childhood he had known Bob, and knew that a current saying in Rising Branch was: "If Bob Loomis ever leaves town, it will be to go to the graveyard." Bob held the village, even with its diminutive size, to be a place of much more importance than the surrounding country, and always spoke of himself and the remaining inhabitants as "us town fellers" — an expression that implied contempt for the unfortunates whose lot forbade their residence in the "hub" of the neighborhood wheel.

"Mebbe ye do n't believe it," continued the smith, noticing Jake's look of incredulity, "but it's a fact; if ye break this clevis again, boy, ye'll be likely ter mend it yourself."

"Why, what are you going to do, Bob?" said Jake at length.

They had arrived at the shop, and the smith, without answering Jake's question, went to the back part, where he took from a corner a shovel that had evidently just received a new handle.

"See this, Jake," said he, shaking the tool before the face of the puzzled boy; "I hev just put a new handle in this shovel for my own speshul benefit. I am a goin' onto the road."

"When?"

"Purty soon; right away, this fall."

"Well, what are you going to do with that shovel?"

"Shovel gravel, ye ninny; I'm goin' ter work on the grade."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jake, "you mean the new road. I thought you meant on the road over at Hanaford."

"Well, I would say!" remarked Bob, with a look of contempt. "Yer must be a gittin' on amazin' fast with them preacher studies o' yourn. What would a feller do with a shovel on the road over at Hanaford?"

"Well, I guess the section hands work with shovels," replied Jake, rather nettled.

"Now, do n't get mad," said Bob, seeing the blood mount to Jake's face; "ye've got ter carry yerself mild, old boy, if yer a goin' inter this gospel business."

Jake felt uncomfortable in the presence of Bob, but far more so at the allusions. On most occasions the smith would have pushed his advantage, for he lost no opportunity to provoke Jake, that he might find ground for a fling at his "preacher studies." But now the desire to impart the news of what he called a "lift" led him to a conciliatory manner.

He kindled a fire in the forge, while Jake, looking impatient, sat down upon an empty nail-keg.

"Hate ter have fun poked at ye, do n't ye, Jake? But, land sakes, boy, I war only funnin'. Look out! I'm goin' ter weld her agin," cried he, taking the clevis red-hot from the fire. As he raised his hammer, he added: "This are a sweet job fur a bilin' hot day."

The work was soon done; the fire ceased to glow; and, throwing the clevis down beside the anvil, Bob wiped his face with his apron.

"Jake," said he slowly, "I want ter tell ye something. It are 'tellin's,' but I do n't mind rubbin' it inter yer ear."

Jake looked indifferent. Bob went on:

"Do ye know what kind of a job I hev got, Jake?"

"You said you were going to work at grading, did n't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Bob; "but I do n't mean that. Do ye know what kind of a 'lift' I'm goin' ter have?"

"How should I know?" answered Jake, at the same time stooping to pick up the clevis.

"Hold on!" cried Bob, kicking it away with his heel; "it hain't got cooled yit. A feller would think ye war a sallymander."

Jake looked foolish. Bob mistook his absence of mind for ignorance, and in a twinkling the boy had fallen a notch nearer to the smith's own level. Jake felt this himself. A shaft that his sense of dignity would have enabled him to repel a moment ago now found easy entrance.

With an air of abstraction, he asked:

"What were you saying about the road, Bob?"

Bob saw his opportunity, and improved it.

"Jake," said he, "come out here into the lane. The clevis won't cool fur a smart spell yit, and I'll tell ye what I war a goin' ter."

The shop, a log building, faced the road. Behind it was a pasture field, from the farther side of which a lane led toward a small piece of woods. This lane had once been a public road, but had long ceased to be used for that purpose. Fences crossed it at several places, and a rickety pair of bars separated it from the field. Beyond the bars a few rods grew a gigantic oak. The shadow of this oak lay across the lane, and far into the

field beyond. The long summer day was near its close, and the sun was grazing a little cloud that had risen from the horizon.

Bob led the way to a decayed log under the tree. Jake followed, but with the air of one ill at ease. He had never been intimate with Bob, whose rough manners were repulsive. Yet here he was about to be made his confidant. Why was Bob so condescending all at once, and what was the secret he was so anxious to whisper? An impulse moved the boy to stop; curiosity led him on. His foot touched the shadow of the oak, and again he felt the impulse, stronger than before. He entered the shadow; a vague fear fell upon him. Why had he committed himself to this man? What secret could he hold in common with him? He stepped back out of the shadow; his fears fled. He had never known anything very bad of Bob. Besides, he was only going to tell him about his job, and there was probably no great secret in it.

"Hold on!" cried Bob. "You're not going back?"

"I was just looking at this blackberry brier," said Jake equivocally.

It was not the weakness of the excuse, but its falsity, that made him ten times more the prey of the tempter than before.

He resigned himself without further effort. Both he and Bob entered the shadow, and sat down upon the log.

Before Bob could begin to talk, they were interrupted by voices in the field behind them.

"Here comes Jim Sarcott now," exclaimed Bob, "and old Daddy Sales with him!"

Jake turned his head, and saw Uncle Joe walking toward them, engaged in an earnest conversation with Mr. Sarcott. The latter, in his black broadcloth, with white vest and a large gold watch-chain, in whose fob he had stuck his thumb, walked patronizingly beside the old man. With his free hand, he stroked his heavy beard, or gave it an impatient twist.

Uncle Joe was talking, and Jake caught these words:

"Yes, yes; I hev no doubt about it a growin', but let me tell ye, James, in the shadder of its arthly prosperity the generation that are comin' up will become as stunted as the bushes tryin' ter grow in the shadder of that oak."

Jake followed the direction of the old man's gesture, and his eyes rested upon the scattered clumps that were struggling for life in the baleful shadow.

"Bosh!" replied Mr. Sarcott to Uncle Joe's remark. "It is more than likely the rising generation will grow bigoted in the shadow of a church. It will do well enough for you old folks, as you all believe in it; but what we want here now is 'business,' and we do not want any narrowness to trammel it."

"No need of trammelin' it," replied the old man. "Business men kin be Christians."

Mr. Sarcott did not answer, but he wore a look of doubt. He had caught sight of Jake and Bob, and his countenance at once became expressive of deep satisfaction. Bob looked at him with a broad grin on his face, at the same time glancing slyly toward Jake.

Jake took no notice of this, but the keen eye of Uncle Joe did. The old man seemed a little surprised

'to see Jake in Bob's company. However, he said nothing.

The two men passed on toward the back of the field. Beyond the slope ran the branch, and here they paused, while Mr. Sarcott seemed, by his gesturing, to be explaining something about the new road.

"They 're talkin' about that church 'business' agin," said Bob. "The old man wants Jim to give a lot here in the Branch fur a meetin' house. They 're goin' ter pull down the old 'un at Craggy Hill. But, Lor'! Jim is fuller of railroad than he are of meetin' house."

Jake winced a little. Bob saw his mistake, and immediately added:

"But I should n't wonder if he would do a hansum thing for 'em—if they do n't plague him too much."

"They have not decided to tear down the meeting house at Craggy Hill," said Jake. "May be they will repair it."

"It are past that," said Bob; "but p'raps they 'll build a new one down there." He was about to add: "They will, if Jim Sarcott hez his say," but he checked himself and said: "What I war goin' ter tell ye, Jake, are this: Jim Sarcott hez took the job o' buildin' the new road from Hanaford down here and"—he spoke slowly, and with great emphasis—"he are goin' ter give all us town fellers a big 'lift.'"

He kept on: "It are not in the matter o' wages exactly; them 'll be nothin' small, though." Bob waited to see the effect upon Jake, but the latter said nothing; so he added impressively: "Jake, Jim are a goin' ter help every feller what 'll help him on the road,

to a good, stiddy job in the shops and mills when they come."

"May be they will not come," said Jake.

"Yes, they will, and ye mind it. The company hez promised ter build shops, and Jim are goin' ter put up a mill, may be a factory, too. Now are a good chance for ye, Jake, as well as fur the rest of us. Ye kin take yer old horse, and work on the road this fall, and make enough ter go ter the 'cademy over at Balsamtown this winter; or, wot's better yit, Jim 'll do a good thing fur sech a feller as you. He are goin' ter git me a stiddy job in the shops; but, my goodness! if I had yer eddication, I'd feel safe for a book-keeper, or mebbe a foreman in the factories. Jim 'll want jest sech a feller as ye, Jake. He likes ye, too; I heerd him say so."

The leaven was at work.

For the first time Jake was conscious of a dislike to the calling that his mother had suggested as his life's work, and that his own inclinations had approved. Superintendent of a great factory! He yielded to the vision, and in yielding but trod the path that humanity is forever crowding, eager to taste the briefest morsel of authority. Perhaps Bob read his thoughts, for he continued:

"I know ye had a notion ter study fur a preacher, but, land! Jake, it are a starvin' life. Look at old Daddy Gaines. He's been preachin' since I war a little shaver, and he's poor ez Job's turkey. He had a farm onst, too, but he would n't do nothin' but preach, and lost it all."

"How do you know that?" asked Jake.

"I've heerd it often," replied Bob.

Jake did not remark upon the poverty of the evidence ; he was thinking.

"Fur that matter," Bob went on, "ye do n't need ter give up yer notion of preachin', fur if ye do n't like 'business,' ye kin go at preachin' agin."

Jake was thoroughly committed.

"Yes," replied he, "and may be I will have made some money, so that I need not depend entirely on preaching."

"Of course," said Bob gleefully, "of course ; that 's the idee. Money 'll pile up fast, too, if a feller 's in a good business."

They arose from the log to go back to the shop. The sun had set, and it was gloomy under the old oak. Jake looked around him, and somehow he felt that the deep shade was deeper than he had ever known it before.

CHAPTER III.

A PRIVATE INTERVIEW.

On the same afternoon that saw Uncle Joe Sales riding over the old bridge at Craggy Hill, Bob Loomis was standing in the door of his shop. He had just finished shoeing a horse, and was waiting for the owner to come. He had not long to wait before Mr. Sarcott made his appearance.

Bob led out the horse, a fine roan, which neighed as he recognized his master, and pawed the ground.

"Easy, Billy, easy," said Mr. Sarcott; "you will have a chance to show your mettle soon enough. Bob, I wish you would lead him up to the stable; David is busy, and besides I want to see you awhile this morning."

He waved Bob away with a look that told plainly that he did not wish to stable the horse himself. He had on his fine black suit, and his thumb was twisted carelessly in his watchguard. Bob obeyed Mr. Sarcott willingly, but wondered in his heart what business of importance that gentleman could have with him.

"Wonder if he are going ter try ter git me ter drive Billy at the Hanaford Races Fair-time," thought

he to himself. "More 'n likely, though, he wants me ter fix up his sulky, but I do n't see why he could n't speak about it down ter the shop."

He went on with a sort of vague fear, for Mr. Sarcott was a man of much importance in Bob's eyes. Moreover, it was no common thing to be summoned to his house. His business transactions with Bob, never of a very grave character, were generally attended to at the shop, or wherever he and the smith met.

"Do n't know as I'm owin' of him anything," thought Bob, and he glanced ruefully at his shop and the small house beside it, for he had not been a great while out of Mr. Sarcott's clutches. This worthy man had long held a mortgage on Bob's little home, and when Bob fell short in his final payment had graciously forgiven him the balance, and released the place. This unusual kindness had attracted some attention in Rising Branch; some prophesied, however, that Bob would be the loser in the long run. "Mr. Sarcott," it was said, "never gave pennies for puff-balls."

Poor Bob, unacquainted with law, and with a magnified idea of Mr. Sarcott's greatness, reached that magnate's stable with a heart full of imaginings. "Mebbe he are goin' ter make me pay the rest o' that mortgage yit; bend me for a horseshoe though if I see how he kin."

David took the horse, and at the same time Mr. Sarcott, who had reached the house by way of the road, called Bob, from the front gate.

Bob trembled more than ever, for it was evident that Mr. Sarcott wanted him in the house.

Whenever the smith was with his boon companions,

or with the other dwellers in Rising Branch, he loved to display a great familiarity with Mr. Sarcott.

"Jim Sarcott do n't want no 'ninny' foolin' with his horses' feet. Me and Jim Sarcott is the only ones that kin manage that horse."

But now Jim Sarcott was rapidly assuming gigantic proportions. The "Jim" had fallen from his name, and "Mr." was written all over him. It glistened on his watch chain, and shone fiercely in his polished boots.

"Come up into my room, Bob." The great man led the way, while the echoes of his voice, as they resounded through the big hall, were concentrated into one tremendous "MR."

Alas! what a fraud most of this greatness is. Bob found it so after awhile.

"He must be goin' ter go back on that 'ere mortgage, er he 'd never a called me up here."

Bob remembered that when Mr. Sarcott wanted him to drive his horses at the Fair he had always sent David to tell him. What meant this summons into his presence?

The room into which Mr. Sarcott ushered the bewildered blacksmith was at the head of the stairs. A new, well woven rag carpet covered the floor, a sofa stood under the side windows, and a large arm-chair was drawn up before a bookcase in the corner. In the case were a number of books carefully arranged in the order of their size, the largest on the lower shelf. These books related to all sorts of subjects, but very prominent among them were two or three about horses, and a large black volume, upon whose back Bob, at

intervals, slowly spelled out the words, "Age of Reason."

In the middle of the room was a table upon which was spread a map. Mr. Sarcott motioned Bob to a seat on the sofa, but went himself directly to the table, where he examined the map for some time before speaking. Bob scanned the room carefully. He had lived in Rising Branch all his life, yet he had never been here before.

"Bob," at length spoke Mr. Sarcott, "I have called you up here, because I have a little business that I can best explain to you from this map."

"It are not the mortgage," thought Bob.

"Come here to the table a moment."

Bob obeyed.

"Here is a map of the railroad survey, Bob," said Mr. Sarcott. "I want you to see it, then I can explain to you what I want."

Bob looked carefully at the parchment upon which the map was made, but it must be confessed that its various lines and colorings rather confused than enlightened him. Mr. Sarcott spent some time in giving him some idea of the localities represented, the relative distances, and the cuts and fills that the road would require.

"Now," said he, putting his finger upon the map, "here, Bob, is Hanaford, and here," he continued, "is the road coming down to Rising Branch."

"Eggsactly, sir," said Bob.

"It is just eleven miles from Hanaford down here to the Branch," added Mr. Sarcott, "and Bob—" he spoke slowly, as if to impress the gaping blacksmith

with the magnitude of the thought—"I am going to build this eleven miles of road myself."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, because he could say nothing else.

"And I want help enough in Rising Branch to do it."

Bob was more puzzled than before.

"Not money, Bob—I have that—but muscle. Do you understand?"

A little light began to dawn through Bob's addled brain. Gaining a little confidence, he answered:

"You want some of us to work fer ye, sir?"

"That's it, Bob; and I want to give the boys about home here the first chance. Blacksmithing is a little dull just now, is it not?"

"It are always dull enough, sir," replied Bob. "Wuss in this hot weather though."

"Well, Bob, it will be better after awhile, after awhile, Bob. Now I want you especially, for you will make a good hand on the grade."

"Mebbe, sir," said Bob, bowing respectfully and hesitating, "mebbe, sir, while I'm workin' on the road some feller will come in and sot up a shop, so when the road are done I'll be clean out of a job."

"Never you fear that, Bob," returned Mr. Sarcott; "there will be more blacksmithing to do when the road comes through here than a half dozen smiths can do."

"The iron horse don't need any shoeing," said Bob, grinning.

"No, but he needs a good deal of repairing."

"Takes a machinist fer that," rejoined Bob.

"For most of it that's true, but there will be work

for the blacksmiths, especially in the shops. There will be shops here, Bob, company shops."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, again.

"And now," Mr. Sarcott continued, "if you will let the smithy go for awhile, I'll see to it that you will have a better thing than ever. In short, I'll get you a steady job in the railroad shops. And I'll do the fair thing with every one that helps me."

"No doubt, sir," said Bob.

"I want all the able bodied men I can get, and all the teams; but I want you, Bob, for an overseer," said Mr. Sarcott.

"A what, sir?"

"An overseer. You see, a gang of men working on the road will need what you would call a boss. Now a boss ought to be what I call a 'handler,' a man of 'muscle.'"

Bob was flattered. "As ter handlin' heavy weights," replied he, "I guess I'm as good as any in the Branch."

"Well," said Mr. Sarcott, "you may have some heavy weights to handle, for I expect a gang of Irish laborers from down about Carterville, besides what I get around here. If I build my woolen mill here I will want some pretty smart fellow to take charge of that after awhile. You could not do that, Bob."

"Why not?"

"Because that will take somebody with an education; I guess you are not much in books."

"No great shakes, thet's so; but there are one or two fellers in the Branch what is."

"Who are they, Bob? Jacob Conway is one, is he not?"

"Well, yes," replied Bob, "he are one fer' certin, but he are goin' to be a preacher and are goin' ter Balsamstown agin this fall ter keep up his studyin'. I don't think he could be turned aside from thet."

"Such a boy as young Conway," continued Mr. Sarcott, half to Bob and half to himself, "might be trained to a good position, and be of use to me and make money besides. If I only had him awhile working for me in this railroad business, I could test his mettle."

"He are honest, if thet 's all," said Bob.

"Oh, yes, his father was so before him; but Simon Conway had no management, and may be the boy is like him. By the way, Bob, don't you think you could mention the matter to the lad, and see if he would try the road awhile with the prospect of a big thing ahead?"

"I kin send him up ter you the first time I see him," answered Bob.

"The trouble about that," said Mr. Sarcott, laughing, "is that the boy is a little shy of me."

"Nothing strange if he is," thought Bob, but he said nothing.

"You see," Mr. Sarcott went on to say, "his mother does not like my creed; I am not one of the 'brethren.' If he should hear a little of old Tom Paine's solid sense from me I suppose it would blast him forever."

Bob puzzled himself to know what Mr. Sarcott meant, still he ventured no question. But the wily man divined Bob's mental inquiries, so he said:

"To be plain about it, Bob, I'm what folks call an infidel, and the boy's mother has taught him that I am

some kin to old Nick. No, I must get at him in some roundabout way. It's a pity for a bright boy like that to have his head stuffed full of such trash."

"As ter thet, sir, I don't know that Jake takes ter me in partiklar. I guess his mother thinks as how I ain't quite enough polished up fer him. He never 'sociates much with me, sir."

"You do odd jobs at blacksmithing for the family, do you not?"

"I shoe their old horse now and then. But Jake and me ain't fermiliar. Now ther's Andy Pike. He and Jake are thicker 'n two crows."

"Both of the same nest," observed Mr. Sarcott; "their folks would take alarm if I broached the matter. I think you can manage it, Bob. Some time when the boy is in the shop just angle a little, and let me see how he bites. You understand me?"

"In course I do, sir," answered the blacksmith.

"Well, Bob, that is about all. Now I shall depend on you."

"Every time, sir," said Bob.

"And be sure about the boy. I take great interest in boys, especially if they are bright. Jacob would make a good fellow to have with my Will. He would stimulate him some; Will is a little lazy."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, awkwardly.

Mr. Sarcott looked as if he did not relish such ready acquiescence, but he merely showed Bob out in silence.

The elation that an inferior feels at being taken into the confidence of a superior often becomes a lever which unscrupulous men work to great advantage. Bob needed no further inducement. He would work for Mr. Sarcott, and the vision of

future good fortune in the shops was but lightly present to his mind. He returned to the shop, where finding nothing to do, he sauntered down to the store and seated himself upon the barrel where we first met him. He found an opportunity to angle sooner than he expected. How he did it the reader knows.

After Bob had gone, Mr. Sarcott remained walking up and down in the chamber. At the end of the apartment hung the picture of a woman, a matronly looking person with long curls falling carelessly over her shoulders. Her eyes seemed to follow the motions of the walker, who at each round paused to look up into her calm, benignant face.

He had walked in this way a half hour or more, when he stopped before the picture and spoke in a low tone to himself: "Yes, yes; that's what they say, but who knows? We have to die, that is one thing sure, but nobody knows more than that. I know as much about what is to come as anybody, and that is — nothing." He gazed earnestly into the face of the picture, as if he were waiting for the almost lifelike lips to move and to reveal the great secret. Then he folded his hands behind him and walked again. Hardly a breeze came in at the open window. The quiet of a sultry summer day reigned without, but in the walker's breast went on the bitter conflict. It was that of a soul fighting harder to deny its own intuitions than to gain a knowledge of the truth.

He resumed his reverie. "People die, and since we know that we can not always stay here, somebody has invented the story of a heaven. It is a pretty fable; yes, a pretty fable."

He stopped once more before the picture. "If

there is a heaven, Mary, you are there, or else no one is. But how you can do more good there than here with me and your children is more than I can see. This is a curious God that these church people tell about; He has millions of angels to do His bidding, yet He is always depriving us poor mortals of our wives, our children, and our friends, and adding them to the throng He has about Him already."

"Well," he continued, as he turned away from the picture again, "no one can ever fill your place here, but my children must have a manager. It will never do to let them grow up this way."

He walked toward the bookcase, and as he did so muttered softly: "Yes, the widow is a good woman, even if she is a little bigoted." He took down the big black book, and was carelessly turning its leaves, when a little girl came tripping upstairs into the room. It seemed as if the picture, growing a little smaller, had come down out of its frame and was standing in the floor.

"Well, Nannie?"

"Some one wants to see you down stairs, papa."

"I will be down in a moment, my dear."

The child danced merrily out of the room, while her father, opening the lower drawer of the bookcase, took therefrom a bundle of papers.

"If I can get her good will by putting the boy in a way to help her out of this trouble, it will be a great step," muttered he.

He took a paper from the bundle and unfolded it. *It was a mortgage on the widow Conway's home.*

"Not very big, that's true," said the big man to

himself once more, "but it will puzzle her to pay it. I must go."

He threw the papers back into the drawer and hastened down stairs. His visitor was Uncle Joe Sales.

Written for the Golden Wedding of my Father and Mother.

1835.

1885.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

MR. AND MRS. H. H. CLAPP,

At Home,

Monday, November 30th, at 7 P. M.,

Mentor, Lake County, Ohio.

Old house Clock on your little shelf
Ticking the moments away,
Counting the minutes, one by one,
Faithfully telling in storm and sun
The hours of each passing day,

You are aging fast. For fifty years
You have kept your even pace;
Summer and winter your stroke has rung,
Your wheels have turned and your pendulum swung
With the same impassive face.

Do you mind, old Clock, the winter day
Now fifty years ago,
When the master bought you, spick and span,
And set you up, and your life began,
In a cabin small and low?

Oh, firm and true was the master's hand
As he nightly turned your key;
And she who kept the hearth so bright,
With hand so deft and step so light,
Was good and fair to see.

Oh, merrily piped the wind without,
Piling the drifted snow;
But the clock ticked on, and its musical peal
Chimed to the whirl of the spinning-wheel
Plied in the hearth's warm glow.

The winter sped, and summer shed
Her gifts of fruit and flower.
With the golden autumn came a day
When the first-born in his cradle lay;
Life deepened every hour.

And other children came to wake
The parent's smiles and tears;
And birth and death and marriage made
A varied record, light and shade,
As the Clock told off the years.

And now for fifty years they've shared
Each other's weal and woe;
And still they journey side by side,
The white haired bridegroom and his bride
Of fifty years ago.

And still his heart is staunch and true,
And full of hope is he;
And still she keeps his fireside bright;
Her hand is deft, her step is light,
And young at heart is she.

Oh touch them gently, coming years!
Along a pleasant way,
Grant they still journey side by side

Till falls Life's solemn eventide
Before eternal day.

Old house Clock, you have served them well
For half a century;
All too soon the day will come
When hand and wheel and pendulum
Will hushed and useless be.

But they will have no need of you
On that fairer, happier shore,
Where bride and bridegroom, hand in hand,
Shall walk in the dear and deathless land
When Time shall be no more.

E. E. C. GLASIER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELISHA, THE CENTER OF A GROUP OF CHARACTERS.

If Elisha did not generally appear in the sternness and fiery zeal of Elijah, he nevertheless wrought, in a quieter way, but with terrible effect, a work of justice and judgment. He not only gave information to the kings of Israel of the plans and purposes of their foes, thereby defeating their intentions; but sometimes he inspired great movements which resulted in crushing disaster to the enemies of Jehovah, whether of other nations, or of the apostate sons of Israel. Elijah received a commission to anoint Jehu, son of Nimshi, King of Israel. The time for this did not arrive during Elijah's life, and he handed over this commission to his divinely appointed successor (I. Ki. xix. 16, 17). The time at length came. Alike in Israel and in Judah, Baal triumphed. Ahab's successor, Joram, was largely under the spell of his mother's idolatrous fanaticism. In Samaria and in Jezreel, Baal-worship flourished; and while it is not apparent that the open adherents of this idolatry were numerous outside of these cities,* the people at large were only nominally on the side of Jehovah. The influence of the court, if it did not win adherents to Baal, at least paralyzed the faith of the people in Jehovah, and succeeded in producing

*The temple in Baal or Samaria held all the open followers of that god that could be found in all the land (II. Ki. x. 21.)

a general indifference on religious questions. Such a condition of things must ultimately result in bringing the land under the sway of the religion of Phœnicia, especially as Jezebel's untiring zeal and relentless purpose, backed by the power of the throne, the patronage of the court, and the zealous propagandism of a powerful priesthood, would never cease while this end remained unaccomplished. Elisha made no open war on the throne and the priesthood, as Elijah had done; and this imperious and fanatical queen carried on her work without opposition, save such as came from the unobtrusive labors of Elisha and the sons of the prophets to educate the people in the knowledge of the true God. Doubtless, the personal influence of Elisha, and the educational work of the sons of the prophets, held the mass of the people from open adhesion to Baal-worship; but their faith in Jehovah was feeble and uninspiring.

But, more than this: Jerusalem had also become a center of this abominable idolatry, and Judah as well as Israel had been brought under its accursed spell. And this had come about through the culpable weakness of one of Judah's most pious and faithful kings—Jehoshaphat. Firm as he was in his attachment to the law of God and His true worship, he was led into an alliance with the infamous Ahab; and his son and heir, Jehoram, married Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, who had much of her mother's decision of character and superstitious devotion to Baal (II. Chron. xviii. 1-3, xxi. 5, 6, xxii. 1-4.) Jehoram permitted Baal-worship to be established in Jerusalem, and his queen continued her encroachments on the national worship until the whole power of the throne and the

court was arrayed in support of this hideous idolatry. Elisha understood the crisis. There was no hope for the ancient faith but in the sword. The day of judgment had come, when the accumulated sins and crimes of the house of Omri must be visited with a vengeance more fearful and a calamity vastly more sweeping than any that belonged to the fiery mission of Elijah.

Jehu was now at Ramoth-gilead, commander of the forces that defended it against the assaults of Hazael, King of Syria. We have already caught a glimpse of him in his young manhood as one of Ahab's body-guard (II. Ki. ix. 25, 26), accompanying the king to Jezreel, when Elijah met the royal chariot and pronounced the divine judgment on the wicked and cruel house of Omri (I. Ki. xxi. 20, 24). He has since worked his way up to the chief military command. He is now in the prime of life. He is popular with the army, and stands next in military authority to the king. Under a calm exterior, he had concealed a bitter hate of the house of Omri from the time he had heard Elijah pronounce its doom, and had patiently waited for the hour when that doom should be executed. The time came. The king had gone to Jezreel to be healed of wounds received from the Syrians at Ramoth-gilead. Jehu is, in the king's absence, supreme in military authority. At this juncture, Elisha remembers the unfulfilled commission transferred to him from Elijah: "Jehu, the son of Nimshi, shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel;" and he privately dispatches a young prophet to Ramoth-gilead to perform the anointing.

While Jehu is sitting in council with his officers—or perhaps indulging in a revel with them—a young man,

in the coarse garb of a prophet, and flushed with the heat of rapid travel, suddenly appears, and, selecting Jehu from the company of officers present, led him away into the innermost and most secluded room of the house, and poured on his head the flask of oil Elisha had given him, saying: "Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, I have anointed thee king over the people of Jehovah, even over Israel. And thou shalt smite the house of Ahab thy master, that I may avenge the blood of my servants, the prophets, and the blood of all the servants of Jehovah, at the hand of Jezebel. For the whole house of Ahab shall perish; and I will cut off from Ahab every man-child, and him that is shut up and him that is left at large in Israel. And I will make the house of Ahab like the house of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and like the house of Baasha the son of Ahijah. And the dogs shall eat Jezebel in the portion of Jezreel, and there shall be none to bury her" (II. Ki. ix. 6-10). Then the young prophet opened the door and departed as hurriedly as he came.

When Jehu returned to the council-room, he was asked, "Wherefore came this mad fellow to thee?" Too much meaning, we think, has been extracted from this language. It does not justify the idea of a raving enthusiast or fanatic. Rude soldiers are not apt to look with favor upon religious teachers. The sudden appearance of this young prophet, his excited manner and action, his mysterious movements, and his unceremonious departure, led these rude men of the camp to style him—half in ridicule and half in superstitious fear—for the prophets at this time, as the men of overpowering influence with the people, were held in awe—a mad or wild fellow. The strangeness of his action excited

their curiosity and awe. When Jehu, with apparent modesty, gave them an indirect answer, saying, "Ye know the man and what his talk was," we are furnished in their response with a specimen of that rude frankness so characteristic of the camp: "It is a lie," they answered, "tell us now." As soon as Jehu, under this pressure, made known the prophet's errand, he was enthusiastically proclaimed King by the army, and instantly proceeded to execute his commission. Gathering silently and speedily a sufficient military force, the Mad Driver set out on his journey of sixty miles—northward, past Jabesh Gilead to the ford at Bethshean; thence across the Jordan and up the wide opening of the valley between little Hermon and Gilboa, he hastened, until the clouds of dust raised by his approaching forces attracted the attention of the watchman on the tower of Jezreel. Then followed the last act in the awful tragedy, in the last scene of which we hear the crashing fall of the house of Omri and witness the terrible fate of Jezebel, the royal family; the worshipers of Baal, and of Baal's image and temple,—which we have already described.* It was a terrible vengeance—one of those righteous retributions which, here and there, in the warfare between right and wrong, amidst the bewildering confusion of human affairs, redeems us from utter despair of a final triumph of righteousness, and reassure us that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Ah! could the despairing Elijah have known all that was involved in his commission to anoint Jehu to be king over Israel, with what a light and joyous step would he have gone on his way! But he was disheartened, as we all too often

* See DISCIPLE for June, 1885, p. 357.

are, because sentence against an evil work was not executed *speedily* (Eccles. viii. 11-13). God's ways are not as our ways. His counsels are far-reaching; His patience is divine; His purposes often flow in subterraneous channels so long and so far that we forget to believe in Him; but the moment of destiny arrives, the clock strikes, the hour and the man appear, and the long-concealed purpose breaks forth in desolating wrath upon its unsuspecting victims, and sweeps away the evil-doers from the face of the earth.

But the polluting influence of Baal's worship had extended beyond the kingdom of the ten tribes, into Judah, and into Jerusalem itself. Bravely and faithfully as the prophets and some of the kings of Judah had contended for the true religion, the pestiferous influence of this base idolatry had not only insinuated itself into the hearts of many of the Jews, but Jerusalem itself became a center of idolatrous worship under royal protection. This disastrous result of a spirit of compromise should teach a great lesson to all who are entrusted, to any extent, with the interests of true religion. Jehoshaphat, one of the most zealous of royal reformers, who had used all the power and authority of his throne to protect, defend, and make practically effective the laws of Judah, was nevertheless led, for reasons that we can only guess at, into an alliance with the weak and corrupt Ahab. Perhaps his fear of the encroachments of Syria, and his appreciation of the facilities which the rivalries of the two kingdoms of Judah and Israel gave to invaders, led him to abandon the warlike policy of his predecessors towards Israel, and to pursue a peaceful policy instead—hoping by cementing the interests of the two kingdoms, to make

them strong against their common enemies. While this may redeem his policy from dishonor, it only adds another to the numerous illustrations of the fatal consequences of any compromise between that which is radically true and right, and that which is radically false and wrong. Jehovah and Baal stood for ideas, principles, laws and aims that were radically antagonistic. Any attempt to reconcile them, or to effect a compromise between them, could only result in the triumph of falsehood and wrong—for truth and right are omnipotent only when they stand on their own merits and reject all entangling alliances. The result of this alliance between Jehoshaphat and Ahab was the marriage of Jehoram, son of Jehoshaphat, to Athaliah, daughter of Ahab and Jezebel—a true daughter of her mother in ambition, energy and cruelty, and in thorough devotion to Baal. Her influence over Jehoram was like that of her mother over Ahab. Ye who think that woman's influence in politics would necessarily be purifying and elevating, think of the Cleopatras, the Catherines, the Lucretia Borgias, the Jezebels and Athaliahs, whose names on the pages of history are blots of injustice, cruelty, impurity, and moral pollution, as foul and horrible as those of any of the men-monsters from whom we shrink in terror or turn away in disgust. If there are political rights to which women are entitled, contend for them until you get them; but base your contest on just reasons. Let no beautiful dream of the inevitable purification of politics inspire you to plead for woman suffrage—for, as far as history testifies, women are neither better nor worse than men in political life. They can match the best of men in goodness, and the worst of men in wickedness. This proud

and scornful devotee of Baal in Judah was like her mother in Israel—a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself; and all that power was used to defy and dishonor Jehovah and glorify Baal. Jehoram, like Ahab, yielded to his wife's influence. Jerusalem became a seat of idol-worship. A temple of Baal was raised hard by the temple of Jehovah, and a vile priesthood—of the members of which but a solitary name survives—Mattan—(II. Chron. xxiii. 17), supported doubtless by many of the adherents of Baal that flocked in from the northern kingdom, made the City of God as hideous as Samaria or Jezreel with their debasing and licentious performances. It does not appear that the worship at the temple of Jehovah was suppressed—that was impracticable; but the worship of Baal was openly and shamelessly practiced, and was known to enjoy the protection and patronage of the throne. Jehoram died. Ahaziah, his son, came completely under the influence of his mother, but after a brief reign fell under the avenging stroke of Jehu (I. Ki. ix. 27, 28). The Philistines and Arabians (II. Chron. xxi. 16, 17), and Jehu (II. Ki. x. 13, 14) had so far destroyed the heirs to the throne of Judah, that at Ahaziah's death only his own children were representatives of royalty, and none of these were fit to reign (II. Chron. xxii. 9). Then the heartless and crafty Athaliah caused all her grandchildren to be murdered, and usurped the kingdom. This abominable devotee of Baal sat on the throne, and used all her cunning and authority to win the people to the glittering and pompous, but false and demoralizing, religion of the Phœnician Baal and Astarte. But the echo of the crashing fall of Baal at

Samaria was heard all over Judæa, and so were the thrilling echoes of Jehu's glorious victory; and they who feared Jehovah were stirred by a holy ambition to avenge the insults offered to the one living and true God in his own chosen city.

We have said that Athaliah had destroyed all the seed royal. Not *all*; for the half-sister of Ahaziah, Jehoshabeath, wife of Jehoiada, the high priest, had snatched the youngest child of Ahaziah from death, and secreted him in the temple. He was a mere babe, and the only legitimate heir to the throne—so near was the lamp of David to utter extinction!

Jehoiada was already an old man, and inherited the faith and loyalty of earlier and better times. Prudently and vigilantly he watched over the precious life of the infant Joash, and waited through six long years of the swaggering and defiant heathenism that ramped in the streets of Jerusalem and flaunted its vile symbols on God's holy hill of Zion. But in the seventh year of Athaliah's usurpation his arrangements were completed for a revolution. At a solemn festival, and on a Sabbath day—when least of all would any measures of violence be suspected—he brought into the temple the officers of the queen's body guard, whom he had won over, the priests and Levites—not only those then in service at the temple, but all that could be gathered out of the cities of Judah; also "the chief of the fathers of Israel." These he armed, and appointed them their stations and their duties. "Then they brought out the king's son, and put upon him the crown, and gave him the testimony, and made him king; and Jehoiada and his sons anointed him and said, "God save the king." Then the Levitical choir broke forth in a tri-

umphal chant; musical instruments filled the air with exultant strains, in which the trumpeters broke in, ever and anon, with gay and loud flourishes of joy; and the multitude rent the air with their enthusiastic shouts

Athaliah, attracted by their noisy demonstrations, came to the temple to learn their cause. There she saw the crowned king, encompassed by her own body guard, the priests and Levites, and enthusiastic crowds of the best people of the land. Instantly she read her doom. But, bold and defiant—one cannot but admire the fearlessness and firmness which belonged alike to mother and daughter—she rent her clothes and cried, “Treason! Treason!” And then, proudly and scornfully she stood at bay, awaiting the doom that she saw must come.

There is a marvelous calmness and dignity in the administration of justice in this instance—revealing the masterly hand and just heart of Jehoiada. Calling out the proper officials, he said, “Have her forth between the ranks;” that is, guard her on all sides, that none kill her as she is passing out, and thus pollute the temple with her blood. For “they laid hands on her;” the Revised Version says, “they made way for her.” The officers cleared a way for her, and the people fell back on either side and made a way for her, so that she walked out untouched by any violent hand, until they reached the chariot-gate of the royal palace—and there, at the proud entrance to the seat of her usurped greatness, she was ignominiously slain. Then the people went to the temple of Baal and demolished it, and broke his altars and images in pieces, and slew Mattan, the priest, before the altars.

Then the temple was placed under guard, and an

imposing procession of those in authority and of all the people of the land, conducted the boy-king from the temple to the royal palace, and set him upon the throne of the kingdom. "So all the people of the land rejoiced, and the city was quiet: and they slew Athaliah with the sword" (II. Chron. xxiii. 21).

Thus we see that Elisha, though in a very quiet way, put forth an avenging power equal to that of Elijah. He set in motion all the ministries of judgment by which Baalism in Israel and in Judah was overthrown.

THE WORLD'S CRY.

In glancing over the daily papers of—it may have been any date, perhaps you stopped to notice that Mr. Light's fourteen-year-old boy ran away from home to see the world and have a good time ; was lured through some of the vilest dens in Cincinnati until his money was gone, then went to the police station and begged to be sent home. His father was sent for, and in his presence the boy acknowledged that it was reading dime novels that led him into this course of conduct. "Yes," you say, "I have read and known of boys and girls doing more desperate things than that, and traceable to the same cause."

Perhaps Mr. Light's boy is hopelessly ruined ; his mind vitiated by the sensational literature he has imbibed, his manners contaminated and his morals polluted by the scenes into which he has been ensnared ; perhaps a thousand similar instances have come under your notice in the past year. It is a common occurrence — somebody's boy or girl is going that way every day ; and with little more thought you pass your eye down the column and gather up headings like these : "Startling Suicide ;" "Appalling Murder ;" "Run over by the Cars ;" "Stabbed in a Fight." Yes, the paper is full of it, just as it is every day. If you have the heart or the inclination to read it, you find, just as you expected, a glass of whiskey at the bottom of it all. These are very commonplace things, and you give

them but little attention — less, perhaps, than to the market quotations of the day. On another page is a long account of a bank robbery in Chicago, a burglary in New York ; men led on by love of money to commit daring deeds of violence, to disgrace themselves and their families for life. Farther on are some details of certain poor families living in attics and cellars, and dying of starvation and inclemencies of weather. But you are looking for more important things. More important things? Maybe you have thought so, and you pass on to affairs of state and national interest. There are slanderous reports circulated by one politician against another ; records of strife and bloodshed in the Soudan, piracy upon the high seas. Possibly you close your hasty perusal with the reading of a sermon by some renowned divine, on the vanity of all earthly things in general, and in particular the importance of being upright, holy and spiritual-minded ; and lay aside the paper to go about your work and forget it all in the pursuit of those vanities against which the preacher has warned you.

To-day's paper repeats the same sad tales with other names and dates appended, and our hearts fail us in contemplating the sin and mortality that must be retailed to the world to-morrow. We shrink from having the details of guilt thus indiscriminately portrayed before the public. We grieve that young persons are thus introduced to crime, made familiar with its ways, and prepared to walk in them ; but the evil exists. Facts are harder to deal with than theory or fancy, and so we find that, though we never go abroad, yet through the medium of our own papers we have constantly portrayed before us a world steeped in sin

and sorrow, and pleading to us from every avenue of its being for something higher, something nobler, something better.

Somebody must listen. If you and I and others who profess the name and the spirit of Christ, close our hearts and our ears to this ever-repeated, ever-increasing cry, who will hear? who will care? None, none. It is a fact that in those countries where the gospel is unknown, asylums and homes for the blind, the deaf, the friendless, the insane, the unfortunate of any kind, are unheard of. There is none there to pity and provide; none there to lift up the fallen, to reach out a strong arm to rescue the perishing. It is left for Christian governments and Christian people to do this. It is left for you and me to give our influence and our aid to this work. It was for just such work that Christ came from heaven to earth; that He left us an example that we should follow in His steps; that He commissioned us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The sin and misery and want of the world were the cry that reached to heaven and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, laid help upon One who is mighty to save. The same misery and want and woe are pressing about us to-day, just as did the blind, the deaf, the sick, the palsied and possessed, around our Leader nearly two thousand years ago. How am I treating these things? how are you treating them? how is the Church treating them?

Ah, my brothers and sisters, I fear we savor too much of the spirit of Confucius and of Buddha, and too little of the spirit of Christ, in this respect. To illustrate my idea: A group of Chinamen were one day

discussing the different religions, on the street. One said: "A Chinaman was down in a deep pit, and wanted help to get out. Confucius walked that way and said; 'If you had obeyed my precepts, you would not have been down there.' Poor consolation to the man in the pit! Buddha came along, and, looking down at the man, said: 'Poor fellow! if you were only up here where I am, I would make all right.' 'But,' said the man, 'if I were up where you are, I would not need your help.' Then came along Jesus Christ, and, with tears in His eyes, He jumped right down into the pit and lifted the poor man right out."

Where in this rudely sketched but life-like picture do we find our likeness? Every day we see our brother man down in a deep pit. If we do not walk along our streets and see young men and old men in the gutters, hopelessly ensnared and enthralled in the bonds of appetite and passion, and read upon the faces of many other men and women that they are no less hopelessly swallowed up, we are reminded daily by the press that they are there. Yet every day we are saying inwardly, if not outwardly in our manner, "If you had been good like me, and kept away from temptation, you would not have been down there." Or we say, "Let him reform and live an upright, honest life; then we will help him all we can." Yes, "If he were just up here where I am, I would do him all the good in my power." But then he would take care of himself, and your aid would be altogether uncalled for. The fact for us to face is that our fellow-man is down there, and can not get out without help. Now, with the love of Christ in our hearts, how must we act? Why, just as He did. He was filled with compassion when He saw the multitudes

hungry. How did He show it? Not by saying, "I am sorry for you, poor hungry ones," and turning away to His own pursuits, but by feeding them.

Now, some one is ready to say: "It is all sentiment about the world's cry for something better. The weak and wicked and miserable do not want any thing better; will not have any thing better; will curse you, if you try to lift them up." So might Christ have said when He came to bring life upon the earth, and there was no room for Him but to be persecuted, reviled, forsaken, cast out, put to death. So might Paul have said when he went over into Macedonia and met with persecution there. The world does not know what the world wants. Christ knew. We, through the light and blessings of the gospel, know. That yonder man in the boat is contented, and ignorant of the fact that he is rapidly drifting toward the falls where certain death awaits him, makes his case and his need none the less touching to us. We shout just as loud, we exert ourselves just as much for his rescue, as if he were loudly calling for aid. Reasoning from analogy, however, I am inclined to think that were we to see a man, or two, or many, going that way every day, carried unconsciously, helplessly, over the edge and swallowed up by the rushing, roaring waters, it would become so common that we would pass right along to our business or our pleasure, and never take time to shout at all — scarcely even turn our heads to see how many were going and how rapidly. It is a dreadful state of things to contemplate, and yet we do actually see men and women and children unconsciously and passively carried downward to eternal death every day, singly, in companies, in mass, while we, absorbed in our work or in our play.

pass along the highway unheeding. What should we do? What can we do? Shout a warning. Call for help. Do something — anything but pass the evil by with cold indifference. Tell that boy with the dime novel in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, that he is on the downward road to ruin. Put a better book in his hand; see that he has employment, and urge him not to spend his earnings for tobacco to injure his health and mind, vitiate his tastes, and pave the way to a drunkard's career. Speak to that young man just entering the saloon, and tell him of the disgrace and ruin he is sure to bring upon himself and family. Perhaps he has had repeated warnings, but let him know that you care. It may do him good for you to tell him of the noble things he may accomplish in life by being true to himself. It can not fail to do you good. A few kind words timely spoken lifted John B. Gough from the gutter, and made him the power for good he is to-day. Can we doubt that the giver was blest in the giving?

Help to establish a sewing class or some kind of an evening school for those little untaught ragamuffins who are too poor to afford time and means to attend the regular schools. A score of girls right around you may thus be started upon an upward course of life, who, without timely aid, will soon be lost to creditable society and go to furnish names for our daily news lists of infamy and wrong.

I might go on for an hour enumerating the things we might do — things we must do in some capacity, unless we harden our hearts, shut our eyes, and stop our ears to the things going on around us. These are prayers and tears from which we can not get away.

Why, our own hearts are yearning and longing and throbbing for just something of this kind to occupy and fill them. Nothing short of this work for others, which is truly God's work, can fill these hearts and satisfy these longings. Have you not heard the gentleman or lady of leisure sigh most disconsolately and wish for something to kill time? Have not you yourself sometimes felt that your hours were dragging slowly, and wished for something to happen to relieve the monotony? Oh, if you had at heart the interests of your fellow-beings, the interests of Christ's cause upon the earth, you would realize that time is dying, and we and they with it, all too rapidly. Your heart and your hands would be all the time full of that work in which is fullness of joy. You would not be dependent upon some passing amusement, which gratifies for a moment and leaves the heart as empty as before.

The empty, useless lives that some of your children are leading are simply expressions of the need of something they have not had—something which it is the parents' privilege and duty to supply. You tell me that you are disappointed in John. When quite young he united with the church and gave promise of an upright, earnest Christian life. As he grew older he gradually grew away from the church, became altogether absorbed in the things of the world, and cares for nothing but his business—or it may be worse than that. It may be his wild companions and his dissipated habits that are engrossing his life now. And you, burdened mother, tell me how fondly you once hoped that your little Mary was going to be a useful woman. She was religiously inclined from childhood, and you can not understand why, with the careful training you tried to give her, she has

grown up selfish and careless of everything but her own present gratification. Now, father and mother, you meant it all right, but did you ever give John and Mary any object outside of themselves to work for? Were they ever led to think about the need of others around them, or to deny themselves in any way for the good of any who were less fortunate than themselves? Did you yourselves take any interest in the sick and miserable and degraded of earth, and did your children ever see you sacrifice in some degree your own ease or comfort to help them? Did they ever share with you any disinterested work for Christ's sake? Were they ever impressed with the truth that even Christ came not to be ministered unto but to minister? No? You never felt the importance of this? No wonder, then, that they grew tired of the church and its services, which meant nothing practical to them. Your own and their own interests were always made the first and ultimate object. The one great aim that alone can fill the human soul; that of living for others, for Christ through others, has been left out of their education. The result is what disappoints you and renders their lives an empty round of business and pleasure.

Now, the world around us is constantly sending up its plea, in thousands of different languages and gestures, for help. It is begging for men and women of firm principles, of high moral character, to say: "This is right; do it. This is wrong; shun it. This is the only safe way to life and happiness; walk in it." It wants men and women who will stand up in the face of opposition and say: "We will not have beer-saloons, grog-shops, whiskey dens or any other death-traps in the streets of our towns and cities. We will not have high license or low

license or any other license to destroy the souls and mutilate the bodies of the men and women of our land. We will have laws or associations of some kind that will purify the country from the weak and vile literature that is scattered broadcast over its free soil." Our own hearts and the hearts of those dearest to us are crying for just such a high moral and spiritual work to do. Let us awake and hear. Noble examples are not wanting to us. Christ heard and came and opened a way of salvation for a sinning world. The apostles heard at once the wail of the perishing: "Come and help," and the command of the Lord, "Go and save," and they went out to suffer and to serve. Noble men and women of our own age have heard the same wail and the same command, and have responded "Here am I, send me."

Peter Cooper heard the unconscious cry of the ignorant working classes of New York City. He set himself and his friends to work, and an evening free school was the outcome of it. Here many a poor boy and girl spent an hour or two each evening under the instruction of wise teachers, and was thus lifted up out of degradation, to be introduced to a higher, better life. This school, originating in the mind of one man, has grown into the great Cooper Institute, where people of all classes may better fit themselves for their life work; but it is free to those who have no means.

Robert Raikes saw that the numerous children about him were growing up uninstructed in the word of God. The fact was to him a loud call to do something to prevent the evil. To-day, schools for the children are about as numerous as the churches. Doubtless they have made many of our churches, and have started thousands of boys and girls in the right way. Mary Lyon, in Massa-

chusetts, was many years ago troubled by the almost universal indifference to the education of girls and women in America. Their need and her ability were to her an urgent appeal to come and help. She made the attempt, and, in the face of much opposition and many difficulties, established a school at South Hadley, Massachusetts, where girls, by helping with the household duties a little each day, might be educated at comparatively little expense. That school is to-day widely known as Mt. Holyoke Seminary. It has given an impulse to the education of women that can never be checked. It has daughter schools in different parts of the world—even in Persia. Had not some one taken this step in our behalf, we, the women of America, would to-day be stretching out helpless hands and calling for better opportunities.

If I care nothing for the suffering and misery that are continually hedging in my pathway here; if I know that right within my own reach are men and women and children going down daily to hopeless ruin, and do not care for it, you need not, you will not expect me to care that millions are living and dying on the other side of the world with no knowledge, no hope of salvation. If you had never in your life given a dollar in money or an hour's time to relieve the wants of a suffering neighbor, if you had never had a thought toward bettering the condition of those around you, I should not expect you to put a nickel into the contribution box for the heathen. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen?" How can he love for God's sake the degraded heathen whom he hath not seen? The men and women who have the open eye and ear and heart for those with

whom they are associated, or who come under their daily notice, are the men and women who are going to be interested in the needs of those whom they have never seen. They are the people whose hearts are large enough to take in China, India, Japan, Persia, Africa—all the world; because the Lord's work is one work whether it be here or there; in our own home, our own church, or in the Micronesian Islands.

If you are connected with a firm which has branch offices in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco, you do not consider that in Cincinnati of chief importance, to the neglect of the others, because you chance to live there. Being co-workers with the Lord of the whole earth, we can not consider the work here in Cincinnati any more important than in New York, London, Peking, Bangkok, Yeddo or among the Hottentots of Africa.

Suppose now that we have hearts susceptible to the needs and suffering around us; we are on the alert to see what kindness we can render this man; how we can best help that poor family; how that young man or woman can be reclaimed; how the gospel can be sent to that little town over yonder—in short how we can best show forth the life of Christ in our own lives; then we are ready to hear the cry, though but a whisper, from Macedonia, "Come over and help us." It is a mistaken idea some people have, that to take an interest in the work abroad is to neglect the work at home. We sometimes meet with pious self-seekers who shake their heads and say: "I don't believe in foreign missionary work. There is enough to do at home if we will only do it. We'd better do first the work that lies at our own doors." It would be worth while to find one of

these who is noted for the work he does at home. Perhaps any of us would be safe in offering a large reward for such a combination. My limited experience goes to confirm me in the opinion that work at home in such men's mouths means work on their own farms or in their own merchandise, for their own stock, their own families, and just as little in their own home church as will possibly excuse them. I know a wealthy farmer who talks in that way; thinks missionary organizations are unscriptural; thinks it is wrong to give our attention to foreign work while there is so much to be done at home. I know that he has given toward the support of his home congregation, of which he is an elder, as high as three dollars a year for himself and family of eight. I do not know that he ever concerns himself in the interests of his neighbors, old or young. To do him justice, he has been known to drop a penny into the hat when a missionary collection was taken. No doubt he fondly hoped that his share of the contribution would be judiciously expended in home work for the year. I have yet to find a person opposed to doing Christian work away from home who is earnest in it at home. An attempt has lately been made to revive a church in Ohio, which for several years has been dead. It is needless to say that with a few exceptions it was anti-missionary, since I have already said that it is dead. The work of reviving is not very promising. A few of the old members are still living within a radius of two or three miles. Most of them are wealthy or well to do. They can not raise ten or twelve dollars for a week's preaching. They think it too much, and one and another says: "I don't see how I could attend regularly if we had preaching," and so the matter is dropped. That is home work,

strictly and surely. "If I could go and hear the preaching without being obliged to hitch my horse to my buggy and ride two or three miles, I would pay a few cents toward it," is its language.

O Christians, is not this condition of things a cry that should arouse us to action, and cause us to come up to the help of the Lord against stinginess? The fault is in the popular education. It is for us to save the rising and succeeding generations from such errors. Christian parents, teachers and preachers of this generation, if rightly in earnest, can mould the minds and characters of enough children and stamp upon them the spirit of Christ, so that by the time the next generation has passed away, the earth shall be "full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

In this system of education we can no more omit India, Japan, Persia, Siam, Africa, Corea or any other nation known to us than we can wipe out from the New Testament our Lord's commission: "Go ye and teach all nations." What is our relation to these countries? Ever since we became a Christian nation, they have been stretching out to us their hands for the bread of life. Their ignorance, their idolatry, their superstition, were appeals that were long unheeded by us. At last a few susceptible souls were aroused to their condition, and one by one they went here and there to tell the needy souls of the bread from heaven. Then the self-satisfied opposition to the religion of Christ and to those who taught it became a trumpet call which we could not resist, and more of our numbers went out to urge upon them that for which they were ignorantly perishing.

This ignorance, this idol-worship, this opposition, are still proclaiming to us those peoples' great need of

the gospel. This is not all. Some of those lands are beginning to see the light, and are actually reaching out eager hands, lifting up eager eyes, and asking for it, while their doors and windows are thrown wide open to receive it. Yes, they are inviting us now to come—begging for more teachers and preachers, and offering to help build schools and churches. Japan, within the last year, has removed governmental restrictions to the progress of Christian work there. Her doors are open. Her soil is ready to receive the seed. All denominations are ready to press in. Is not our Lord in this thing loudly calling unto us to go in and possess the land? Now is the most favorable time in the history of that country to set up the standard of Christ throughout its length and breadth. Oh, that now, in the reconstruction and formation period of Japan's religion, the pure gospel might be taught and preached from one end to the other of that kingdom. The true religion already has a strong hold there, inasmuch that those people, so lately engrossed in ignorant idolatry, are even now planning to send missionaries to the neighboring peninsula of Corea. Japan wishes to do that work herself. Noble ambition! But is it not speaking to us in terms of loud reproach of our long indifference and inactivity? It is only twenty years since the first Japanese convert came out from idolatry, and in the face of bitter persecution, made known his faith in Christ. Now there are more than fifty thousand Christians in the empire, besides many thousands who are favorable to the Christian religion. The native Christian churches are beginning to support themselves, and are already planning and putting into execution missionary enterprise. Still, Japan's millions are heathen. Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Confucianism are the prevailing religions

of the empire. Those who have spent nearly their whole lives in their faiths will with rare exceptions die in them ; but Christians of our own land can not afford to neglect the increasing opportunities for helping the youth of Japan, who are willing to be taught, and the women, who are ever reaching after something better than those religions have for them. Now are the golden opportunities in that land, and every child or woman taught in the ways of truth will be a power for Christ there beyond computation.

Less than a year ago our own Mrs. Josephine Smith, after a short period of earnest work for her benighted sisters in Akita, laid down her life there, and was buried in a foreign land, leaving a little handful of loving friends and Christian workers to mourn her loss. The news sped swiftly across the waters, and smote many a Christian heart here with grief. Did we hear the cry that came with that message ; the echo of Mrs. Smith's own words written a few months before : " Send us more workers. The fields are white and the laborers are few " ? Are there not some who will be led by this call and by this example to go and labor for Christ there ? Are there not others who will be led to see what a privilege it is to give of their means to such a work ? Let us send out and support workers. Let Josie W. Smith's name stand at the head of the long list of noble ones who were willing to live and die for Christ in that foreign land. But Japan is only one of the outposts. Everywhere we turn our eyes, the same wants meet us. Time would fail us to speak of Africa, Persia, Syria and the other nations of darkness to which we have been commanded to go. We have a little band of representatives in India, that great land of Mohammedanism. Here we find an **earn-**

est people who are constantly saying to us by their very earnestness in the worship of their own gods: "If we were only instructed in the true faith, how earnestly would we proclaim it everywhere. We would not be afraid nor ashamed to make known our faith from the housetops and in the streets. But give us the truth and we will faithfully propagate the truth." Amidst all this superstition and cruelty and wickedness they are true to their worship. Five times a day in every Mohammedan country may be heard from every minaret and tower this call to prayer: "God is great, God is good. There is no god but God and Mohammed is His prophet." Then every true Mohammedan, wherever he may be, at his business, on the street, turns his face toward Mecca and bows himself in prayer.

We look forward to the time when this call shall be changed to the Christian's cry: "There is no god but God, and Jesus Christ is His Son and our Saviour." "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Truly the time will come when this call will echo and re-echo from every hill and mountain, along every valley and river course throughout the whole earth; yea, the time will come when a man shall not say to his neighbor: "Know ye the Lord? for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest."

CANDACE LHAMON.

THE HOMESTEAD.

The old New England homestead was "most dretfully
run down ;"

So said the knowing people of the quaint New England
town.

The Deacon Isaac Blackwell, for "nigh onto forty year,"
Had owned and lived upon the farm, and kept its title
clear ;

Had fought its thorns and thistles, with New England
thrift and pride,

Until the struggle wore him out, and Deacon Blackwell
died.

He slept beside his fathers now, within a narrow mound,
Beneath the weeping willows of the ancient burial
ground.

His life-long foes refused to yield, and thorn and thistle
sprung

From out the soil above his grave, the myrtle vines
among.

Ah well ! The battle they had won, but late, too late, at
best ;

For Deacon Blackwell heeded not,—his hands had
earned their rest.

Though people said that in his time the Deacon's tremb-
ling tones

Had sung old "Antioch's" cheerful notes with inward
sighs and groans ;

The meaning of the words he sang too truly he had
found,

And learned too well what sorrows grow where "thorns
infest the ground."

Young John, the Deacon's only son, made bare his
strong right arm,
And went to work, with nerve and will, to run the home-
stead farm ;
His mother kept the house for him, until one winter's
day,
When staunch John Blackwell took as wife the pretty
Nannie Grey.
She was a true New England girl, and all the people
said
She had a deal of common sense within her curly head ;
Her voice was sweet, her step was light, her heart was
good and true ;
Her faith in other hearts was strong—to her, the world
was new.
Ah, they were such a happy pair—John Blackwell and
his bride,—
And with such steady, willing hands they labored side
by side !
One busy year went quickly by, and every day brought
joy,
Until the brightest day of all brought Ralph, their blue-
eyed boy ;
And Nannie's pretty, girlish face was changed as by a
spell,
And softened to that mother-look of which no words
can tell,—
That mystic look that baffles skill, that art can never
trace,
That master painters try in vain to give to Mary's face.

And then, while yet the look was new in Nannie's bonny eyes,

A sudden, chilling shadow fell across the morning skies ;
John Blackwell's health had broken down ; the doctor
shook his head ;

"You've got to quit your work, my friend, and try a
rest," he said.

And then it was the farm went down ; the women did
their best,

For they were bound that John should have his sorely
needed rest ;

But all the crops were thin and poor, and help was scarce
and dear,

And thorns and thistles flourished well through all that
troubled year.

And John—and that was worst of all—grew paler day
by day ;

The strength that once had been his pride now slowly
ebbed away ;

Brave Nannie hoped until the last, and said he should
not die,

But even while she bade him hope, he told her his good-
bye ;

"Don't sell the homestead, dear," he said, "if you can
live without ;

I could n't bear to leave you all to shift and change
about ;

There is n't much to live on here ; we're poor at best, I
know ;

But keep the homestead if you can—our Ralph will
love it so."

Then Nannie rained her kisses fast upon the wasted
cheek,

And nodded that she understood—she dared not try to speak.

And so, worn out with lingering pain, John Blackwell died in peace,

Accounting that a blessed day that gave his soul release.
His mother followed him ere long, and then the struggle came

To keep the Blackwell homestead clear, and in the Blackwell name.

The ways in which a woman's hands could earn her bread were few,

But Nannie plied, with patient skill, the little arts she knew ;

And thus she bravely labored on, and all the weary while,

She kept her spirit sweet and bright, and wore a hopeful smile.

"For Ralph's dear sake," she whispered low, "I can afford to bear ;

So long as he is left to me, I never will despair."

Ralph Blackwell was a handsome boy, with bright and winning ways ;

While he was yet a little child, he led in childish plays,
And when he grew to be a lad, he was the leader still,—

Impulsive, daring, counting all as serfs of his strong will.
His mother thought no other boy so fair of face as he ;

"But ah ! he needs a father's hand to curb his will," said she.

He did not like the farm, he said ; its work was twice too slow ;

He wanted something else to do—some place where he
could grow;
The thorns might thrive, for all he cared; and what in
common sense
Was he supposed to know about that further meadow
fence?
He hated all these poky ways; he did n't see the good
Of leading such a slavish life; he could n't if he would.
His mother sighed, and tried to think the years would
bring a change,
And wondered why her handsome boy grew proud, and
cold, and strange;
He turned away from mother-love, in thoughtless boyish
pride;
To others he was winning still,—from her he drew aside.

He made his way into the world, the hearts of men he
won,
While Nannie stayed upon the farm and labored for her
son;
He found and held a place of trust, and people could
not see
Why Nannie's worn and weary hands should not at last
be free;
She did not weep; she tried to smile, for she was always
brave;
She said she loved the dear old farm that she had toiled
to save.
But wrinkles gathered in her cheeks, and on her broad,
high brow;
The face that once had been so bright was thin and
wasted now.

One day there fell a thunder-bolt ; the heavens seemed to part ;
John Blackwell's son betrayed his trust, and broke his mother's heart !
He fled ; but she who loved him most loved on through every ill ;
He was her son—this wayward boy—and she was mother still.
She rallied all her strength, and tried to bear the cruel pain ;
She did the little she could do to wipe away the stain.
So far as gold would pay the debt, it should be paid in gold ;
So Nannie said ; and so, one day, the homestead farm was sold.
The things that she had loved so long she did not seem to miss ;
She did not say that she would seek another home than this.
A home was waiting for her, though—the Homestead of the soul,
Where broken lives are built again, and broken hearts made whole.

And Ralph ? He wandered far and long within a foreign clime,
A sad and strangely broken man, grown old before his time.
“I sinned and broke my mother's heart,” he said before he died ;
“I beg of you to take me home, and lay me by her side.”

The Blackwell farm is better tilled than in the long ago ;
But strangers through the old brown house are flitting
to and fro,
And stranger children wander now, with songs and
shouts of joy,
Along the paths where once there roamed a little blue-
eyed boy.
While in the ancient burial ground, where weeping-wil-
lows bend,
Where, long before the night has come, the shadows
strangely blend,
Where all is dark, and chill, and drear, on even sunny
morns,
The Blackwell lot is full of graves, and overgrown with
thorns.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

(Selected.)

PRESENT AND FUTURE REWARD.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves :

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense :
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toils of fields like these
Than waking dreams of slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that, revives and lives again ;
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GEO. T. SMITH.

Geo. T. Smith was born in Cincinnati, O., October 16, 1843. While he was yet a babe his parents removed to Aurora, Ind., where he lived until his eighteenth year, when the family returned to Cincinnati.

July 22, 1861, he enlisted in the 34th Ohio Regiment, and was in the service nearly four years. Twice he was taken prisoner, once confined in Libby prison, once severely wounded, from which he still suffers. In 1866 he heard the Disciples for the first time, and in a few weeks was baptized by John C. Miller in Madison, Ind. In 1869 he began to preach, and attended school at Nineveh, Ind., under his former pastor, Jno. C. Miller.

He was ordained as an evangelist in March, 1870, in Madison, Ind., and held some successful meetings that year. During the next two years he attended school at Kokomo, Ind., under the Presidency of the late M. B. Hopkins. He entered Bethany College in the fall of 1872; graduated in 1874, and immediately afterward began preaching for the church in Swampscott, Mass.

In October, 1874, he was married to Miss Josephine Wood, of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, whose untimely death occurred in March, 1885.

After a little over two years' stay in Swampscott, Bro. Smith removed to Bucyrus, O., where the church was organized soon after his arrival and where he remained nearly five years.

While in Bucyrus Bro. Smith held two debates, one with the noted infidel B. F. Underwood and the other with Rev. McBorrus, a Methodist Episcopal. (It is understood that our man always comes off best).

In 1881 Bro. Smith was called to the church in Warren, O., where he remained two years, until his departure for Japan, where he now lives.

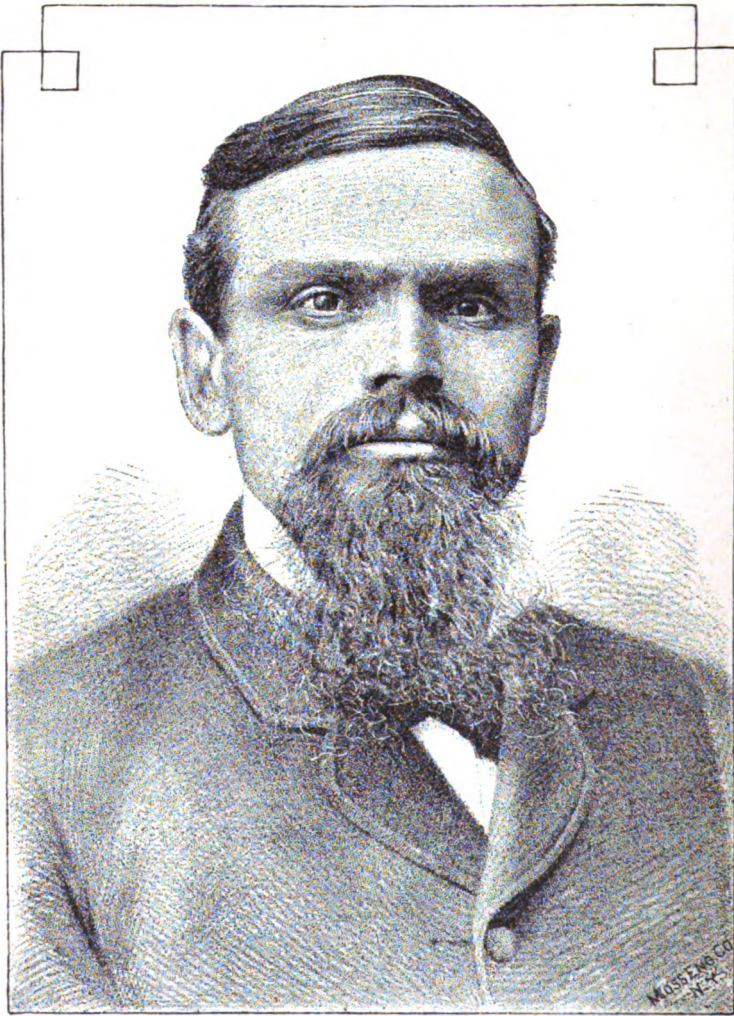
Bro. Smith is of medium height, weighs 137 pounds, has uniform good health, having missed but one Sunday by reason of sickness since he began preaching.

He has held a number of successful protracted meetings, and his

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sermons, which command close attention, usually show careful thought and abound in pertinent illustrations.

His brother, B. L. Smith, is preaching at New Lisbon, O. To him the reader is referred for further information.



GEO. T. SMITH.

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION.

A SERMON.

BY GEO. T. SMITH.

Phil. iii. 20, 21: "For our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself."

Nothing is certain but change.

Whatever is will not be. The mountains are being carried into the seas, the ocean laps away the coast.

Society is perpetually fermenting, and "how are you *to-day*?" is always pertinent.

The heavens shall be made new, the very angels nearest the throne advance in knowledge; so that not until we stand before the Throne of the Universe do we behold One in whom there is not a shadow of turning.

These changes are wrought by various forces. There are forces material, forces intellectual, forces moral, all effecting changes in their realms. All power is from God, but all is not used as He wills.

In the moral world, Satan has numerous agencies, ranging from vulgar crimes to sugar-coated sin in the skating rink, or in heartless, formalistic worship, all tending to cause man's ruin. These are the devil's power for destruction for all who walk therein.

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God has a force at work among men to uplift; the gospel is God's power for salvation to every one who believes it. The gospel effects such changes in man, that in the end a complete transformation will have been wrought, so that only what the psychologists call the "Ego," the "self-consciousness," and the "I," will be left. Truly if any man is in Christ, there is a new creation, the old things have become new. The believer is transformed first, by the renewing of his mind; secondly by the renewing of the body.

There are five specifications of the changes to be wrought in man before he is completely transformed. Of these, the last only is miraculous.

First: There must be a change of heart.

By his second nature, his sinful nature, man loves worldly things. His affections must be centered on things above. This is the first step in the regeneration. A man must desire heavenly things, else he will not repent in order to obtain them.

This change is effected by faith.

When Columbus brought back the tidings of the discovery of a new world, men first believed, afterward wished to go there to gather its treasures. Jesus, the Columbus of our salvation, has crossed the stormy Atlantic of life, disappeared in the shadow, and returned to say, "There is a land where age and sickness and pain are unknown, and I will guide you thither."

When a man thoroughly believes that truth, this world becomes very small. When he realizes that life is but a winter's day, while the lapse of myriads of ages makes the future life no less in duration, he is able to live in that world, to have his citizenship in heaven,

"The hearts of the Gentiles," says Peter, "were purified by faith." But let us not conclude that that transformation was complete, when we first believed in Christ. As our faith grows, this world dwindles and our heavenly treasures increase.

The other day one passed from my side carrying so much of my love that heaven seems ten-fold more precious than before. Year by year our future home grows richer as the loved ones join the circle of the spirits of the just made perfect.

Secondly: The heart being changed, the life will be changed also. The tree made good, the fruit will be sweet.

"Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

This change is repentance.

Thirdly: There must be a change of relationship. There are two families in the world—the children of the kingdom, and the children of the wicked one.

God will receive as His children those who come out and touch not the unclean thing, and there is a prescribed method by which man passes from under the dominion of sin. As to his heart, man believes into Christ; as to his formal reception, his attitude before men and angels, he is baptized into Christ.

Fourthly: The next change necessary, and to which these mentioned are preliminary only, is a change of character. The Christian is to grow. He is only a babe as yet. In knowledge, in grace, he is to increase until he reaches the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

Character is the only thing man owns. All else belongs to God.

Character God respects. This gives man entrance into society, it will crown him with eternal joy.

Character is changed by obedience to the commands of God. By patient continuance in well doing the result is reached. The Holy Spirit molds our thoughts, and Christ is formed within us; so that in the ripened Christian the King on His beauty and might is firmly enthroned in the heart and brings every thought into captivity.

Thus far we are co-workers with God.

We have received not His grace in vain, we have quenched not the Spirit, and God has worked in us, both the willing and the doing. Mind and heart are transformed; but one more change is essential, and toward this we can do nothing. It is the change of the physical into a spiritual body.

Our names, our citizenship, our affections are in heaven, from whence will come our Lord, who will fashion anew these humbled bodies and fashion them like His own glorious body.

It is the glory of Christianity that it says man is down. A purloined science declares that man is up, he is now at the acme and there is no ascent after he reaches his prime. For the Christian this life is merely a babyhood where man can but crawl. Life and abundance are our future heritage.

This body is a body of humiliation.

(a) *It is humble in its origin*; it came, it comes from dust. Our food is drawn from clay.

(b) *It is humble in its tendencies*. Uncontrolled by conscience, man becomes brutal, even worse. "Now,"

says Sheridan to a convivial party, "shall we drink like beasts or like men?" "Like men, of course," was the indignant reply. "Then," said the actor, "we'll get jolly drunk, for the beasts never drink more than they want."

(c) *It is humble in its end.* The end of the body is corruption. It is sown in weakness. Dishonor comes upon it. It is the body of our humiliation.

Concerning that change observe:

(a) *It is necessary to our further advancement.* An Esquimaux could not enjoy civilized society without preparation, beginning at least as far back as his grandfather. A fish could not enjoy the flight of birds without a change in his construction. So are we in regard to the holy angels and their dwelling-place.

(b) *It will be wonderful.* Things we see for the first time, a city, mountains, the sea, surprise us. These things are outside. What will it be to have such a change on ourselves!

Longfellow makes Bartimeus say, after his eyes were opened: "Oh! I'm miles away if I but look;" but what will it be to be able to will to be at a distant place and to be there!

(c) *It will be glorious.* It will be raised in glory. Like the body of our King will be our transformed body. In it we shall live forever. What of life among angels, when there is no din, no strife, no storms, no pain nor sorrow!

(d) *It will be instantaneous.* There may be difficulties in understanding the resurrection, but suppose you were living when the Lord comes. It is not at all probable, for the trend of Scripture is, that Jesus shall sit on the throne of His father until all

His enemies are placed under His feet. The earth shall be full of knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; for from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord shall be great among the Gentiles, "and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name and a pure offering." The gospel can accomplish this result, and succeeding the complete victory of truth and love, and the reign of the King of kings a thousand years shall elapse, during which time the billions of each generation shall be taught from the cradle the right way of the Lord. Truly the redeemed shall come from every tribe and shall be innumerable.

Suppose, however, we were living at that time. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, we should be changed, the flesh turned to spirit, and with the righteous dead who had undergone a similar transformation, we should ascend in the air to meet the Lord.

Then we shall be completely changed.

Faith changes the heart; repentance changes the life; baptism changes the relationship; observing all commanded changes the character, and the Lord Jesus will change the body. Then with this earth fashioned anew the Lord Jesus, our second Adam and the Captain of our salvation, will be our future leader to victories not yet revealed.

As Christianity says man is down but may arise, while some scientists affirm that man is at his highest and will wholly return to dust, so the same school prolong the vision backward to discover in matter the promise and potency of all things, which the Christian looking forward sees in God, the deathless Spirit, the promise and fulfillment of endless life.

There is a remarkable prophecy in Isaiah (xlv.): "for behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind."

One moment in the world of glory shall outweigh all our affliction, and such shall be our stay on the new earth, that this earth, like the land to the out-going mariner, shall grow less and less, until it shall disappear.

How impossible to realize this change!

Like a distant speck on the receding horizon, all the life that now is shall become, until under our increasing glories from the Sun of Righteousness it shall be swallowed up, "like the gray streaks of dawn before the rising sun," and even memory shall hold this life no longer.

THE SUNBEAM'S FLIGHT.

A sunbeam left her sunny home
At the hour of her birth,
And down through the trackless ether came,
A-smiling, to the earth.

She said: "I will find me here a home
That ever shall remain,
And nevermore will I return
To my old sun-home again."

An icicle hung from the eaves above,
And the sunbeam nestled there,
And laughed to think she had found a home
On a thing so clear and fair.

But the icicle shrank from her warm embrace,
And presently it was gone;
While the sunbeam sighed to think how frail
Was the thing she had built upon.

Then she saw a leaf on a topmost bough,
A withered leaf and sere;
She crept along on its scalloped edge,
And said: "I will build me here."

But a wind came by, and the forest trees
All mourned with a heavy sound;
And the withered leaf on the topmost bough
Came fluttering to the ground.

She spied a blush on a maiden's cheek,
And said: "I have found it now;
The bright red spot that is burning there
Is a home for me, I trow."

But time went on, and it stole away
The blush from the maiden's cheek,
While wrinkles thickened on the face
Of a woman old and weak.

Then the sunbeam said: "How vain to search
For a lasting home on earth;"
And back through the ether blue she fled
To the sun that gave her birth.

A.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

“**B**LESSED are the meek,” that is the unwarlike, *πραῖς*; “for they shall inherit the earth.” There are two social types—two civilizations; namely, the *military* and the *industrial*. The military is necessarily unproductive, and essentially predatory. When this prophetic blessing was pronounced the earth was in the absolute and undisputed possession of the military—the *violent*; and the industrial—the *mild*, were slaves, or tribute-spoiled dependents. Their relative positions are now changed. Industrial England “inherits” more of the earth, and commands greater resources than Rome ever did, and more than any of her more distinctly military continental neighbors. The latter part of Napoleon’s career was not simply an accidental, but a logical and necessary conflict with England; it was not voluntary, but unavoidable. It was the irrepressible conflict between militarism and industrialism, of which he betrayed half-consciousness when he contemptuously styled England a nation of shop-keepers. Napoleon cared more for military glory than for gold, only to find, at last, that British gold had more power in the world than French glory. The greatness of an ancient city consisted of palaces, and armories, and camps, and horses and chariots, and the number of warriors ready to pour forth from her gates;

the greatness of a modern city is found in shops, and factories, and warehouses, and ships of trade, and railroads, and bank clearances, and the number of busy workers which daily pour forth from comfortable homes. In the time of Christ industry existed for the service and support of the military ; now the military exists for the service and protection of industry. The "meek" are fast coming to inherit the earth, but there is much of the military method and spirit surviving in our present industrialism, and it is this fact which is causing such serious trouble, and so gravely complicating our economic problem. Since the days of Christ the Kingdom of Industry is preached, but the violent are still taking it by force. It is the aim of this "Comment" to point out some of the reasons for this state of things, and to indicate a remedy.

All agree that there are just two industrial factors, Labor and Capital ; but there is no general agreement as to the proper relation of the two partners in the business, nor as to their respective shares of the profits. The representatives of Capital look upon the representatives of Labor as socially inferior. The man whose fortune is the product of the manual labor of his own father is apt to hold himself socially above those who labor just as his father labored. Nay, many a man, who has accumulated through years of honest toil, finds himself, at last, a capitalist—an employer—and straightway seeks a higher social level. These changes are not always voluntary, not always satisfactory ; but are often made under protest, and of necessity. This subordinate and unsatisfactory position of Labor is owing, partly, to traditional prejudices ; and partly, to present differences of condition. Let

us devote a paragraph to a brief consideration of each cause.

While Capital and Labor are too far apart in material well-being, in culture, and *feeling*, it is true that as we go back along the historic plain the distance rapidly and constantly increases, till we come to the polar limit of *master* and *slave*. Here Capital was owner and Labor a chattel. It had no right to liberty, or even life, much less to the pursuit of happiness. The real issue in the Dred Scott case was not between white and black. The color was the merest accident, but it was an issue between Capital and Labor. The decision was dictated by the same spirit, which, by the mouth of the South Carolina Senator, declared that Capital should own Labor. Nor is this far in the historic past, yet there is something anachronistic about it. This survival was possible because the social form, in which it was, had drifted aside from the current of progress, and was idly turning round and round in an eddy on the margin of the stream of affairs till the rising tide of civilization swept it away. But slavery is but an individualizing of militarism, and wherever it exists there is an itching for military titles on the part of masters. Captains, and Majors, and Colonels, and Generals are thick on the ground, and sufficiently indicate the military and predatory character of the whole system. But the military relation is hostility, and this is the fundamental relation of master and slave, which no benevolence on the one part, nor ignorance and degradation on the other, can put out of sight. This *has been* the relation of Capital and Labor, and we can not be surprised that there yet survive the enmities and prejudices incident thereto; nor, with all

this traditional prejudice, can we expect Capital fully to appreciate, or fairly deal with Labor. In England Capital is largely in the hands of the old military aristocracy, and here we find this prejudice ridiculously strong. Wealth which is the product of *recent* toil is no recommendation to social recognition. It is shoddy. Your millionaire tradesman is no fit associate for your seedy aristocrat, whose impoverished estate has this glory, that it was not *earned* but *captured* by some warlike ancestor. What is a "Coat of Arms" but an advertisement of the sort of tools with which some military ancestor made his wealth? For the newcomer among this ancient predatory aristocracy there is no truthful device, except he put upon his shield a blacksmith's hammer, or saws and planes, or a pen, or some other emblem of honest toil. But this is the last thing he will do. It would be appropriate for one to paint a boot on his carriage panel; or a bottle of wine; or a box of groceries, or other symbol of his trade, by which he became rich and entered the peerage. Why not? Is not a hammer as honorable a tool as a war-club; a saw, as a sword? Not at this time of the world's day. Do you expect labor to be fairly treated where these sentiments prevail? In America this sentiment is not so strong, yet quite strong enough to raise the question whether Labor is properly recognized. Are there not some Capitalists among *us* who practically accept the old tradition that Labor has no rights which Capital is bound to respect? Has Dred been dead so long in the bosom of the earth, that dread may safely die in the bosom of the laborer?

The other cause of the degradation of labor is its present condition. Culture, dress and style of living

have quite as much to do in determining social standing as these traditional sentiments we have just been considering. The learned author finds himself among the recognized aristocracy, though at first the old blue-bloods try to patronize him, till they find it is dangerous business. The shoddy millionaire is received into the highest circles; it may be with upturned noses, but, nevertheless, received. Now, if you put it into the power of labor to dress well, and obtain average culture, you will have inaugurated the great social republic, which the present social aristocrats will gladly enter; counting it an honor to do so, as did the nobility in the French Revolution enter the political republic. How shall this be brought about? First of all, let it be distinctly understood, never by half-measures—concessions or compromises. These have never served any other purposes, in any sphere, than to put off the evil day, and intensify the evil of it. You may point to some great manufacturer who pays “liberal” wages; to some capitalist who voluntarily shared his capital with his “employés.” What has that to do with a vicious economic system? It used to be thought a sufficient justification of slavery that a kind and indulgent master could occasionally be found. You say in a dreamy, general, sentimental way, “Oh, we must teach both employer and employé the spirit of Christianity and it will all come right.” Amen! But that “coming right” will astonish you and make both ears tingle. Pour the new wine of Christianity into this old bottle of our present vicious labor system and it will blow it up as certainly and violently as it did the cursed old bottle of slavery. Better pour in a little at a time,

leave the cork out and stand aside; but better still, contrive a new bottle and save both.

What Labor wants, then, is not more liberality and benevolence on the part of Capital; for these very terms assume a right that capital does not possess. What labor needs is justice, not charity. Neither will any system of arbitration fully meet the case; nor Labor Unions, which are of the nature of parties, and liable to party abuses; or of corporations, and subject to necessary limitations. Both of these may be necessary, at present, as mitigations of, and means of remedy for, a system which is radically unjust; but the proper organization of our industrialism is the great problem, to the solution of which we are bound to address ourselves. It is more a matter of calculation than of concession; of arithmetic than of sentiment.

Suppose a factory to be established in Cincinnati. In this venture Capital is represented by \$100,000; Labor is represented by 100 laborers. Taking the market standards, we estimate that the Capital for one year is worth \$5,000, the Labor \$35,000. In this proportion each has contributed to the year's industry. Suppose the "expenses" for the year, including insurance, repairs, and incidentals, to be \$15,000. At the end of the year, after Capital has been paid its market price, \$5,000, and Labor has been paid its market price, \$35,000; and all "expenses" have been paid, \$15,000, there remains \$20,000. This is net profit. But whose? According to our present vicious system Capital coolly takes it all. By what right? As a matter of clean arithmetical justice; as a matter of fair business honesty, Capital is entitled to just one-eighth of that \$20,000, namely \$2,500, while Labor is entitled to

seven-eighths, or \$17,500. But Labor gets nothing, though it has performed its share as faithfully as Capital, and at equal peril; for life and limb are always risked; and then labor grows older, year by year, but capital comes out as young as ever.

Here we see the fundamental defect in our economic system, which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, and is gendering a deep and dangerous discontent. Inaugurate this system of simple justice, this honest division of profits according to the share each partner has contributed to their production, and you will have inaugurated a peaceful revolution, which will forestall a turbulent and bloody one. Several things would certainly follow. Labor would be even more interested than Capital in the success of the enterprise. The bitter hostility, now so evident, would instantly subside; Labor would secure the means of culture and respectable living; wealth would be generally and honestly distributed, and the sum of well-being many times multiplied. Means in the hands of many would multiply consumption, and render the danger of over-production exceedingly remote. If all the laborers in our great industrial enterprises were paid their just share of profits, according to the above calculation, for the last ten years, it would create instantly such a demand for all legitimate products as the factories of the world could not meet. Hard times would vanish in the abounding factory smoke, and if ever the time should come when there was no demand, and no profit, Labor would cheerfully and patiently bear its part; aye, and it would be in condition to do so, and not immediately become a mendicant.

This system is easily applicable to almost all forms

of industry, and especially to those where hardship is most evident, and where discontent is most threatening. What stands in the way of its adoption? Two things. First, the traditional prejudice and custom, which does not recognize the *rights* of Labor, much less its dignity; second, the selfishness, which prompts us all to take whatever opportunity offers. But something must be done. A crisis is impending, and as in the case of our recent slaves, we must understand that to emancipate Labor from tyrannous exactions is not necessarily to invest it with its rights.

THE ballot-box is the heart of the Republic. If it sends forth venal, partisan suffrages there is blood-poisoning. There have long been symptoms of Pyæmia in our body politic, and those most familiar with its deadly nature have been seriously alarmed. But more alarming than even this, if not more dangerous, are the repeated and violent assaults made recently in our great cities, with deadly weapons, upon the heart itself, by desperate political assassins. If the ballot-box can once be reached and violated as thus attempted, the death of republicanism will be sudden and appalling. That these assassins are among us, disguised in the toga of American citizenship, no one can deny; and that they will repeat these murderous attempts, no intelligent citizen can doubt. What, then, should be done? One thing, certainly. Protect the heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Prevent such outrages by all means, and let there be no compromise in the matter of punishment; but we now desire to direct attention to some of the conditions and causes of these maladies, which may be removed, or greatly modified.

1. There are many bad, dangerous men in office. This is especially true in municipal governments. But the people put them there. Yet the people are not wholly to blame. When *any* man is brought out for office, instantly there begins a double process of disguising. The organs of one party bring forth the white-wash pail and begin to lay on the whitening; while those of the other bring forth the soot-pot and apply its contents with equal vigor. In twenty-four hours the candidate stalks abroad disguised beyond the recognition of friend or foe. Amid the undeniable wholesale lying and abuse of the political press, it is simply impossible that the average citizen should know much of those who are put up for his suffrage. This is the rascal's advantage; the scoundrel's security. When all alike are smirched, and slimed, and labeled "villain," the thief is as safe and respectable as anybody, and we need not be surprised if he turns up in possession of the ballot-box. This unconscionable lying and abuse is well nigh universal in the political press of both parties, and this fact is much relied upon by the perpetrators of election fraud, for immunity in their dangerous work.

2. The narrow partisanship which puts party success before public welfare is another cause of this later and more alarming phase of political corruption, called "ballot-box stuffing." Nor is it to be found in the hirelings who do the dirty and dangerous part of the work. They care but little for party, or party success, and do not in themselves offer any satisfactory motive to political corruption. The motive must be sought in the higher ranges of political life and official ambition. The whole business points to political wickedness in high places. The underlings do their work for money, and

it is not merely a coincidence that wealth takes the place of ability in our national senate, as fraud and violence take the place of honesty and freedom at the ballot-box. We are drifting into the corruption of Rome, in those worst times when the royal purple was bought with money, and kept by the aid of hired murderers of the most depraved and brutal type. The most brutal part, too, of all this violence which is taking our kingdom of liberty by force, is that part of the political press which is subsidized by ambitious leaders. Its most brutal attacks, moreover, are made upon those who have the courage and the conscience to rise above partyism. It used to be that offenders of this sort must be "whipped in;" now, they must be "clubbed in" or *assassinated*. Almost the entire political press of both parties engage heartily and readily in this lawless work. What matters it whether the honest voter is driven from the ballot-box by the drunken "tough," or by the reckless and lying party organ? In vain does the citizen plead conscience. There is such a prolonged, derisive howl from the whole partisan press, that we are to understand conscience has no place in politics. Then, why not fraud at the ballot-box? This is just the alternative. If you drive conscience from politics, fraud will take its place all along the line; and it is here distinctly and deliberately affirmed that this is the tendency of our whole political press, as all their editorial pages bear abundant witness. Here is the stronghold of the narrow partisanship, which places party success above public welfare, and is the proximate cause of ballot-box frauds. Violence of the hand is a ready sequence to violence of the tongue.

3. But the soil out of which these political abuses

spring, as well as commercial and social abuses, is a general and growing moral deterioration. This is especially noticeable in our cities, and more especially noticeable in our great cities. No city can preserve a pure ballot, an incorrupt judiciary, an honest administration, in which the churches are empty and the theaters full on the Lord's day; in which the revenues are in large part derived from legitimized crime. The moral and spiritual barometer marks a frightfully "low pressure" over the territory of our immense cities, which as certainly presages social and political blizzards and tornadoes, as would the like meteorological condition in the literal atmosphere. If anything human can prevent these storms, or avert these threatened calamities, it is nothing short of a universal rising of good men to a *united* effort to put away the evil that is in our midst. Let the churches shake off their lethargy, lay aside their worldliness and petty jealousies, and, putting off the purple and fine linen of fashionableness and exclusiveness, go out into the world and call men to repentance. Let the press cease its abuse, and partisan advocacy of immorality, and join the pulpit in actual moral reform. Let it not seek to be *religious*, but *moral*. Let every good citizen bring his conscience into every political act, and never forget that *any* question that has to do with human welfare, and the well-being of the state or city is a *political* question, and the more moral it is the more genuine politics there is in it. The wages of sin is death—to the nation as well as the individual.

THE third stage of intellectual development, according to the most exact and scientific psychology, is that in which the associational bond of thought-material

is causation. The first is simple space relation ; the second, likeness and contrast. Now, it is upon this third stage of mental progress that revelation meets humanity, beginning with the sublime and all-embracing declaration: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The Old Testament, revealing God in creation and in providence, deals essentially with the doctrine of *causation*. The New Testament is as essentially the doctrine of *design*, dealing with the great questions of hope and immortality—"The testimony of Jesus *is* the spirit of prophecy." The intellectual world is now in its third period of development, and all the great and living questions of contemporary philosophy hinge upon this question of cause and origin. It is upon this field that skepticism attacks the Bible. But this attack presents a curious phase. There is a persistent attempt to ignore causation altogether, and all forms of materialistic philosophy, feeling instinctively that if causation be admitted it will surely lead to God, try to banish it altogether. Agnosticism is just this and nothing more. Its chief objection to God is that he is a great, sufficient, intelligent First Cause.

The chief reason for thus ignoring causation is that, once admitted, it becomes a thorn in the flesh, a source of constant humiliation. The assignment of an adequate cause for an atom, or its action ; for life, or love, or duty, is hopelessly beyond human reason ; and reason in its own dominion does not like to confess to its inability. In the intellectual world, as well as in the social, the surest way to annihilate is to put out of our way. Your philosopher, at least, does not share the human weakness of holding *omne ignotum pro magnifico*,

and so causation is turned out of the synagogue among the *ignota*—practically annihilated.

Confessedly the hardest part of the assassin's victim to dispose of is the ghost, and this causation is a veritable Banquo on the hands of its murderers. Its ghost is the *idea* of causation, which is forever starting up where it is least welcome, and embodies itself in the very speech of their own mouths in such unwelcome shapes as "produced by," "grows out of," "gives rise to," "results in," until they find themselves at the impossible task of explaining the *cause* of this causeless idea of causation, while stoutly denying causation itself. However, ignore it as we may, let Herbert Spencer insist that we are concerned with the how, and not the why; let grosser materialists attempt to relegate the whole matter to chance, yet the great intellectual problem of the age is this problem of origin, and to this philosophy will address itself till it is compelled, in the final solution, to ask help of the great teacher—Revelation.

A SUSPICIOUS thing about this materialistic philosophy is the ease with which it "explains" every thing. Yet it is nothing more than the recounting of the steps of a process. To recount grandly all the stages of cosmogony, from the sweeping up of the star-dust to the final touches of decorating the world with life and beauty, is by no means to account for the universe. Men are beginning to understand that history is not simply a chronicle—the recounting of events—but must also take account of forces and causes, and give some satisfactory explanation of events. Why should not "natural history" conform to the same require-

ments? Materialistic philosophers, like the medieval chroniclers, content themselves with the weaving of wonderful stories—part fact and part fiction—but fail to see that their chapters of incident do not supply the world's demand for cause and character.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

THE present era in novel-writing might be fitly termed the era of the commonplace. From the extreme of sensational fiction the world has passed to its opposite; and now novelists present to us men and women who are so painfully like the people we meet every day, that we fling their histories from us in hopeless weariness. If these people are so small-minded, so given over to petty aims and ends, why, we ask ourselves, must their sayings and doings be recounted with such tedious minuteness? The authors and critics come to our rescue and answer our question. They tell us that these characters of which we weary are "realistic," and that the minuteness against which we cry out is "a faithful portrayal of our social life." Well, and what of it? True, we want the men and women of fiction to be genuine men and women; but we want to read about people who are worth reading about—who stir in us a love of virtue, a hatred of vice, a determination to make our lives count for something in the world. The novelist may be, if he will, a powerful preacher of righteousness. How many men and women are better and stronger morally to-day,

because George Macdonald and Dr. Holland have written novels! How many lives have found new purpose through the story of "John Halifax"! Let us have novels, by all means, and let them portray life as faithfully as may be; but let them deal with characters who feel deeply and act boldly, whose deeds command either our liking or our condemnation.

A NUMBER of women in this country are achieving notable successes in the realm of journalism, a field which, until recently, was supposed to be particularly unsuited to women's capacities and dispositions. Mary Mapes Dodge, Ella Farnum, Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), Kate Upson Clark, and a host more of bright women-folk, have given shape to some of the best of our periodical literature for the young; while in all of our great cities are found ladies who contribute brilliant articles to the daily and weekly press. On future loiterings "In the Workshops," we hope to find out some of the characteristics, literary and personal, of each of these distinguished women, and to learn some of the means by which they have accomplished so much for the world.

THE sermon of Geo. T. Smith, published in this number of our magazine, will possess an unusual interest in the eyes of our readers, because of the facts of the author's life. Coming, as it does, from far-away Japan, this sermon speaks the faith of an earnest missionary of the cross. Out of the loneliness of a strange land, and out of the deeper loneliness of a bereaved heart, he looks steadfastly away from the things that are seen, to the things that are unseen and eternal.

THE interesting story of "Harry Somers," by Mrs. Allie B. Lewis, which has been appearing in the DISCIPLE since last June, is satisfactorily concluded in the present number. "The White Church," by Prof. Arthur C. Pierson, grows in interest, and promises to furnish us with a picturesque grouping of clearly outlined characters. We are likely to under-estimate the value of such stories as these, because we are likely to forget the fact that stories are enjoyed by people who are easily influenced by what they read. Philosophical essays are most read by those whose opinions and characters are already formed; stories are often read by those whose hearts and lives are marred or helped by them.

THE papers are discussing the question of a national resting-place for our illustrious dead, corresponding in purpose, with relation to this country, to that which has been given to Westminster Abbey in England. This controversy affords an occasion for America's flip-pant newspaper editors, and even for some of the more dignified gentlemen who preside over the literary magazines, to say witty things on the subject of greatness and its rewards. The editor of the "Atlantic" suggests that such a place would soon be converted into a burial spot for defunct pugilists. But, all jests aside, serious objections are raised to the project, and some of these will doubtless stand in the way of its speedy execution. This country is a land of long distances. To bury its heroes in a national resting-place, would be to lay some of them far away from the friends who have loved them most, and whose claims should stand first. After all, monuments and epitaphs, statues and

mausoleums, are tardy recognitions of heroism. To love and honor the living, is better than to build houses for the dead.

IN the present rage for all things Japanese, when carpets and wall decorations are supposed to receive the highest possible compliment when an artistic enthusiast pronounces them "so sweetly Japanesy," when all art is coming to be affected by the introduction of Japanese forms and tints, it is not surprising that the literature of Japan should demand and receive its share of attention. Nor is it unworthy of attention. The specimens which have found their way into English display a gentle irony, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a shrewd penetration into character. Edward Greey, the author of several works on Japan, has recently given us an adaptation of a novel by Bakin, the famous Japanese author, which bears in the original the diminutive title of "The Moon Shining Through a Cloud-rift on a Rainy Night." The plot is carefully sustained all the way through, and the characters never lose their individuality. The Land of the Rising Sun is showing new capabilities every day; and, with the blessings that Christianity must bear to it, Japan will yet become a motive-power in the civilization of other regions of the Orient.

THE old-fashioned notion that the children of literary men are below the average in intellect, is receiving some hard knocks nowadays, and people are beginning to think that, if the children of such men do not distinguish themselves, it is not, at any rate, because the fathers have used up the family shares of

genius. There is a philosophy underlying this change of sentiment; nor is the old-fashioned notion without a basis of fact. There have been times in the past when it has not been a great compliment to a man's character to call him a great poet; or a great novelist, or a great humorist. There have been times when the tendency of a literary life has been toward ease and self-indulgence in the case of immediate success, or toward recklessness and ruin in the case of apparent failure. We can hardly wonder that men who were governed by impulse rather than by principle, and many of whom were largely given over to indulgence, left no children who were their equals in intellect. The manhood that is transmitted from generation to generation is of a sturdier type. It is said that, with luxury and high-living, "blood runs out," and the old saying finds here a striking illustration. But with the earnest, hard-working, pure-hearted literary men of our own age, the case is widely different, and we have frequent examples that show us what a change is working its way. The son of an English novelist has recently drawn the world into closer sympathy with his gifted father; the daughter of another has rendered a similar service for hers. Adelaide Procter was as true a poet as was he to whose name she gave an added luster. Anne Thackeray has something besides her father's fame to commend her to her readers. In our own country, the Danas give us a familiar illustration of the proverb, "Like father, like son." It is said that A. Bronson Alcott's best gift to literature is his daughter Louisa, and we doubt not that every girl who hears this assertion will promptly echo it. William H. Hayne promises to honor an honored name; while one of the most striking illus-

trations of the heredity of genius is found in the Hawthorne family. Julian Hawthorne has distinguished himself for a psychological insight only less profound than that of his father ; and his sister Rose, the wife of George Parsons Lathrop, is one of the sweetest singers among the women-poets of our land.

POT-POURRI.

THE only way to get along with some people is to get along without them.

ONE sometimes makes such frantic efforts to attract the public eye, that, having gained it, he is horrified to find that he has jerked himself into such ridiculous shape that he would better be anywhere else than in the public eye. One sometimes so utterly exhausts himself in vociferous efforts to get the public ear, that he is unable to say anything when his turn comes. The only solace for such people is in laughing at the antics and vociferations of the many who fail, after all, of *any* attention. The whole ridiculous business is painfully amusing to sensible, self-respecting people.

COMMERCIAL travelers are the apostles of commerce. No cause, however worthy, can dispense with apostleship. Whatever is for the good of men, whether merchandise, religion, or vaccination, needs to be pressed upon their attention. Let Christianity send forth messengers to the ends of the earth with samples

of her products. But let it be remembered that these products are not books, nor creeds, nor organizations, but sanctified lives. Central Africa never began to understand Christian civilization till it became incarnate among them in David Livingstone. Go on, brave reader, and preach yourself a sermon from this text.

PHILOSOPHERS came from a distant land
 To Philosophy's ancient seat,
 With reverent purpose to kiss her hand,
 And sit at her sacred feet.

But they came, as they very quickly found,
 Some centuries too late ;
 Yet, nothing daunted, they bustled around
 To administer her estate.

Now she had an altar, quaint and old,
 With inscription in relief—
 [To THE UNKNOWN GOD.]; and they said, " Behold,
 We will make it plain and brief."

So, with Vandal zest, they chiseled away
 That final word alone,
 And in London that altar stands to-day
 With the legend — [To THE UNKNOWN—]

SWEET are the uses of eminence, and one of the sweetest is to bring deliverance from the petty despotism of Mrs. Grundy. What an exacting tyranny she capriciously exercises over us common-lotters. What we shall wear, in sight and out of sight, is prescribed with infinitesimal and exasperating minuteness, without re-

gard to our taste, comfort, means, or even health. Not only does she dictate what and how we shall eat and drink ; what we shall and shall not converse upon, and with what particular barbarism of affected speech ; what we shall like, and dislike ; what we shall read, and think ; but even what we shall *be*, not only physically and intellectually, but *morally*. Ignorance of her artificial requirements is a capital offence. To be bad is no discredit ; to be good is no merit, but to be *green* is treason.

But to the eminent, the famous, she becomes the most obsequious of sycophants. Every violation of custom is indulgently accepted as a mark of genius. Nor is the distinction between the minor moralities of mere custom and the weightier matters of the moral law at all regarded. "The king can do no wrong," is here interpreted and applied with such latitude and variety that to be her favorite is "greater than a king." Oh, that I were eminent, or Mrs. Grundy were dead!

METAPHYSICAL reasoning is an immense deal of marvelously skillful labor for a ridiculously meager result. Usually it is an intricate, tedious, laborious, doubtful process of reducing, separating, and refining, in which a ton of ore furnishes an infinitesimal particle of shining stuff, which the next assayer pronounces not gold, and casts away as base metal. He then patiently works over the whole mass of rubbish with a like result, and suffers the same humiliation from the next¹ comer. When a real metaphysical metaphysician begins to handle metaphysics metaphysically the old saw, *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*, is utterly inadequate. It should read, The ocean is in travail, a microscopical monad will be brought forth ; for often has the great sea

of human thought been agitated to its profoundest depths, with just such meager results. The latest and most notable example of this is found in the so-called "Higher Criticism."

FREEDOM under law, is freedom *limited*. Is it, therefore, no longer freedom? Our bodies are free to move, even though we can not jump over the moon; because the law of gravity limits this freedom. Yet these limits are wide enough to permit all the varied, healthful, and blessed activities of useful industry. Within these limits the freedom is real and genuine. An active young man by an act of *will*, through a good pair of legs, can defy the law of gravity till he cracks his heels three times. This is liberty enough; that is, gives a field large enough, to produce an honest livelihood. Apply this plain fact analogically to the freedom of thought, and that much mystified subject, the freedom of the will; and it will be found, in each case, that this freedom is neither zero nor infinity, but a definite positive sum quite sufficient to make room for duty and responsibility.

WE recently heard a lecture on the woman question. The ideas advanced in it were familiar enough, but the platform was an unusual one. It was a step-ladder. The lecturer was a paper-hanger; and as he bent to trim and smooth the paper about the edges, he remarked: "Ye would n't suppose that women foller this business, now would ye? I know a woman as is a paper-hanger, an' she makes more'n I kin. I do n't think it's a woman's place, though. She's gettin' out of her sphere when she gets onto a step-ladder." However we may

smile at this step-ladder eloquence, and at other eloquence similar in its logic, if more grammatical in its expression, from other platforms, the whole discussion of woman's capabilities is an evidence of Christian civilization. Savage races are not agitated upon this subject. Their opinions on the woman question are highly conservative. Through the discussion has come better opportunities for women in all fields, industrial, educational, and religious, until the Christian woman of to-day stands like Joan of Arc, armed for every battle, tingling with courage in every vein, and longing to lead her brethren up to victory after victory, along the march toward the final coronation of the King of kings.

IT IS easy to say to men, "Be original;" but it is better to say to them, "Be true." There is no affectation more disagreeable than a conscious effort at originality. It is better to say a true thing, even though a similar thing has been said before, than to seek to attract attention by a startling utterance that is not the truth. It is better to say bravely, "I give you that which is not mine, but I give it because it will help and bless you," than to say things that have neither help nor blessing in them, even though they chance to be original. Who would not rather be a mocking-bird than a screech-owl?

HOWEVER frivolous a life of devotion to fashionable society may seem to us, there is more hope for the person who persistently follows it, believing it to be worthy of him, than for the carping critic who stands aloof and criticises all society, while seeking no remedy for its evils. It is easier to cultivate a respect for the

man who does even a foolish thing earnestly, than for one who, while recognizing the emptiness of his neighbor's object, still refuses to put a worthier aim in his neighbor's way.

THE bee that stores a wealth of sweets away,
The squirrel hiding treasure in the wood ;—
These shame the man who revels for the day,
And recks not of his everlasting good.

IT is one of the easiest things in the world to get a reputation for saying witty things, if one is willing to be witty at the expense of other people's feelings. Mr. Hurtall is a witty man. His brilliant speeches are repeated at the club with the prelude: "O say! have you heard Hurtall's latest?" But Mr. Hurtall's wit is the terror of his wife, his children, his servants, his friends. No one thinks the more of him for it, and there are a few people who are bold enough to say that they think the less.

THE man who laughs amid his care,
And lifts the care of others,
Is richer than the millionaire,
And all men are his brothers.

THE old nursery tale of the good, good girl, whose lips rained pearls and diamonds, and the bad, bad girl whose lips rained frogs and lizards, is not all a myth. One has only to take a short ride on the train to find the counterpart of the bad, bad girl. She is as lovely as a flower to look upon. Her complexion is exquisite, her features daintily moulded, her lips and teeth so per-

fect that one would never think that such creatures as are named in the nursery legend could issue from between them. She plumps herself down, spreads out her skirts, and says, in answer to her companion's question: "Had a good time? Well, I should blush to murmur! Why, I've had a daisy time; and oh, I made *such* a mash;—the most perfectly"—O Queen's English! How long shall such unseemly creatures as these continue to come forth from lips that should give us thy pearls and diamonds?

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BLOOD COVENANT AND ITS BEARINGS ON SCRIPTURE. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D. D., Author of *Kadesh Barnea*. Pp. 342. \$2.00. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

Here is a book *sui generis*. It looks at first suspiciously like the embodiment of some visionary hobby, and the suspicion is partly confirmed by the blood-red lines, and sanguinary picture on the outside. But the reader will soon find that in the three lectures which constitute the chief part of the work, several interesting propositions are clearly set forth and industriously sustained by numerous testimonies from all tribes, nations and ages.

The first proposition is that blood-covenanting was a universal rite, and that under all its various forms it was based upon the idea of the covenanting parties sharing each other's blood—a sharing of *life*. This tie of blood friends or blood-brothers is shown to be most

sacred and indissoluble. It is still practiced in many countries. The giving of blood is the giving of life, and to shed one's blood for the good of another is the highest token of loving self-surrender. Many instances of this are given. Then there arose the idea and practice of vicarious blood-covenanting, and finally the substituting of wine—the blood of the grape—for blood. But through all forms there is the same thought of life-giving and life-sharing.

A few quotations from various pages will better indicate the line of thought: "The inter-commingling of the blood of two organisms is, according to this view, equivalent to the inter-commingling of the lives, personalities and natures thus brought together" (page 38). "We have already noted proofs of the independent existence of this rite of blood-brotherhood or blood-friendship, among the three great divisions of the race in Asia, Africa, Europe, America, and the islands of the sea" (page 57). "As the token of the blood-covenants is sometimes fastened about the *arm*, and sometimes about the *neck*, so the encircling necklace, as well as the encircling armlet, is sometimes counted as the symbol of a covenant of very life" (p. 76). "Another illustration of the truth that it is *the blood itself*, and not any suffering caused by its flowing, that is counted the proof of affection; by its representing the outpoured life, in pledge of covenant fidelity" (p. 87). "Blood is not death, but life. The shedding of blood, Godward, is not the taking of life, but the giving of life" (p. 148). "There is no lack of proof that in China, as elsewhere all the world over, blood—as life—is the means of covenanting in an indissoluble inter-union, of which inter-union inter-communion is a

result and a proof" (p. 152). "Abraham's surrender of his first-born son to God was in proof of his loving trust, not of his sense of a penalty due for sin. Jephthah's surrender of his daughter was on a vow of devotedness, not as an exhibition of remorse, or of penitence for unexpiated guilt. In each instance the outpouring of substitute blood was in evidence of a desire to be in new covenant oneness with God" (p. 166). "It would seem that the common custom of 'drinking health' is but a degenerate modification, or a latest vestige, of the primitive right of covenanting in a sacred friendship, by means of commingling bloods shared in a wine-cup" (p. 201). "Among English, Americans, and Germans, the touching of two glasses together in this health-pledging is a common custom, as if in symbolism of a community in the contents of the two cups" (p. 201). "A covenant made by the inter-commingling of blood has been recognized as the closest, the holiest, and the most indissoluble compact conceivable. Such a covenant clearly involves an absolute surrender of one's separate self, and an irrevocable merging of one's individual nature into the dual, or the multiplied, personality included in the compact. Man's highest and noblest outreachings of soul have, therefore, been for such a union with the Divine Nature as is in this human covenant of blood" (p. 204). "Abel so trusts God that he gives *himself* to him. Cain defers to God sufficiently to make a *present* to him. The one shows unbounded faith; the other a measure of affectionate reverence" (p. 211). "This idea of the surrender of an only son, not in expiation of guilt, but in proof of unselfish and limitless affection, runs down through the ages apart from any apparent trace

of connection with the traditions of Abraham and Isaac" (p. 227). "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends, and no man, as the Oriental mind views it, can so utterly lay down his life as when he lays down the larger life of his only son" (p. 229). "It is the same in the New Covenant as it was in the Old. Atonement, salvation, rescue, redemption, is by the blood, the life, of Christ; not by his death as such; not by his broken body in itself; but by that blood which was given at the inevitable cost of his broken body, and of his death" (p. 287).

A voluminous appendix of additional facts and testimonies is added, making an exceedingly interesting and suggestive volume.

"The Homiletic Review" for January is an excellent number, with a varied table of contents, supplied by the most eminent writers. There are four "Sections," namely, Review, Sermonic, Miscellaneous, and Editorial; or, you might call them four "Courses" to the bill of fare running from solids to dessert, and each course is full and well-prepared. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

There was published by Harper & Brothers, in 1876, a book which should not be allowed to go out of print. It is entitled, "The Papacy and the Civil Power," and is in several ways a peculiar and noteworthy work. Its author is not a historian, and yet the book is one of the most intelligible and impartial histories of the rise and development of Catholicism extant. He is not a theologian; yet, in the discussion of the

conflicts and relations of civil and ecclesiastical powers, he betrays a familiarity with religious doctrines, polemics, and parties, which would do credit to a D. D. The author is an accomplished lawyer, statesman, and man of affairs, and a former cabinet officer of the United States—Col. R. W. Thompson. The volume contains over seven hundred octavo pages, but there is not one too many; nor does the author on any one of them forget the main point of his discussion, namely, the attitude which the papacy has occupied toward civil government. He shows with the clearness and skill of a trained lawyer that this attitude has been, at all times and in all countries, the same. It has always claimed supreme authority, both temporal and spiritual, and has sought to make good this claim upon every opportunity, and by any sort of means; military power, treachery, bribery, or Jesuitical intrigue. The author shows from modern Catholic acts and utterances, that, amid all her misfortunes and reverses in Europe, the Church has not abated one jot or tittle from this despotic claim, and that the same doctrine applies to our own country. The logic of recent events, reinforced by the logic of a thousand years of history, is here brought to bear in masterly fashion to demonstrate a great peril which threatens our free institutions, and our republic itself, through Papal and Jesuitical intrigues.

This work is not the product of some narrow, bigoted hobbyist, or crank lecturer, or envious churchman, or sensational alarmist, but the sober and well-digested utterance of a patriot statesman, whose professional training, long familiarity with public affairs, and tolerant temper, fit him well for such a work.

Every citizen ought to be in possession of the book, and especially every family where children are being trained for American citizenship. There should be issued a new edition of the work, and as cheap as it can be made.

THE PENTATEUCH: Its origin and Structure. By EDWIN CONE BISSELL, D. D., of Hartford Theological Seminary, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. Price \$3.00

Here we have a well-printed book of 484 pages. The type and material are all that could be desired, but the proof-reader seems not to have been at his best. Sixty-five pages are devoted to a "Literature of the Pentateuch and the Related Criticism of the Old Testament," giving about two thousand works on this subject. This formidable list, though bewildering to the ordinary reader, will be invaluable to the scholar and rummager of libraries, as it puts into his hands the memoranda for an exhaustive investigation of this subject.

In this work Prof. Bissell investigates the work and results of the German scholars, who are the real authors and representatives of the so-called "Higher Criticism;" and of whom W. Robertson Smith is only an echo. To this task he seems to have brought a thorough preparation and a patient and impartial temper.

The introduction is admirable—giving an outline of the field of inquiry; its chief divisions and prominent features, and the character and purposes of its explorers—and is really an introduction; while the second chapter, a "Historical Sketch of the Criticism," is as concise and satisfactory as it could well be. It has been the plan of the author to state fairly the position and claims of this critical school, concerning the order and time of

publication of the books of the Bible, as represented by Graff, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, and then subject them to thorough analytic tests. The chapters in which this is done are not pastime reading, but are interesting to those who would be well-informed and fully convinced in these matters of learned controversy. The simple outcome is, that in each of the tests, so industriously and conscientiously applied in chapters 3-10, the "Higher Criticism" hopelessly breaks down.

An amusing feature of the book is the evident effort which the author makes to treat respectfully these self-conscious, pragmatical, theological Vandals. His attempt to forget that they are rank unbelievers, speaking not in the name of scholarship, but of atheism, is only partially successful. There is a sarcasm and an irony in his very methods and facts and arguments which he tries to soften and mitigate, but which will not down, and involuntarily he gives them voice in such passages as these :

"Sidney Smith speaks of some one whose forte was science, but whose foible was omniscience. Whatever the forte of our critics may be, they have a very decided foible for omniscience. They claim to be able not only to tell us exactly, and by the score, where passages have been inserted in the text, and the hand that did it, but, something inconceivable to any one but God alone, where they have been left out."

"When one calls the Book of the Covenant, with all its striking characteristics Elohist, while others call it Jehovistic, it touches the vital question of the analysis at a vital point. It is an axe laid at the root of the tree."

"That there are persons who are unable to bring

themselves to believe in supernatural interpositions in human history, is no reason why one should part with his common sense in seeking to account for the history of Israel."

"The criticism that would impute to our lawgiver the folly of expressing, in the limits of a single verse, ideas so contradictory as that the Israelites had long been settled in Canaan, and that they had not yet entered it, condemns itself."

"But all critics, fortunately, have not to struggle with so credulous an incredulity as that of Julius Wellhausen."

"But it is said that the earlier prophets show decided opposition to the offering of sacrifices in themselves considered, and they could not have known and acknowledged this Levitical code which prescribes them and contains the ritual by which they were afterward to be governed. If such a claim were not made by men of learning and responsible positions we could hardly regard it as seriously meant."

"To a logic of this sort we know of no surer or speedier antidote than to display it."

"What the majority of men and women who have the Bible wish to know is what the Biblical writers themselves say. What the critic has to say, if it contradict the Bible, will doubtless be taken for what it is worth."

These quotations are taken at random throughout the volume, and each utterance will be found fully justified by the context; and seems to be about the mildest expression possible under the circumstances. It is an admirable book, and exposes these German omniscientists in some very ludicrous attitudes of self-worship.

Every preacher would be much better prepared to counteract this pretentious, and wholly insincere, phase of infidelity called "Higher Criticism," if he should carefully study this volume.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

Andover Review, for January. Monthly of 116 pages. \$4.00 per year; 35 cents per number. Boston:—Houghton, Middleton & Co.

The Pulpit Treasury; E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway, New York. \$2.50 per year; single copy 25 cents. Clergymen \$2.00 per year.

The Missionary Review; Princeton, N. J. Terms, \$1.50 per year, in advance. For January and February, 1886.

MY PSALM.

O words that, like a bugle call,
Arouse our souls and comfort give
When round our lives the shadows fall,
And naught inviteth us to live,

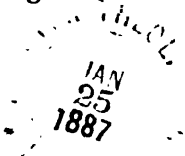
"The Lord of Hosts my Shepherd is"!
Ah! on the mountains long I strayed;
When near me bayed the wolves of sin,
"Thy rod and staff" my fear allayed.

"I shall not want" for any good;
In pastures green content I lie;
"Beside still waters" am I led
By holy guidance from on high.

Across my broken purposes
I build this bridge that naught can break;
In future "paths of righteousness"
My feet shall tread "for His name's sake."

When oft, with sobs and tears of pain,
I pluck renunciation's flower,
The Lord "restores my soul" again,
And makes me feel His strength'ning power.

Within the vale where shadows brood,
No evil thing shall me betide;



For Thou art there, O Shepherd good !
Thy loving hand shall be my guide.

So when dark doubts my thoughts infest,
Let me take up this blessed chant :
"The Lord who doeth all things best
My Shepherd is—I shall not want."

FRONIA A. SMITH.

THE SPRINGS OF INFIDELITY.

No one need ever fear the spread of infidelity from well written and thoughtful books. If these were averse to Christianity, still, the number of those who would read them, and thereby come to adopt infidel views, would be very small. Out of the whole number of unbelievers in the United States, perhaps not one in a thousand has imbibed skeptical views in that way. I have never met but one man who seemed to imagine that unbelief could be advanced by argument. After one has adopted infidelity, he may even read the most thoughtful productions of infidels, but he does this in self-defense. The "Age of Reason," written by Mr. Paine, has had a very limited sale. I have met thoughtful Christians who were afraid of the works of infidel scientists. But this is a needless fear. Those who can read them understandingly are perfectly competent to separate their guesses, or the facts which they have been able to present. And those who are not thus learned and thoughtful, will never read their books, nor would they understand them if they did. Morissa said he cared nothing for all that might be written and printed about him, for his constituents could not read; but that the cartoons might ruin him, as they were read and laughed at by every one. So it is with the great mass of "free (?) thinkers;" they are influenced by the cartoons, the grimaces, the contortions of those whose minds are like their own. I have

never yet met an infidel who was familiar with the Bible or history.

It is said that as Germany became learned her people receded from faith in Christ and the Bible. This may be true, and yet there may be no connection between their learning and their unbelief. If this were found true everywhere, then it would contain the features of legitimate argument. But such is not the case. Hence, as learning has not increased infidelity in other lands, it is not legitimate to argue that it has been the cause of German unbelief. We must look for the cause of this flow of doubt elsewhere. In my opinion it came from two sources.

1. The secularization of all their schools. The professors, even in the chairs of theology, were appointed by the government. Hence they were thrown open to political barter. The result was, all the chairs in their colleges came to be filled by men who would angle for them. This left them to be occupied by men of political shrewdness, rather than of Christian conscience. In this way, unbelief has been as much taught as history and science. Even the teachers of theology were as infidel as the rest. In this way, the best mind of Germany has been trained to infidelity for two hundred years. These persons, being leaders in society, have moulded public sentiment.

2. The sale and use of lager beer has contributed more to unbelief than have German schools. The effect of that beverage is the excitement of the animal and the paralysis of the human. Lust is developed and conscience blunted, and the whole nature made to seek for some apology for iniquity, or divorce from restraint. A sodden soul takes to infidelity as a fish to water.

If we take a view of our own country, we shall not find unbelievers the equals of their neighbors in point of general information. And in the large majority of cases, a bad heart and a bad life are the secret springs of unbelief. The saloons and brothels of this country contribute more to the cause of infidelity than all the lectures and books that ever have been written against the Bible.

With all the iniquity-producing forces in the land, it is not strange that an infidel lecturer can easily ignite this combustible material, and by so doing create the impression that he has turned the people away from God by his arguments. And yet by setting on fire this course of nature, he spreads destruction to others, who are caught away in the whirl and blaze thus kindled and thus maintained. Those who read and enjoy the speeches of the great high priest of blatherskites only appreciate his wit and ridicule. They do not know whether he is telling a lie or the truth. Nor have they much interest in such fine questions.

But what are we to do in order to remove this infidel power, and prevent it from ruining the young men of the land? I would recommend,

1. Increase the intelligence of the people respecting Christian evidences as much as possible.
2. Sometimes it is absolutely necessary to hold up the leaders of infidelity to the contempt of a reading, thinking world. I do not mean that we should ever try to make the people laugh at "Bob" as he makes them laugh at the Bible, by the mere dint of buffoonery, but that we are compelled to take his statements and arguments, and exhibit their weakness and their senselessness. Thousands and tens of thousands of his followers will not

know the difference between his arguments and ours. But they can tell on which side the people laugh, and that is more to them than all facts and arguments.

3. I would put down the saloon and brothel business. To these stagnant, putrid pools, young men are led and made to saturate their souls with the abomination that fits them for infidelity here, and hell hereafter.

D. R. DUNGAN.

CONTENT.

Can you tell me where she dwells—the maid
I met but yester-morning,
As through the crowded thoroughfare
I took my homeward way?
Oh, the June sky shed its mellow glory,
Land and sea adorning,
But her face, lit by its still, deep smile,
Was brighter far than they.

Do you know that look of hers? Oh, fair
Above all earth-born daughters
Is she, the maid with placid brow
And softly radiant mien;
With voice whose lulling melody
Is sweet as tuneful waters,
And tender eyes, all luminous
With peace and joy serene.

Oh, blithely swelled the lark's glad song
Through the stainless azure ringing,
And a thousand throats made answer
From thicket, bush and tree;
But when she spoke, the summer air
Stirred with diviner singing,
And all earth's discords melted in
Celestial harmony.

And many were the sons of men
Who sought to buy her favor
With offerings of gold and gems,
With pearls and purple fine ;
But all in vain : she naught will have
That breathes an earthly savor,
"For I am born of Trust," she said ;
"My mother is divine."

"I nothing lack, in sooth, good friends—
And now I must be going,"
She said with look of grave rebuke
And sweetest pity blent ;
"Oh, stay!" they cried, "give name and home ;"
And then, a smile bestowing,
"My mother's sphere is mine," she said,
"And I am called *Content*."

Then plead we all : "*Abide with us*,"
But, ah ! we could not stay her ;
She heard us not, but gathered close
Her robe for instant flight ;
Some wept, some sought to clutch her hand,
And so perchance delay her ;
But she was gone ; we knew not how
She vanished from our sight.

Now I am seeking her, the maid
I met but yester-morning—
So fair and calm, who nothing lacks,
Who strangely came and went ;

And this I know: she dwells with Trust,
Her realm divine adorning,
For she a heaven-born daughter is,
And she is called *Content*.

E. E. C. GLASIER.

THANKSGIVING.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, meekly kneeling
Before Thee, while the daylight slowly dies,
In this calm hour my inmost soul revealing
To Thy most holy eyes.

I bless Thee for the long day's labor ended,
And for the strength that made my burdens light;
I praise Thee for the tender hands extended
Over my home to-night.

I bless Thee for the love that chastened kindly
My willful spirit in the days of old,
When I, Thy wayward child, was choosing blindly
The dross before the gold!

I bless Thee for the voice of consolation
That speaks in gentlest tones of pardoned sin,
And bids me strive, through sorrow and temptation,
My golden crown to win.

Oh, for His sake whose love all love excelleth,
Extend Thy care through all my nights and days,
And from the place wherein Thine honor dwelleth,
Hear and receive my praise.

— *The Quiver.*

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELISHA AS THE CENTER OF A GROUP OF CHARACTERS.

We have already seen that the power of Elisha reached into the kingdom of Judah, and had much to do, indirectly, in shaping its fortunes in a period of extreme peril. We must not suppose, because his long life was devoted almost exclusively to the kingdom of the ten tribes, that he had no interest in the affairs of the neighboring kingdom of Judah. Witnessing, as he did, the overthrow of the house of Omri, alike in Israel and in Judah, and living through the entire regency of Jehoiada and the forty years' reign of Joash — in that intensely interesting period when the "lamp of David" was burnt down to its socket, and a single rude breath might have extinguished it utterly — we can not possibly regard him either as an indifferent spectator of the usurpations and revolutions in Jerusalem, or as destitute of power, quietly exerted in shaping the course of events which snatched the royal family of David from extinction. Even Elijah, supremely devoted to Israel, did not fail to watch with keen anxiety the encroachments of the house of Omri on the house of David; and when he saw that by the unholy marriage of Jehoram, king of Judah, to Athaliah, daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, the safety of the house of David and the integrity of the law of Jehovah were imperiled, his sleepless vigilance dictated a letter of warning and denunciation

to Jehoram (II. Chron. xxi. 12-15). Not less must have been the anxiety and vigilance of Elisha at that critical period when, through the corrupt influences emanating from his own kingdom of Israel, Baal was so near to a complete victory over Jehovah in Judah and Jerusalem. We have seen, too, how the reign of Jehu, inaugurated by Elisha, reached over in its influence to Judah, thrilling the hearts of the patriotic and God-fearing with new hope and courage, and preparing the way for the overthrow of the usurpations of the daughter of Ahab. We may, therefore, properly introduce, in the outer circle of the group of characters of which Elisha was the center, Jehoiada, Jehosheba and Joash, of the kingdom of Judah.

Of Jehosheba, or Jehoshabeath, we have but little recorded, but that little leads us to desire to know much more of a character evidently noble. She was the daughter of Joram, king of Judah, and sister of Ahaziah (II. Ki. xi. 2). It is generally conjectured that while she was the daughter of Joram, she was not the daughter of Athaliah. While this may be true, it is only a conjecture. On the other hand, it is at least quite as probable that she was the daughter of Athaliah, and that the name of the mother is not mentioned by the chronicler because it was held in such universal detestation. She was married to Jehoiada, the high priest (II. Chron. xxii. 11) — the only instance on record of the marriage of a princess of the royal house with a high priest. This is significant. Jehoiada, the high priest, was the boldest and truest representative of the true religion, and of loyalty to the throne of David. Her acceptance of him as her husband, at a time when the royal house was saturated with Baalism and the court

was either in sympathy with false religion, or indifferent to the honor of Jehovah and the supremacy of His law, shows that she had decided for herself in this great controversy, and had made a right decision. A great crisis in her life had come. She must decide between the true and the false. Her parents, and the reigning influences of the court, were secretly, if not openly, in favor of Baal, and poisonous streams were flowing out over all the land from the throne and the royal palace. On the other hand stood Jehoiada, the noblest representative of the ancient faith and loyalty of Judah. The influence of her position as a member of the royal family would have much to do in weakening or strengthening the faith of the people in Jehovah in this time of peril. She turned her back to her parents and the royal court, and gave her hand and heart to the highest and noblest representative of the law of Jehovah. We see here moral courage, a noble independence, strong faith in Jehovah, a supreme regard to truth and righteousness. While there had been no open breach, as yet, between Jehovah and Baal, it was evident that, with such a man as Jehoiada on one hand, and such a woman as Athaliah on the other, war must sooner or later be declared between the throne and the altar—and Jehosheba forsook the throne and clung to the altar. The noblest elements of character are here in full bud. If, as stated in II. Chron. xxiv. 15, Jehoiada was one hundred and thirty years old at his death, and he died five years before the end of Joash's reign of forty years, he must have been ninety-five years old when he overthrew the reign of Athaliah; and as Jehoram, the father of Jehoshabeath, was thirty-two years old when he began to reign (II. Chron. xxi. 5), which

was fifteen years before Joash was crowned, Jehoiada must have been eighty years old at the beginning of the reign of Jehoram. All of which goes to show that Jehosheba *had married an old man*. It can not be regarded as a love-match. She became his wife that she might most effectually serve Jehovah, and, like Esther, was raised up for such a time as this (Est. iv. 14). This brings her noble character out into clear view.

As Baal was represented by a woman—idolatrous, determined, unscrupulous, fanatical; so Jehovah raised up a woman—pure, devout, strong-minded, vigilant, and supremely devoted to His honor, to represent Him in this tremendous controversy. Jehovah's representative triumphed. Athaliah undertook one bold and desperate movement to end the strife and secure a permanent victory for Baal—the destruction of all the heirs to the throne. She ruthlessly murdered, as she supposed, all her grandchildren (II. Ki. xi. 1). By previous calamities, all the heirs to the throne of David had been destroyed, with the single exception of the family of Ahaziah (II. Chron. xxi. 4, 17; II. Ki. x. 12-14). Ahaziah himself was slain (II. Chron. xxii. 8, 9). If, now, this cruel and ambitious woman could destroy all that remained of the seed-royal, the light of David would be quenched, and she could safely occupy the throne.

But Jehosheba was in a position to learn of this murderous purpose, and, quick and resolute in her decision, while the bloodthirsty excitement was raging, and all was tumult and rage, she quietly took possession of Ahaziah's youngest child—a babe but two months old—and hid him away, and for six years watched over this precious young life, waiting an op-

portunity to produce him as the rightful heir to the throne! Thus was the craft and cruelty and fanaticism of one woman balked by the vigilance, tender mercy, and enlightened faith of another woman. It would intensify our interest in the outcome of this struggle, and give peculiar emphasis to the retribution finally visited on this monster of cruelty, if we could be sure that the woman by whom her diabolical scheme was defeated was her own daughter.

Forever blessed be the memory of Jehoshabeath, through whose fidelity to Jehovah the flickering flame of the lamp of David was guarded, and nourished again into brightness.

Jehoiada, the high priest, must have belonged to the latter part of the reign of Jehoshaphat, and evidently partook largely of the spirit of loyalty and piety that prevailed under the sovereignty of that illustrious monarch. His course during the reigns of Jehoram and Ahaziah, and the usurpation of Athaliah, was marked by faithfulness combined with great prudence. As the worship of Jehovah was not forbidden, he contented himself with the zealous maintenance of that worship, waiting patiently for the dawning of a brighter day, when the worship of Baal might be overthrown. When the infant Joash came under his protection, he did not at once proceed to extremities with the usurping Athaliah. In quietness and in confidence was his strength (Isa. xxx. 15). He waited until the patriotic spirit kindled by Jehu's overthrow of the house of Ahab in Israel, should be inflamed by the bold impieties of Ahab's daughter in Jerusalem. The devotees of Baal soon grew bolder, and their number was doubtless largely increased by idolatrous fanatics coming from the

northern kingdom, where they were no longer safe. Jerusalem and Judæa were rapidly taking on the character of a Phœnician province. The people, looking to Jehoiada as their leader, year by year became more impatient for an uprising against the impudent and insulting authority that had been so wickedly imposed on them. When this feeling became universal and intense among the priests and prophets and people, Jehoiada proceeded to open revolution. The quietness with which all the preparations were made; the skill with which all the forces at his command were distributed; the time chosen for decisive action; the orderly manner in which the revolution was conducted; and the swift, yet deliberate, vengeance visited on the usurping queen, all tell of a master spirit at the head of the revolutionary movement. How it must have cheered the heart of Elisha to learn of the glorious outcome of the mission of judgment he had set on foot by the anointing of Jehu!

Jehoiada was for many years regent of the kingdom. The extirpation of the worship of Baal, the repairing of the temple, which had been profaned and desolated by Athaliah (II. Chron. xxiv. 7), and the general prosperity of the kingdom, indicated that in addition to his well-worn priestly dignities, he was fairly entitled to the honors of superior statesmanship. It is no wonder that, at his death, after so long a life of pious and patriotic service, he received the singular honor of a burial in state within the walls of Jerusalem, "among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house" (II. Chron. xxiv. 16). He had destroyed the power of heathenism, preserved the royal dynasty, restored the national worship to its integrity

and something of its former glory, and exalted the priesthood to an influence it had never known before. His long life testifies to his temperate habits, and his whole official career to honesty, ability, prudence, patriotism, and an uncompromising devotion to the honor and glory of Jehovah. His is one of those perfectly-rounded, symmetrical characters, which we never tire contemplating as a thing of beauty.

Joash, under the loving tutelage of Jehoiada and Jehoshabeath, grew into a fair character. His anxiety for the repairing of the temple seems to have outstripped even that of Jehoiada, and his effective measures to overcome the failure of an indolent and corrupt priesthood in raising the necessary funds for this object, prove that he was well gifted in practical wisdom (II. Chron. xxiv. 4-14). But he lacked strength of character. His was one of those weak natures which readily take the impress of present influences, whether they are good or evil. This is evident from the fact that no sooner was Jehoiada dead than new environments developed an entirely different character. The "princes" of Judah—the leaders of the proud aristocracy of the land—were still in sympathy with Baalism. Though they had been held in subjection by the strong, wise hand of Jehoiada, they secretly longed for the re-establishment of the worship of Baal as the *fashionable* religion. Their highest ambition was to ape the follies and licentiousness of Tyre, Samaria and Jezreel. They were doubtless alarmed by the growing power of the Jewish priesthood under Jehoiada. As soon as Jehoiada was out of the way, they approached the flabby king with offers of support to his throne, if he would but allow them to restore the worship of Baal. And, in de-

fiance of his education, of the whole tenor of his past life, and of all his obligations to God who preserved him, and to the people who crowned him, this king weakly yielded to their flatteries ! “ And they forsook the house of Jehovah, the God of their fathers, and served the Asherim and the idols ; and wrath came upon Judah and Jerusalem for this their guiltiness ” (II. Chron. xxiv. 17, 18). Prophets were sent to denounce this great iniquity, but no heed was given to their rebukes and warnings. At length Zechariah, the high-priest, successor to Jehoiada his father, who had been from childhood the companion of Joash, and was related by blood to him, was moved to cry out from the altar against this monstrous disloyalty and impiety, and to warn the king and the court of the dire consequences of encouraging and fostering such iniquity. Even a weak and pliant nature may become bold and stubborn when it has committed itself to falsehood and wickedness. Joash, in his rage, gave command to kill Zechariah on the spot. Right there, “ between the temple and the altar,” Jehovah’s high-priest, the son of Jehoiada and Jehosh-heba, to whom this ungrateful wretch owed his life, his throne, and all his prosperity, Joash commands his own cousin to be slain ! “ And they conspired against him, and stoned him with stones at the commandment of the king in the house of the Lord.” With calm dignity Zechariah submitted to his fate, merely saying to his murderers, “ Jehovah look upon it and require it.” Every circumstance of this murder is horrible. The rejection of God’s own message ; the indignity heaped on Jehovah’s own representative ; the outrage on justice in condemning a man to death without a hearing ; the defilement of God’s house with the blood of

murder; above all, the monstrous ingratitude that not only suffered but *commanded* the murder of the son of parents to whom the guilty king owed everything, even to life itself: stamp it as one of the most hideous of crimes. But this weak king was in the hands of his flatterers, and was deaf to every voice of reason, of honor, and of conscience. His ductile nature was bent to their wishes—he had no strength to resist—and in one hour he allowed his name to be covered with an infamy from which it can never be redeemed.

It is worthy of note that the chronicler, in pointing out the especial horror of this crime, does not speak of the dishonor done to the priesthood, or to the house of God, but of the *ingratitude* of the king. “Thus Joash the king remembered not the kindness which Jehoiada had done to him, but slew his son” (II. Chron. xxiv. 22). Ingratitude is the blackest of sins. He who is capable of casting off the obligations of gratitude, is capable of any crime. He is a lump of hideous selfishness, dead to every sense of right, and capable of being wrought into any deformity, persuaded to any injustice or outrage, that selfishness may dictate. Let us most earnestly pray God to preserve us from this awful sin.

But vengeance came, and came speedily. The few remaining years of Joash's reign were dark with the curses provoked by his faithlessness, impiety and cruelty. Hazael, king of Syria, came against Judah. Although he came against Jerusalem with only a small force, the large army of Judah was completely routed. The “princes” who seduced the king from his fidelity to Jehovah and provoked the king to murder Zechariah, were all slain, and Hazael was only bought off by Joash's surrender to him of “all the hallowed things that

Jehoshaphat, and Jehoram, and Ahaziah, his fathers, kings of Judah, had dedicated, and his own hallowed things, and all the gold that was found in the treasures of the house of the Lord, and of the king's house" (II. Ki. xii. 18). Joash was then afflicted with diseases that made him helpless. And while in this helpless condition,—his reign a terrible failure,—his body racked with pains, and his conscience with guilt—amid the execrations of a people who had come to despise and hate him, he was murdered by two of his guards. Not only was there no lamentation over the murder of the accursed ingrate, but, while he was buried in the city of David, the universal indignation of the people forbade his burial in the royal sepulchers.

To the honor of human nature be it recorded that the general horror at this ingratitude and impiety lived on through more than eight hundred years, and finds utterance from the lips of Jesus in the New Testament. The Jewish tradition concerning it, while it bears the stamp of extravagance which belongs to so much of the Talmudical writings, is still eloquent in its picturing of a crime too monstrous to be wiped out.* In the New

*They committed seven sins in that day. They killed a priest, a prophet, and a judge; they shed the blood of an innocent man; they polluted the court; and that day was the Sabbath day, and the day of expiation. When therefore Nebuzar-adan (the officer appointed over Jerusalem at its capture by Nebuchadnezzar), went up thither, he saw the blood bubbling. So he said to them, "What meaneth this?" "It is the blood," said they, "of calves, lambs and rams which we have offered on the altar." "Bring, then," said he, "calves, lambs and rams, that I may try whether this be their blood." They brought them and slew them, and that blood still bubbled, but their blood did not bubble. "Discover the matter to me," said he, "or I will tear your flesh with iron rakes." Then they said to him, "This was a priest, a prophet, and a judge, who foretold to Israel all these evils which we have suffered from you, and we rose up against him and slew him." "But I," said he, "will appease him." He brought the Rabbis and slew them upon that blood, and yet it was not pacified; he brought the children out of the schools and slew them upon it, and yet it was not quiet. So that he slew upon it

Testament Joash's crime caps the climax of unrighteous murders for which the sleepless vengeance of God was to be poured out. "That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of Abel the righteous unto the blood of Zechariah the son of Barachiah,* whom ye slew between the temple and the altar" (Matt. xxiii. 35.).

The practical lessons suggested by these various exhibitions of character—strong and weak, good and bad—are too obvious to require from us any formal statement. No thoughtful reader can contemplate them without finding abundant material for reflection, and gathering encouragements and warnings that should make him wiser and better.

Elisha lived for more than fifty years after he gave Jehu his commission, outliving Jehu and Jehoahaz his successor, and was still active in the first part of the reign of Joash, king of Israel. To what extent he mingled in the affairs of the nation, we are not informed. But judging from the quiet but effective part he took against the Syrians (II. Ki. vi., vii.), in commissioning Jehu and Hazael, and also from the great grief of king Joash at his death, as losing one who was of more worth to him than all the horses and chariots of Israel (II. Ki. xiii. 14,) we may conclude that during all his long life he was busy giving counsel, shaping events, protecting the forces of Israel from dangers, and directing their move-

94,000, and yet it was not quiet. He drew near to it himself, and said, "O Zacharias, Zacharias! thou hast destroyed the best of thy people; would you have me destroy them all"? Then it was quiet and did not bubble any more.—*Quoted from the Talmud, by Lightfoot, on Matt. xxiii. 35.*

*This Zacharias was the son of Jehoiada. The son of Barachias was another person (Zech. i. 1). There is an error in the text, probably from incorporating into the text a marginal gloss from some scribe who confounded the prophet Zecharias with the son of Jehoiada.

ments in such a way as to baffle the enemy and execute upon him the just judgments of Jehovah. We may properly conclude these chapters on Elisha by pointing to the closing scenes of his life.

The Syrians had sorely vexed and oppressed Israel. The commission which the prophet, with tearful eyes, had given to Hazael, for the chastisement of Israel, had been terribly fulfilled; and, after all his long and valuable services to his own people, he was about to die in a time of disorder and gloom, leaving his beloved Israel a prey to a foreign foe. The king, hearing of the prophet's extreme illness, went to his humble abode, to obtain, if possible, some light on his dark and troubled pathway. He wept over the prostrate form of the dying man of God, and said, "O my father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Elisha understood his anxiety. It was cheering to the prophet, as well as to the king, that this dying hour should be lighted up with prophetic visions of a brighter day for Israel. By a symbolical action Elisha was inspired to reveal that the day of deliverance from Syria was at hand. In the kindling enthusiasm of his soul, he directed another symbolical action. He gave a bundle of arrows into the hands of the king, and directed him to smite upon the ground—meaning thereby to express how Syria would be smitten by Joash. Evidently, if the king had entered into the spirit of this symbolical action, he would have smitten lustily, and kept on smiting until the prophet should bid him cease. But he smote only three times, and stayed. "And the man of God was wroth with him." Yes, the dying man flushed with anger at the half-hearted zeal of this whimpering monarch. "Thou shouldest have smitten five or six

times," he said indignantly; "thou hadst then smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice" (II. Ki. xiii. 14-19). Thus, cheered with a dying vision of returning prosperity to his country, and vexed and angered at the wretched trifle who was so unworthy to enjoy it,—earnest and heroic to the last, he closed his eyes upon this troubled world, winding up a long life of toil and anxiety, but of eminent usefulness, with a calm trust in Jehovah and an anxiety that had never wearied for the welfare of his people and the honor of the living God, whom he had so faithfully served.

ISAAC ERRETT.

THE UNSEEN IS THE REAL.

Fronting the portal held by fainting Doubt—
Fair Science, like a mighty angel, waits ;
Her jewel-hilted cimeter is out,
Her eager troops assail the brazen gates,
To storm the realms where long the frowning Fates
Have kept man's treasure, hid his richest dower,
Denied his birthright and defied his power.

The unseen and the seen together draw ;
Men catch the import now of viewless things,
And learn the weighty meaning of the law—
That all the forces, fulcrums, levers, springs,
The Father from His boundless storehouse brings
Must in the nature of His perfect plan
Be viewless to the eyes of mortal man.

The unseen is the real. Take the force
That lifts an ocean to the vaulted blue ;
That leads the winding rivers on their course ;
That brings with fingers fine the drops of dew
To thirsty flowers—we mortals may not view
Its silent footsteps, hear its voices call,
Or mark its workings, yet it is the all.

The unseen is the real. Take from stars
The viewless forces that uphold their frame,
Then chaos comes, and Jupiter and Mars,

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The Earth, the Sun—all in one mass of flame
And gas and vapor—back to whence they came,
Without a shape, a meaning, or a place,
Will vanish, viewless in the field of space.

As some strong cyclone in its onward sweep
Bears down before it all that may oppose;
As some huge torrent from the vasty deep
Knows no distinction as to friends or foes,
So in the war of matter nature chose
To let her unseen forces work their will
To conquer all, then whisper, "Peace, be still."

But when, as after storm, the air is clear,
And smiling nature is created new;
When, greeting earth, the stars seem drawing near,
And flowers are blushing in their bath of dew;
So now are standing all things pure and true—
The unseen and the seen together form
A crown of glory from the wreck and storm—

And men are in material garments found;
Immortals are in mortal garments dressed;
And through material things they walk their round
To learn their meaning as it is expressed
In weary toil, in hours of needful rest,
In loss, in gain, in sorrow and in joy,
In deeds that lift the soul, in sins that cloy.

The unseen is the real. As men learn
That they are viewless in a real sense,
Their grasp will strengthen, and they will discern
The viewless stores of force, and draw from thence

Such willing servants, with such powers intense
That what they will accomplish now would seem
The pleasing promise of a poet's dream.

The law of gravitation who can stay,
Annihilate, or turn it from its course?
What power is there that could in any way
Strike from existence any unseen force?
Then unseen man—the jewel from the source
Of unseen forces—can not cease to be—
His path lies onward through eternity.

You have not seen him. In his real form
A living man no mortal eye has seen.
The form that walks about with all its charm
Is but the cloak, the mask, the shell, the screen,
The staff, the crutch, on which the man may lean,
While on his journey through material things
To reach eternal, unseen, healing springs.

The unseen is the real. Hands and feet
Toil on, directed by a force unseen;
The man is viewless, but with power complete
He turns and guides the visible machine
Upon the mountain, through the valley green,
On trackless deserts, over ocean's wave,
And breaks and leaves it at the open grave.

And unseen evil comes, her lie to teach.
She walks the earth in guise of unclean things,
In slander's venom'd tongue she finds a speech,
And seeks expression in the fangs and stings
Of asp and viper, or on vulture's wings

Her form offends the air; her carrion breath
Is reeking with the fumes of slimy death.

Her ancient lie: that happiness is found
In pleasing forms of sin, she would proclaim.
The tinsel robe of falsehood thrown around
Her vile, polluted body, hides her shame;
Soft-sounding, luring words conceal her name;
But at the last the stealthy tiger springs,
The serpent bites, the deadly adder stings.

The unseen is the real. Cherubim,
With "wings of beaten gold stretched out on high"
Above the sacred ark; and seraphim,
With wings to veil their forms and wings to fly,
Were symbols used by Hebrew seers to try
To faintly picture forth the dazzling sheen
They saw in glimpses of the land unseen.

The Sphinx, with lion's body in repose,
Crowned with a virgin's head of mystic mould,
In secret kept the highest thought of those
Who gave their life to thought in days of old.
One thing they found more precious far than gold,
And in this guise the learned, occult seers
Sent down their riddle to the coming years.

The lion's body prone (the human race),
Its noble passions bound in bands of clay,
Surmounted with a virgin's longing face,
Uplifted high and gazing far away
Toward the golden-tinted gates of day,
But typified the mystic bond between
The mould of matter and the soul unseen.

The unseen is the real. From the throne
Of Love and Light was sent to Bethlehem,
Wrapped in an infant's form, obscure, unknown,
The brightest jewel in the diadem
Of viewless power—the pearl of price—the gem
Whose rays outshine material suns, and light
The unseen man to gardens infinite.

The unseen is the real. Down the dim,
Far-reaching aisles that lead into the past
Siddhartha's gentle voice is heard. To him,
Through cruel strivings knowledge came at last
And he beheld the real, saw the vast,
Calm, viewless ocean lave the real shore,
Where forms of matter fetter men no more.

The unseen is the real. From the dross
Of matter visible her hands combine
The velvet petals and the silken floss,
And colors rich and odors all divine,
To deck the stalk, the leaf, the clinging vine,
And clothe in green and white and blue and gold
The crude, rough castings made in matter's mould.

So unseen beauty clothes herself in bloom ;
She hides herself within the lily bell ;
She rides in fleecy clouds above the tomb ;
She lives secluded in the ocean shell ;
She spans the heaven with her bow to tell
To unseen man that all of beauty flows
From out the unseen land to which he goes.

What are the shapely forms of real trees
Upon those landscapes in that clime serene !

What leaves are kissed there by the spicy breeze
In the bright real which these pictures mean!
What flowers are blowing in the fair unseen!
What odors breathe upon the summer air!
Ah! what of beauty, what of worth is there!

Like one who, exiled long in foreign lands,
Dreams of a time when he may cease to roam;
Like one who wanders lone o'er burning sands,
Fainting, athirst and hungered, longs for home;
Like swallows, homeward bound o'er ocean's foam,
Devour the weary leagues that intervene;
So longs the unseen man for the unseen.

OTHO F. PEARRE.

FAITH CONSIDERED AS A MENTAL FACULTY.

In all reformatations and forward movements of the church, when the minds of men have been pervaded by a deep moral and spiritual earnestness, we find that *faith*, as the underlying principle of all true religion and spirituality, ever comes up for re-investigation. Faith is thus made a perpetual study which can never grow old. As faith is the basis of all true religion, and the condition of all acceptable piety, it becomes a question of great importance to know what faith is, from the religious and spiritual point of view.

1. *Faith not a supernatural gift.*—In the first place, we can not say that faith is a supernatural gift. Yet this is the answer given by the theological standards. These teach that faith is a divine grace, or gift, wrought into the heart by the direct and supernatural agency of the Holy Spirit. As thus viewed, it is a fruit, or result, of regeneration. This view can not be received because it can not be reconciled with the doctrine of human responsibility. The Bible teaches that man has the same power to exercise faith in religious matters that he has to exercise *belief* in the ordinary affairs of life. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

2. *Not the belief of testimony.*—In the next place, we affirm that faith is not the mere belief of testimony either human or divine. This affirmation is made in opposition to those learned authorities who have writ-

ten on faith, such as Carson, Chalmers, Pearson, and A. Campbell. The last-named authority says: "Faith indeed, is always but the conviction of the truth of testimony, whether that testimony be human or divine." Those holding that faith is the mere belief of testimony tell us that where testimony begins faith begins, and where testimony ends faith ends. We regard this view of faith as shallow and defective in the extreme. This view has been productive of evil, because it has been allowed to come in and obscure the deeper moral and spiritual aspect of faith.

Belief is the intellectual assent of the mind to the facts of history, to things credible, whether these pertain to religion or to the ordinary affairs of life. It is also the intellectual assent to the truth of scientific and moral propositions. Belief is a matter of the intellect; it does not necessarily involve the feelings and the will. But true religious faith which justifies and saves, as we wish to show, is intensely and largely an affair of the feelings—a great moral energy in the soul, transforming and renewing the life and character. It is "with the heart man believes in order to righteousness." "Faith works by love, and purifies the heart." Hence faith, as a moral and spiritual energy, is "the victory that overcomes the world."

Again, if faith were the mere belief of testimony, then it would be what mathematicians call a "constant quantity," not susceptible of degrees, or different stages of development. But we are taught that faith exists in different stages, as "little" and "great," "weak" and "strong," active and inactive, "perfect" and "dead."

Mere belief originates nothing, but passively receives whatever is presented to the mind on sufficient testi-

mony. On the other hand, faith is necessarily active—a living moral principle, growing, energizing and transforming and renewing the life and character.

3. *The true nature of faith.*—What, then, is the true nature of faith? From the Pauline standpoint, we think it can be shown that faith is a primitive, original and innate faculty of the mind, which, like other faculties, has its special function in the harmonious growth and development of the soul. Just as conscience is our moral faculty by which we form ideas of right and wrong, or as the æsthetic sense is our mental faculty by which we apprehend and enjoy beauty, so faith is our spiritual faculty by which we apprehend and enjoy spiritual, divine and supernatural things. *Faith, then, is the mental faculty which finds its true and special function in the apprehension of the supernatural.* Man was made to live and move within two systems—the system of nature, made up of sensible, material and visible things, and the system that is above nature, *i. e.*, the supernatural, consisting of the supersensible, the spiritual, the divine and eternal. God has given man faculties adapted to each of those two spheres of being. He has given him the mental faculty usually termed the scientific and logical *understanding*, by which man investigates the properties of matter, and discovers the forces and laws which belong to the sphere of nature. But to enable man to go beyond the bounds of natural and sensible things, and to apprehend and enjoy supernatural and divine things, he needs another faculty adapted to move in this higher sphere of being. God, who has made man a dual being to live and move in both those spheres, the *natural* and the *supernatural*, has therefore given him, in addition to his scientific

faculty, the religious faculty which with Paul goes by the name of *faith*.

4. *Paul's definition of faith*.—This view of faith is sustained by Paul when he says: "*Faith is the substance of things hoped for.*" What is meant by calling faith *substance*? The original *hupostasis* corresponds, etymologically, with our word understanding. The Latin *substantia*, anglicized into "substance," means the same thing. Now, what the understanding as our scientific faculty is to the natural world, faith as our religious faculty is to the supernatural and spiritual world. By the *understanding* the natural world is held up and presented to the mind as an object of thought and enjoyment. In like manner, we say that faith is the *understanding* "of things hoped for." By the faculty of faith, which finds its special and exclusive function in the apprehension of things supernatural, the things of the Christian's hope are made to assume a reality in the mind, and thereby to become a matter of knowledge and enjoyment. We then say with Paul, that "faith is the substance (or understanding) of things hoped for;" because, by this mental faculty, supernatural, divine and eternal things are made to assume a reality in the mind, and become a power, possession and enjoyment.

That faith is the mental faculty which has its exclusive function in the apprehension of supernatural things, further appears from its relation to the Christian hope. What are the "things hoped for"? We reply that they are all supernatural things—things which are above and beyond the natural system and order, and which can not, therefore, be realized through the workings of natural law, but only through the supernatural power of God. Man may act under the influence of

hope based on a belief in the uniformity and constancy of natural laws; but the things of the Christian's hope, those "exceeding great and precious promises," rest for their fulfillment, not on the workings of natural law, but on the supernatural power of God. Reposing on the supernatural power of God through faith, "we look for an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fades not away," even for "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

We thus learn that faith is not a cold and passive receptivity — the belief of testimony — but that it is an earnest aspiration for the supernatural and divine, filling the soul with a burning and flaming hope, working by love, purifying the heart and overcoming the world.

But Paul does not stop by saying "faith is the substance (or understanding) of things hoped for;" he also says faith is "evidence (or conviction) of things not seen." In the former aspect faith is viewed more especially in its moral aspect as an emotional striving and aspiration after divine and supernatural things. Faith brings the future into the present, and gives it all the reality and moral power over the soul, as though it were already a present possession and enjoyment. What memory is to the past, faith is to the future. But when it is said faith is "the conviction of things not seen," it is viewed more especially in its intellectual aspect as a regulating and guiding principle of life. The man who lives and moves in the higher supernatural and spiritual sphere of thought and feeling, "walks by faith, looking not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are unseen," *i. e.*, at the things which lie beyond the sphere of sense, and which are therefore supernatural and eternal. Hence, if the apostle had

stopped by saying "faith is the understanding, or realization, of things hoped for," his definition would have been incomplete, because faith has a two-fold aspect—*moral* and *intellectual*. Faith, as the mental faculty by which we apprehend things supernatural, needs the coöperation of all our other mental faculties. The mind acts as a unit, whether in perceiving, imagining, judging, believing, or in exercising faith. Hence, without the coöperation of the intellect, faith becomes a blind groping of the soul—a feeling after God without being able to find Him. In the former aspect, as already indicated, faith is the foundation of religious hope, aspiration, enthusiasm and moral power. In this aspect faith enlists the feelings of the heart. But in the latter aspect, as "*conviction*," the intellectual faculties are enlisted, so that it thus becomes the guiding and regulating principle of the moral and religious life. In the former aspect, faith, being viewed as a moral striving and aspiration, has exclusive reference to the future; while as "*conviction*," which describes an intellectual phase of mind, faith applies to the past, the present or the future. The light of the body, with reference to visible and natural things, is the eye; the light of the soul, with reference to invisible and supernatural things, is faith. If this light be darkness, how great is the darkness.

We have here an illustration of the great law of relation and adjustment between organs and their environment. "God," says the son of Sirach, "has made all things double;" just as the eye shows by its structure that it is adapted to and correlated with a world of light, so the organ or faculty of faith finds its true correlations and affinities in God and a supernatural

world. If there were no unseen and supernatural world, then we should have the strange anomaly of a faculty with no corresponding object—a receptivity in man for the supernatural and spiritual when there are no supernatural and spiritual—an eye in a world of darkness. /

But the faith-faculty, like all other mental faculties, needs to be enlightened and developed. Just as conscience, our moral faculty, needs light to guide it aright, so faith needs the light of spiritual truth. Without the light of truth, faith can not rise to the stage of clear conviction. Whence comes this light? God has given man a three-fold revelation; namely, in nature, in the soul, and in the Bible. This latter in the fullness of time culminated in Christ. The light of nature was sufficient, as shown by Paul, to have kept men from idolatry. The human soul, made in the image of God, spontaneously develops, to a certain extent, the idea of God. Those who have no supernatural revelation show by the workings of conscience that the principles of the moral law are "written in their hearts." But these revelations were not sufficient for the development of the faith-faculty into clear conviction. Nature reveals a mechanical God who is a mighty embodiment of physical forces and inexorable laws, while the image of God in the soul has become blurred and dimmed by sin. But only a personal God, who is an embodiment of the moral attributes, can meet the demands of faith, in which thought responds to thought, love to love, and Spirit to spirit. Only in Christ does faith find such a personal revelation. Perfect moral purity, divine love, compassion, and ineffable tenderness and sympathy, shone forth in His life, so that He was a perfect revelation of the divine nature in all its effulgence and glory.

Faith in such a Person becomes a mighty energy working by love. "Christ in the *soul*, the hope of glory." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." "The life which I now live in the flesh," says the apostle, "I live by the faith of the Son of God."

We may now close with a re-statement of the thesis of this paper; namely, that *faith is the name of a mental faculty which has for its special function the apprehension of the supernatural*. Paul, after giving his definition of faith in the first verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, illustrates this by no less than fifteen examples of the nature and power of faith as shown in the lives of Old Testament worthies. In all of these the faith was an apprehension, realization, and conviction of things supernatural.

PROF. J. M. LONG.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

V.—GAMES AND GAMING.

In an earnest consideration of that phase of modern social amusements which consists of games, the Christian is brought face to face with these questions, viz.: Shall I, in order to the preservation of my Christian character and for the best interests of the church of God, refuse all games, because they are games and therefore sinful, as pastimes? Or, may I permit and enjoy all games, because many people make little or no distinction between games? Or, am I in duty bound to examine the games used, or proposed, and permit and encourage only those which are not demoralizing?

It is no trivial question to the honest-hearted follower of Christ, especially in view of the wide-spread disposition, both among the members of the body of Christ and the people of the world, to indulge in games. All the most thoughtful and intelligent of modern teachers of morals with one voice declare that there is nothing sinful in playing any game for mere amusement, and that, therefore, games used as pastimes only, are not immoral, *per se*.

Although it possibly may be wrong for certain persons to waste time, at certain periods, in such ways, yet, the mere playing of the game is not sinful, and the question of the true use of one's time is another

matter. But it is held that if money, or its equivalent, is bet, or staked in any way, on the outcome of the game, it becomes at once a sporting game, and so immoral.

It is also held that games which are easily or naturally converted into sporting games, which are carried on chiefly for the sake of the money at stake, are more dangerous to morals and yet more enticing than any other.

This would appear to make the right or wrong of a game turn upon the question, whether or not there is anything at stake besides the game itself.

Admitting the truth of these conclusions, still, we think that there are other considerations. There is much more in the nature of the game; whether it is a game of skill or a game of chance, than Christian people have been wont to admit.

Games may be classified, as we have shown, under heads: (*a*) Games of skill; (*b*) games of chance, and (*c*) games combined of skill and chance.

While it is only too true that men who are disposed to gamble may bet on any game, it is also true that the distinctively sporting games, those used for gambling, are games of chance, in preference to games of skill, and the parties playing are more likely to bet on a game of chance than on a game of skill, whatever the lookers-on may do.

For these reasons we regard it as most unfortunate that in the moral instruction of the world there has not been kept distinctly before the minds of the people the very important difference in these respects between games of chance and games of skill.

The disposition to gamble in games of chance, as

compared with games of skill, is as 97 to 3. That is to say, gamblers prefer games of chance ninety-seven times where games of skill are chosen three times.

It is further true, that many popular games of skill have never been in any way allied to gambling, or playing for money, although it is said that the temptation to cheat is nearly as great in the one as in the other.

The reason for so decided a preference is obvious. Chance has no apparent, or assignable, cause, and when fairly dealt, or played, a game of chance is free from design and hence becomes fortune's element.

Human life, in its environments, is supposed to afford each man like opportunity with all others, to win.

Moreover, this is no new opinion, for it was advocated by Solomon. Ecclesiastes ix. 11 :

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

"Skill" and "chance" are both used in this quotation from the wise king, and if the words are used in their present common acceptance, then it is apparent that, in the ordering of human affairs, chance excels skill.

It is proper to say, however, it is probable that the true teaching of the language of the preacher is, that success in these outward things is not always the award of desert, but comes by what is called "*chance*" by the world and "*providence*" by the children of God.

Paley said: "There must be chance in the midst of design, by which we mean that events which are not

designed necessarily arise from the pursuit of events which are designed. The opposites of apparent chance are constancy and sensible interposition."

Nevertheless the belief in the omnipotence of chance is almost universal and is the real cause of gambling.

How often has the following familiar utterance of Shakespeare been quoted, as justifying the doctrine of chance :

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

In fact, there have been giant minds given to the immortalizing of chance, as note the following :

"Chance governs all."—MILTON.

"Chance, though blind, is the sole author of the creation."—SAINTINE.

"Discouragement seizes us only when we can count no longer on chance."—GEORGE SAND.

"Men's lives are chains of chances."—BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such the rich
That have abundance and enjoy it not."

—SHAKESPEARE.

And it is only too true that men of all degrees of intelligence trust to chance in this day.

In fact, most of men believe in the existence of "a lucky chance that oft decides the fate of mighty monarchs," and hence are willing to risk or hazard, to take the chance of good or ill, hoping they may be fortune's favored ones.

"Chance rules all above,
And shuffles with a random hand, the lots
Which men are forced to draw."

Houdin, in his somewhat notorious work, says :

"Every game of chance presents two kinds of chances which are very distinct, namely : those relating to the person interested—that is, the player, and those inherent in the combinations of the game."

Having illustrated the difference between the chance of combinations in the game and the players' luck, he turns on the light, thus :

"A player must come to the table, not only 'in luck,' but he must not risk his money, except at the instant prescribed by the rules of the maturity of chances."

Moreover, he says :

"A player should approach the gaming table perfectly calm and cool—just as a merchant or tradesman in treaty about any affair. For the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player."

"Every man who finds a pleasure in playing runs the risk of losing," says this author, and he therefore advises as follows :

"Before risking your money at play, study your 'vein,' and the different probabilities of the game—termed, as aforesaid, the maturity of chances."

It is clear from the teaching of this master in the art of gambling that the doctrine of chance lies at the foundation of all sporting for money, or gaming in hazard.

Moreover, it is apparent that since pleasure enters into amusement, as the chief element, and, since business—cold and calculating—enters into gambling, then predominance and preference is given by gamblers to games of chance rather than to games of skill.

And it is also the fair conclusion from the above, that gambling and amusements are the poles apart, so

that, in the ratio that a game is a gambler's delight, it passes from the realm of amusements.

With games of skill, more especially such as may not be played in a corner, the temptation to wager, or gamble, as it is most commonly called, is very slight indeed.

And this, chiefly because skill implies dexterity and readiness, as well as a thorough knowledge of the game.

In addition to these, in the more athletic games of skill, the physical condition of the players must enter as a consideration, and all these are matters wholly aside from chance and things which may not be counted upon as being regulated by any real or supposed rules of maturity.

While, on the other hand, it is supposed that in all games of chance there are certain laws which operate with almost mathematical certainty.

Games of skill, like baseball, played by experts, may be made the occasion of betting, on the part of players and others, for it is, unfortunately, but too true, that,

" Most men, till by experience made sager,
Will back their opinion by a wager."

Nevertheless, it is, as has been shown, that such games are taken thus out of the realm of amusement and become business to the players, and the occasion of betting to all who hazard anything on their results.

But the fact remains, that games of skill may be indulged in without harm, if not with possible benefit. At least, a game of skill is not in itself sinful, nor are those who engage in it consequently sinners.

But if they are to be made use of as a pretext for

any kind of gambling, then the lover of God and man will freely give up all such games, for if games cause his brother to offend he will have nothing whatever to do with games while the world stands.

The first and most important consideration in the matter of games is, therefore: What are their natures? Is it a game of chance or a game of skill? should try every game.

And the second consideration is, has it been, or is it likely to become a gamblers' play—a game of hazard?

While as a third consideration we may ask, has it an element of chance in it?

Yet, there are few such combined games used by gamblers.

The inducement to gamble, by those familiar with any game, will be in proportion to their estimate of their ability and the elements of chance in the game.

No wise man will set a trap for his neighbor, no Christian will, knowingly, educate his children, or friends, in games which tend to hazard.

“Would you when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasure in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth
Who rashly thus exposed his wealth?
Yet this you do whene'er you play;
For games of chance are games of prey.
Whene'er the gaming board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.”

Christians must avoid all such things, because forbidden in God's holy word:

“This is the will of God . . . that no man overreach or defraud his brother in any matter, because the Lord is the avenger of all such” (I. Thess. iv.).

"And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, out rather reprove them. For it is a shame to even speak of these things which are done of them in secret. But all things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light; for whatsoever doth make manifest is light" (Eph. v. 11-13).

A good man may be persuaded to gamble, but he who is fond of gaming can not be a good man.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

"Gaming finds a man a cully and leaves him a knave."

What then is GAMING, or GAMBLING?

There seems to be a slight difference between the meanings of these words, as used in common parlance, but in reality there is no difference in their meaning, though there may appear to be in their use.

Gaming, or gambling, is the practice of staking money or property, beyond the purposes of mere sport, on the hazard of cards, or dice, or any game of chance or skill.

Gambling is commonly known as playing for money, or goods, or any other stake.

Gaming is commonly known as betting on one's own game, or skill, or on that of others.

But gaming or gambling, strictly speaking, is confined to those who play or hazard on their own play, while others who lay a wager or bet, though said to gamble, in the actual fact merely bet on the luck or skill of others.

Gambling is then the playing together of two or more persons at some game, whereby one party shall win and the other lose money, or other valuable consideration.

But betting is as readily done without a game.

By universal consent and in the eye of the common law, whenever gaming is carried to an extensive degree, so that it affects the public morals, or the general good of the community, it is deemed to be a wrong against one's self and an injury to society. Nevertheless, in many countries and states, and for many generations, gaming has gone unrebuked, and even where the states have legislated on the subject, the law does not interfere, if there is no fraud, or intention to cheat. But if there is fraud, it operates as it does elsewhere in law, it makes void all contracts, and moneys paid in fraud can be recovered because no title passes to the payee. So if one cheats at gaming, as by false cards, loaded dice, etc., etc., he may be indicted as a cheat at common law.

Of late years, in the United States and in Great Britain, the disposition to suppress and prohibit gaming has been growing, and several efforts have been made, in particular States, to this end. Yet the church is the only power which can eradicate gambling, if it will, and, certainly, unless the people of God combine to accomplish the work it will never be done, for no man has ever yet been made holy by human law.

The encouragement of games which may possibly lead their lovers to gamble, by the children of God, is a fearful and wicked thing.

The danger of infatuation is worthy of attention. It may be thought a warrantable conclusion, that those who are most familiar with the actual results of gambling, which surely present themselves in a long series of years, in the use of chance games, would be the best judges and the freest from infatuation, since they have witnessed the downfall and ruin of one after another, until with Gay they might say :

"Look around, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismembered, mortgaged, sold!
Their owners, now to jail confined,
Show equal poverty of mind."

Yet, such is by no means the case; on the contrary, it is as well established as any matter of human experience can be, that the more familiar a man becomes with games of chance the more he is infatuated with their false hopes. Hundreds of others may have been ruined, but he is infatuated, fully and completely, with the belief that he is to be the lucky one who is to win the smile of Fortune and bask in the sunshine of her favor.

Moreover, this fatal confidence clings to and grows upon him in spite of great and continued losses.

In a work on games which is regarded as a standard, in this country, we find the following significant passage, under the head of Faro:

One thing is certain—all regular faro players are reduced to poverty, while dealers and bankers who do not play against the game amass large fortunes. And again, the higher order of faro-rooms are gorgeously furnished, luxurious suppers and costly wines are gratuitously offered to players, and the proprietors are everywhere distinguished for their reckless extravagance—all this is sustained by their percentage of the game.

Almost every faro-player has some peculiar system which he strives to believe will beat the bank, and which sometimes does realize his hopes, but in the end *all* systems fail. The truth is, the game is based upon certain mathematical principles, giving it a percentage which no system or method of playing can overcome.

What this authority on games says is true of faro-players, is in some degree true of all other lovers of games of chance.

It is a question of personal interest to every head of a family who has the fear of God before his eyes, whether games of any kind should be indulged in the family, and yet, the most thoughtful, experienced and conscientious religious teachers are well satisfied that nothing has in re-

ality been added to the moral power of home, or church, by the indiscriminate condemnation of all games, simply because they are games, or pastimes.

It is certainly better to distinguish between those which lead not into temptation to gamble—such as may be innocently used as pastimes—and those games which tend to cultivate a taste for gambling.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HARVEY O. BREEDEN.

Our sermon for this month, on "The Ideal Minister," is the inaugural of Bro. Harvey O. Breeden, in beginning his pastoral work at Des Moines, Ia., a few weeks since. When you shall have finished reading this excellent discourse, you will desire to examine his portrait, and know something of his life and work. We have endeavored to anticipate this desire in both directions. H. O. Breeden is yet a young man, having been born April 16, 1857, in Macon Co., Ill. Soon afterwards his father, Dr. J. H. Breeden, removed to Summum, Fulton Co., Ill., where he still resides, having been for many years the most prominent and leading man in the community, as preacher, physician, and conductor of large business affairs. Here Harvey passed his life till in his sixteenth year he entered Abingdon College, where he studied during 1872-3. In 1874-5 he was in general merchandise business with his father at Summum. In 1876 he entered Eureka College, and graduated in 1878. In September of this year, being twenty-one years old, he was called to the church at Tallula, Ill., succeeding W. D. Owen, now of Logansport, Ind., and member of Congress. This was a hard thing for any man to do, but our young brother attempted it *and succeeded*. He remained here the space of three years and six months, adding one hundred and seventy-five to the membership of the church. From Tallula he was called to the church in Terre Haute, Ind., whence he removed recently to Des Moines, Ia. His work in Terre Haute was wonderfully prosperous. He became identified with all the religious, reformatory, and charitable work of the city, and soon became recognized as a leader. Two hundred and fifty were added to the church during his stay. On October 21, 1879, Bro. Breeden was married, in Eureka, Ill., to Miss Flora Myers, of one of the oldest and most respected families of that place. They have a bright little boy four years old.

Bro. Breeden combines many elements of success. He had splendid physical and intellectual endowments, which he has studiously and persistently utilized and increased. No effort has been spared to make the most of his native talent, which was far beyond the average, until

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he stands to-day in the strength of early manhood, with health, culture, experience, and a strong, cultured, progressive church at his command for every good work. The field is inviting. Des Moines is the chief city and capital of Iowa; a great railroad center, and rapidly developing into a great center of the political, commercial, educational, and religious forces of one of the leading States in the Union. Here is Drake University to coöperate with him, and all the indications are prophetic of great prosperity to the cause in Iowa. Bro. Breeden will do his part.



A. O. Brecken

THE IDEAL MINISTER.

"Thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ"—PAUL.

It is a significant fact that our world is pervaded and profoundly moved by ideals. There is no perfect statesman or poet or orator or artist; but the virtues of many persons in each one of these pursuits become detached, and, like floating star dust, they form a new and perfect star in the expanse of thought, which we call the ideal. The poet that stands before us in our moments of reflection on that matchless quality of the soul is not Dante nor Milton nor Longfellow nor Whittier, but always some nameless one with a wisdom and a language, an imagery and an *afflatus* grander than is to be in any actual incarnation. The ideal statesman is not Alfred nor Napoleon, nor Bismarck nor Gladstone, but some yet mightier being who gathers up and combines in one, all the noble characteristics of all great statesmen. His features are not yet fully visible. So all around our hearts stand these ideals—the great aggregates of the long ages of thought and effort and admiration.

Strange to say, however, when we look for an ideal character or an ideal minister we find him actualized in Jesus of Nazareth. It is the peculiar greatness and the supreme glory, power and charm of Christianity, that in Jesus it was what it asks man to be and did what it asks man to do. And the minister, instead of grop-

ing blindly for detached qualities, finds his ideal embodied in the Saviour.

It is the purpose of this discourse to mark, without rhetorical flourish or cumbrous logical induction, some characteristic elements of the ideal minister.

In the great reservoir of religious truth—the New Testament—the minister appears with kaleidescopic character. As the angel of the church, he is the messenger of God; as Christ's ambassador he is sent by heaven's King to make peace with men; as God's steward he is appointed to superintend the domestic affairs of God's large family; as defender of the faith, he is to stand as a general, to lead God's army against his enemies; as preacher he is to proclaim the glad news of salvation, and as minister he is appointed to serve God's people and perform the sacred duties of the sanctuary.

In presenting the qualities of the ideal minister, nothing impresses me with greater significance than the fundamental fact that he is a MAN. A great preacher recently said: "Some divide mankind into three classes—men, women and clergymen, as if these latter were of neither sex." But a minister must be a *man* before he is a *minister*. He must be a man among men, interested in their interests, knowing their knowledge and living their lives. He must be a man by himself, having his own home loves, his own peculiar friendships, likes and dislikes, opinions, politics and pleasures. Even Jesus had special friends in Bethany, and though he loved every one I think he loved John most. The minister must be a true man, holding and exhibiting manly virtues. It can not be said of men of the ministry, "this is the porcelain clay of mankind."

They also are formed out of *clay*—the COMMON CLAY. They are subject to the temptations which assail other men. They are subject to those peculiar temptations which Satan lets fly like fiery darts at all who try to spoil his business. The obscurest Christian life is an unceasing battle, but the life of the minister of the gospel is a grander, fiercer conflict; for all the hosts of evil are seeking to embarrass him in his work, to entangle him in the snares of sin, to destroy his reputation and usefulness, and at last to drag him down, a shining trophy, from the loftiest firmament.

But the ideal minister sustains a relation to truth and the realm of ideas and intelligence. He is a scholar before he is an ideal minister. While Jesus is our example—yet we become successful ministers more like Paul than Jesus. Christ possessed, in the simple majesty and gaugeless grandeur of His divinity all wisdom and knowledge. But opening our Testament, we see Paul going forth from the feet of a Teacher. And as Paul developed into a hero, into a philanthropist, into a scholar, orator and mighty minister, he and his teacher became emblems of the human race, and sit there in the past as an illustration of that art by which ignorance is transformed into knowledge. As deeply as possible must the minister explore the penetralia of nature and the arcana of heaven, seeking to surround each successive achievement with the “frontiers of reason.” His mind must open to receive the truth like the thirsty flower to receive the dew.

Standing in the presence of great religious truths, his primary work is to learn, to interpret, and to declare these truths. He is not a creator of truth; not even a legislator in the realm of morals and religion, but

a teacher of laws that have their existence in the nature of things, and of statutes and rules of life and conduct that have been enacted by the court of heaven.

The office of the ministry in the early church was a holy, active, practical, sympathetic work, dealing directly with the minds and hearts of the people. In later centuries, however, when the church had departed from its early simplicity of faith and worship, and had become almost lost in creeds and ceremonies and rites, the work of the ministry or priesthood became largely official, as serving at an altar, performing a mass, or reciting a liturgy. Under these circumstances, what we call preaching formed a very small part of the minister's work. Every thing was settled. One man did all the thinking; and what he said was accepted as final authority. And this is largely so now in the Romish church. But with nearly all of the Protestant churches the forms of worship are reduced to an almost extreme simplicity, and the sermon is looked to as the chief thing in a religious service.

This fact is of immense significance to the Christian minister, for that with which he has to deal is truth. And he stands at a point where he may touch upon all truth—may travel out along any line of thought that is in any way related to religion. Before him is the Bible, that wonderful book of history, of prophecy, of commandment and promise, of reward and suffering. He may make his discourse a matter of instruction as to names, dates, places, histories and biographies. He may dwell upon texts, trying to harmonize or explain some difficult passages, or he may deal with the Bible doctrines of God and man, or its history and evidences. Any one of these lines might easily be run out into

very many discourses. Then there is beneath his feet and above his head God's other great book of nature, where he speaks in the secrets of the earth, in the strength of the mountain, and in the glory of the heavens. And then there is stretching out in the deep past the long line of human history—of nations, of governments, of wars. And still again there is the literature of the ages, the opinions of men, the debates in philosophy. And in addition to all these, there are before him the wants of the world, the hardships and sufferings of mankind, the sin and misery of the race, its hope and despair, the struggles of society against great wrongs, as the evils of intemperance and lust, and the falsehood and injustice by which the innocent suffer and the poor are oppressed. All these wide fields of truth, of fact, lie before the thoughtful minister as he sits in his study, or goes out among men, or stands in the pulpit. And let it never be forgotten that all truth is God's truth. Is there truth in geology? Whose finger traced that older revelation written on the rocks? In astronomy who is it "leads Orion forth, and guards Arcturus round the north"? Who binds the sweet influence of the Pleiades? Who set those silver spheres to chime in choral harmony as they sweep on in their orbits with unvarying mathematical precision? They declare God's truth. Is there truth in history? What are the facts of history but the sounding footsteps of the great Creator, marching on through the ages, and by human agency or in despite of human agency, working all things after the counsels of His sovereign will? There is not a truth in physics or metaphysics, in language or litera-

ture, in any flower that blooms or any star that beams, that is not God's truth and therefore precious.

And when it shall appear to all, that the teachers of religion are the lovers of truth more than of sect, and that they have not been retained on one side of the great debates and questions that divide mankind, but are seeking to know and declare the things that make for the good of all, there will be no just ground of opposition to these teachers; they will take their places among men as helpers in all that is good. But if ministers have no higher calling than to be the retained attorneys of the sects, and to defend dogmas that they no longer really believe themselves, nor expect others to believe; if, in a word, their work is to try to perpetuate the dominion that the past ages have sought to establish over reason and conscience, then are they not helpers, not lightening burdens, not making men free, not opening prison doors, but trying to bind faster the chains of mental slavery. Here, then, is the field and this the attitude and work of religious teachers in our time. They are called, not to bind men, but to make them free; they are called in a spirit of a suffering Christ to help men—to help them to those great principles of divine truth and love in which they can stand and work, and rejoice, leading minds and hearts to the ever full and flowing fountains of life. To do this the minister must be intellectually honest. It has been said that “the true teacher will be compelled to say what he believes and all that he believes;” to tell the truth is not merely a negative but a positive and irresistible obligation. He feels that the truth is not his to keep back as he pleases, but a gift of God to which

he must be faithful in distribution and announcement. The policy of holding back in the pulpit the thoughts and even convictions which have become familiar to the minister in his study, has relation of course both to the minister and the people. We will glance at each. Half truthfulness in the pulpit is a source of constant moral deterioration. A minister, in stating his position, said: "I do not preach anything I do not think, but I do not preach all I do think." This is not prophetic or faithful or manly or brave. Such a course long followed is sure to lead to an increasing moral flabbiness, to a decline in the power of thought, to a lessening of brave efforts to find truth, to a degeneration of all the powers of mind, heart and soul. The minister who speaks with mental reservation will become more and more empty of life, more and more cut off from the thrills of the moral fervors of his day, and grow into a dry and barren waste. He may have taking mental gifts, which will secure him a cheap popularity, and custom may help to maintain him; but he will not hold up the falling or strengthen the weak, or infuse life into the dying, being himself falling and feeble and weak.

The pulpit is the teacher's best and highest place, and gives opportunities which any man may well accept with mingled thankfulness, joy and dread. Cowper exclaims:

"The pulpit—when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vamping in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte—
I say the pulpit, in the sober use,
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,

The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtuous cause "

If the pulpit be thus noble and great it is only when rightly used.

Let us have noble preachers to speak to us, prophets of the present, not mouth-pieces of the past ; ministers of God, not servants at the bidding of man. I fear that the course I have condemned is very often simply a selfish pursuit of interest, comfort, position and power. It is so easy and pays so well to observe and minister to popular prejudices. The wisdom of reticence solves so nicely the problems of domestic economy, keeps the peace so well, and maintains so securely an ample and unruffled respectability, and holds so fast the sumptuous pulpit and well endowed parsonage. Popular applause is sweet, safe, and profitable, and easily gained by floating with the current. But this is ignoble. If truthfulness involves privation, unpopularity, loss, a good minister will simply meet it manfully. If a minister can not be true and be comfortable, let him be true and uncomfortable. If the privation becomes unsupportable, he can at least carry his honesty into another occupation. The people are sometimes to blame for this untruthfulness. It is a burning shame for people to make fearless fidelity painful to the preacher, and assail his constancy and conscience through the pangs of want and the holy affections of the family. A good and noble hearted minister complained to another of a fault in his people which he considered a grave and sad one, and which troubled his heart severely. "Well," said the listener, with a minister's first impulse, "you must preach against it." "I do not dare to," he replied.

"You must not be silenced by fear," said the second; but the poor minister's wife spoke quickly and eagerly. "Sir," she said, "we have four little children, and when they open their mouths they shut ours." Thus the people demand and get conformity and creed bondage, and as consequences timidity, artifice and concealment.

The Prince of preachers was not only intellectually but ecclesiastically radical. He stood amid the accumulated rubbish and almost unmixed error of a thousand years, criticising the old, rebuking the false and inculcating the eternal verities. Not age but truth was the standard by which he tried existing dogmas and tenets. And the most of them went down beneath the imperial power of His "New Theology."

What, then, is the mission of the ideal minister? Broadly stated, his true idea and aim should be to reclaim mankind from sin and error, and lead them to a divine life in Jesus Christ, and build them broadly and deeply into a glorious manhood, a manhood of truth and justice and strength and a high sense of honor; to make them loving and kind and patient; to fill them with a sweet charity, and to bring them together in all the helpfulness of a universal brotherhood. With such a mission and aim, how the ministry of the churches ought to move upon the troubled waters of society, rebuking the wrong, cheering on the right, lifting up the fallen, calling back the wanderer, and everywhere making itself felt as the friend and helper of our common humanity. And such a ministry will be in sympathy with its age and try to do the work of its time. It will preach a gospel of deliverance in the time of slavery; of temperance in an age of drunkenness; of honesty in

days of defaulting and cheating, and virtue in an age of voluptuousness.

I am a firm believer in the truth that the themes of each age are in some way selected by the age itself. The taste of the public heart has changed. Once the people loved philosophic abstractions. Men, dinnerless and barefooted, would discuss the doctrine of the trinity, the eternal decrees and foreordination with delicious amazement. But now they listen more eagerly to the pulpits that will come between them and poverty, and between their children and intemperance, idleness and dishonor. Thus the pulpit of to-day must fit its sacred harp with new strings—strings that will waken and thrill the souls of a new era. And the faithful preacher, while he will not neglect the saving doctrines and primary principles will lead the common people along the lines of industry, economy, domestic kindness and righteousness. Thus will he set his music to new themes; grave and lofty ones, that will inspire like a trumpet, persuade like a mother, and teach like a lofty philosopher. This is the example of the Divine Ideal.

“What shall the minister preach?” is a question of vital importance. It has already been partially answered in noting the minister’s relation to all truth. But he also has to set forth some special matters of supreme importance. Ministers should preach the word. This was the emphatic charge which the apostle Paul gave to the young preacher Timothy. He said: “I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word.” This is to preach Christ, for Christ is the

theme not only of the Old but of the New Testament. The writings of inspired men as they came up from Judæa and Corinth, and Ephesus and Rome, and from the isle of Patmos, all came as parts of a grand, harmonious chorus for the exaltation of Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

As the waters of the Mississippi run through our country, from the north to the south, gathering into their channel the smaller streams which drain the country from the lakes on the north, from the mountains on the east to the mountains on the west, so Christ runs through the Scriptures, from the beginning to the end; and to this theme all other themes are tributary. The Bible is full of Christ. He is the sum and substance, the beginning and the end, the center and circumference, the one all-absorbing and important theme of divine revelation. A Bible without Christ in it would, therefore, be a day without a sun; a table without bread on it; an orchestra without music, or music without harmony. "We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus our Lord," says Paul. That is, the theme, the work is so much larger than ourselves, that in its presence we should scarcely be seen or thought of, and the great truths should shine out like stars in the firmament of night, or the sun in the heaven of day. He Himself has said, "*teach them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you.*" We are not called upon to write a new Bible or invent a theology; only to preach the word. In the realm of literature, of philosophy, of political economy, of science, the opinions of a minister may be of value. Even in these realms they should be held in the alembic of a generous candor. In the realm of divine revelation, however, where through prophets

and apostles, and last of all through His Son, God speaks to man—the teachings thus given are of a different stamp. They possess authority. Opinionism here is speculation, and in doubtful securities. To preach what one supposes or imagines, is going outside of his commission.

The teachings of Christ will be found sufficient for every relation and emergency. There is no place into which a man comes where they are not adapted to give him the warning or comfort, or light or hope that he most needs. They interpret life, they show a man himself, they are mirrors as well as telescopes. But the minister in preaching Christ must preach against sin. This does not mean sin in general, but also particular sins of which the people are guilty. I know that to be told of sin is not palatable. Most people do not care how much the preacher condemns other people's sins, but very seriously object to having their own sins reprov'd. Nevertheless the minister should wax bold in the presence of sin. As good old Doctor Plummer has said: "When error, like Goliath, struts and vapors and defies the armies of the living God, let not David be unarmed. A smooth stone from the brook will bring down the braggart." Woe to the minister who dares to keep his mouth shut when his people sin. It happens, however, that certain ones are offended with their minister for telling them of their sins. Like the woman who broke her looking-glass because it showed wrinkles in her face, so some are angry at the faults that are told them. Like the great Gentile preacher, Paul, the minister must be thoroughly courageous. Behold that noble, saintly captive before Felix. Arraigned on trial for his life

for preaching the truths of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, he makes no apology, but persists in this disloyalty. He adds insult to insult. Did he not know that he was inviting to himself the reduplicated weight of royal wrath? Did he not see before him the Mamertime dungeon and the victor's sword, waiting on the Ostein highway to smite his gray head from the body? Surely he was not unmindful of these and kindred perils impending. Nevertheless, some inward power nerved him so that he could stand there serene, with even pulse, and see a prince's cheek blanch, and the lord of a province tremble from head to foot. Thus will the ideal minister of to-day stand before sin and unrighteousness, virtuous in his beauty and beautiful in his virtue.

Akin to this dauntless courage, its secret and source is Christlike character. Heart-power is the driving power in everything. Let it be fossils or physics, literature or law, painting, poetry or preaching, it is the heart-throb of intense desire that furnishes the driving force. The men of might are the men of heart—men whose hearts are in their work, who rejoice in it and love it, and with eager desire press forward to grasp all its glorious possibilities. And saintly character in a preacher, is the very force in the bow that launches the arrow—the latent heat behind the words that gives them direction and projectile force.

No degree of brilliancy, no wealth of genius, no amount of erudition in a man who attempts to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, can for a moment compensate for the absence of piety and spirituality. Moreover, the ideal minister must possess that peculiar form or quality of character and power, indicated by

Paul, in the admonition, "Having done all, *stand*." With all other intellectual furnishings, the preacher will make sorry work of his ministry without that rock-like decision which is the crown of opportunity. The will is one of the most important of the mental powers. It is the rudder of the ship. Not long since one of the finest steamers of the sea, and perhaps the most perfect ship ever built by man, was caught in a terrific storm and bad was the result of it. Its only defect was in the rudder. The angry ocean claimed that part of the vessel, and that part gone all was rendered useless. A common steamship, of rude outline and slow speed, but with adequate guiding force, came to her rescue, and furnished the world the interesting spectacle of a magnificent, swift-running ocean palace coming into harbor by the express consent and ability of a common merchantman. Need I apply the parable? This incident of the sea is often seen in sadder form upon land, where a brilliant minister without any will-power, is held for a time from ruin by the stability of wife, child or friend. But the number thus saved is small compared to the number that go to the bottom with all their modern improvements and gilded beauty.

The ideal minister will adapt himself in his teaching and life to all minds and hearts and all conditions of life. How prominent is this fact in the work of Christ. He used a star to guide the wise men to Himself, for that was the best way to lead them; it was in the line of their thought. When talking to the peasant farmer he spoke of the seed and sower; to the vintagers of the "vine, the branches, and the husbandmen." In reaching the hearts of the fishermen, he talked of "the net cast into the sea," and of "fishers of men;" to the

woman at the well he spoke of the water of "everlasting life." Wonderful is the human heart, and various are the means of access to it. Thus some are reached by logic, others through sentiment and the imagination, and still others through the sympathies. Look at the different classes of society as they may pass before us in solid columns. There are the thoughtless, the forgetters of God and of sacred things. Somehow their attention must be arrested. There are the wicked, the profane, the lustful, the animalized, who live almost wholly on the lower planes and are swayed by the baser passions. Somehow they must be broken into. There are the scoffers who are puffed up with mental pride, and deny all religion, and they must somehow be brought into the valley where truth reaches the lowly in spirit. They are the trained reasoners who see only the one side of truth, it may be matter or law, but see not the spiritual and the divine. Somehow these must be answered and led to see the other side. Then there are the great multitudes who are moral but not religious, who can believe some things but stagger at others, and who respect religion and the house of God, and who greatly need and even desire the blessings of prayer and communion, and yet seem to be shut out, seem unable to enter fully the better life. Then there are the weak to be strengthened, the inquiring to be led, the doubting to be helped, and the sorrowing to be comforted. Hence the minister should be tenderly sympathetic, keenly alive to each fine impulse, and must know how to weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that rejoice. Nothing is so attractive or so beautiful in the life of the Great Teacher as His wonderful sympathy, His mystical, all

comprehensive oneness with humanity, His desire to enter into the lowest and darkest thought and feeling, and to take upon Himself the heaviest burdens and hardest lots. He thought and felt along universal lines, touched universal chords, felt in his own great nature the birth sorrows of the race, the life sorrows, and the bitterness of death. The minister of to-day should realize this ideal. The troubled heart of the world cries out for such love and sympathy, a sympathy born of suffering and experience, of struggles with doubt and sin; a sympathy deep and tender as a mother's love; a sympathy whose deepest expression is found in tears, a sympathy that will not scorn the beggar's rags nor shun the leper's touch. Oh, that God would fill all our hearts with the tenderness of His own deep love. And I have often thought that God fits His ministers by manifold experiences of sorrow and pain for the highest sermons, writing their best sermons for them on their own hearts, by the "sharp stylus of trial," and taking those He would make most eminent farthest with Him into Gethsemane. The ideal preacher must renew his strength continually. This renewal comes not on the battlefield—comes not in the noontide and with the multitude. It comes in secret and in solitude. It comes like the quiet night when the dews descend upon the drooping leaves and flowers, and the stars steal out to watch the tired and slumbering earth.

The motto of the age is "work." Work, for the night is coming. Well, let it come, for we need it. God be thanked for the night.

But alike with the multitude and in solitude should the minister weave into the matchless garment of character all those colors and figures of beauty which en-

ture forever. Life is the loom, time the weaver. The minister's crowning glory will be to fill every flying shuttle with golden threads. The deathless teacher of truth will make the tapestry of life rich in lofty resolves and noble deeds—rich in beautiful memories and bright hopes and the loves of the heart that never die.

I realize now that I have done what might be considered a very dangerous thing. I have presented a high ideal of ministerial excellence. I have raised a standard which I am not prepared to be judged by. I am ashamed, discouraged, grieved, every time I measure myself by it. But I have it in view. And forgetting past shortcomings and failures, "I press toward the mark of the prize of the HIGH CALLING of God in Christ Jesus."

IT IS WELL.

Yes, it is well ! The evening shadows lengthen ;
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight ;
And though the tender ties we sought to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 't is light.

'T is well ! the way was often dull and weary ;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load ;
No sunshine came from skies all dark and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'T is well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows, once so hard to bear ;
That not again beside Death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep inner anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and gone ;
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish,
So far the day is spent, the journey done !

'T is well, O friends ! We would not pause, retracing
The long, vain years, or call our lost youth back ;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

—*Chambers Journal.*

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER IV.

A GLIMPSE AT TWO HOMES.

The big brown eyes of Nannie Sarcott followed her father as he walked out into the fields to talk with Uncle Joe. The old man had declined to come into the house, preferring to be in the open air, with the village, whose interest lay so near his heart, in full view before him.

Nannie sat at an open window, resting; for she had just been romping with Pindar, a large Newfoundland dog, the property of her sister Anna, who had brought him home some years before in a summer vacation, and had bestowed upon him his classic name. Pindar stood panting beside the child, and stretching up his neck as if to get a breath of the sultry air, hesitating to cross the window sill.

"Pindar, there is not enough wind to ruffle your hair down here; come, let us go up where it is cooler."

The dog bounded toward the stairway, followed by Nannie, when a shrill voice from the farther end of the hall was heard calling: "Now, Nannie, you are not

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going up to your father's room to romp with Pindar. It seems as if you are bewitched. You can't keep still five minutes. Now you had better mind me. You will be into some mischief, I'll be bound, and then I'll be blamed for it. Go into the front yard and play."

"Poh! Poh!" was the reply that echoed through the big hall; "Come on, Pindar."

The housekeeper arrived at the stairs just in time to see Nannie and the dog disappear above. She hesitated a moment, as if she would ascend, but turned away exclaiming:

"I will not stand it! Mr. Sarcott just spoils his children, and yet expects me to train them properly. There's an example of his 'perfect law of liberty!' I wish I had my way with that little one; I would make her mind. He's so 'fraid of force. I don't care: you can not press a tack through a thick carpet with your thumb nail."

The angular features of the woman might have been carved into relief by her sharp voice. She was tall, with an olive complexion and dark eyes. The skin was drawn tightly on her face, and there was less indecision in her looks than her actions indicated, for she turned away from the stairs. She walked with a shuffling step toward the back part of the house. Nannie peeped over the banisters, and saw her retreating form; then, with a smile of triumph, the little malapert ran gaily back to play with Pindar.

"Why, Pindar! what are you doing?" exclaimed the child, as she reëntered the room. The dog ran toward her with a piece of paper in his mouth. This he dropped at her feet, and gave a short yelp, as if in-

viting her to pick it up. "No, no; you naughty dog, you shall not have this paper. It has fallen out of papa's drawer," cried Nannie, seizing the paper and holding it above her head.

Pindar did not catch the paper, but a breath of air did, and in an instant carried it through the open window.

"See there, now, what your have done!"

Pindar simply stuck out his tongue and began to pant.

"Oh, you old scamp," continued Nannie, "I ought to give you a good beating; come right along now and help me find that paper. But just look there at papa's drawer. It is all open. Wait till I shut it."

She went to the bookcase, and gave the drawer a push. "Oh, dear!" cried she, looking into it, "here's a map, and there's a house all drawn with a lead pencil." Old Dame Curiosity here took possession of the little soul. Out came the drawer again, and the spoiled child was soon rummaging in its contents. Pindar stood by in expectation.

"You needn't watch for another one, sir! Oh, my! we must go and get that one that blew out."

Nannie put the drawer again to rights and again tried to close it, but she had pulled it out too far and it would not move. She tried and tried, and was ready to cry with vexation. "Well, it was out when I came in, so it was."

"Dear me!" she continued, "I wonder if that paper was any good. I'm so tired. I believe it was only a piece of paper, anyhow. Pindar, it was you that did it. Now, just come right on, sir; we must go and find it."

She started toward the door, but stopped to tie her shoe. Then she took a book from a stand and began to turn the leaves.

Pindar yelped.

"Oh, you want to go! do you? Well, I think you ought to feel sorry."

By this time the wind might have blown the paper beyond the reach of search had it been blowing at all; but the day was so still that the vagabond sheet merely floated down to the ground and remained.

"I don't believe I can find it now if I do go down," said the vacillating child.

She remained at play with Pindar a few minutes longer, when she heard a merry voice calling: "Nan, Nan! you good-for-nothing, as the old play says, where are you? Come down here."

"Oh, there's Jennie," exclaimed the child, running toward the stairs. She met her sister coming up, and was immediately hugged and kissed until she gasped for breath.

"Oh, my! let me go, Jennie."

"Why, you minx; I have not seen you for a week. What are you doing up here in papa's room with Pindar? It's a wonder that Mary has not been after you."

"She has been," replied Nannie; "but when did you get back, Jennie?"

Nannie was anxious to avoid any inquiries that might reveal the loss of the paper. She had ample opportunity to turn the conversation, for Jennie had just come home from a week's visit at Hanaford, and was full of news and schemes.

"O Nan, I had a delightful time," answered

Jennie, "I came back just now. Will Timmons brought me over in a buggy. It was a splendid ride, only the weather is so warm."

"Oh, oh, Jennie Sarcott! you had a beau, you had a beau; fie, shame; you ain't three years older than me."

" 'Three years older than me,' that's pretty grammar. Well, if I didn't have three years more sense I would be ashamed. It's none of your business, Nan Sarcott, if I did have a beau. I guess there is no nicer fellow in Hanaford than Will Timmons."

"Guess you left all the good temper go out in that hug, didn't you, Jen?"

"Shut up," said Jennie, now considerably nettled. But the bosom that had been filling up for a week longed to pour itself out into some friendly receptacle. Jennie had taken keen delight in anticipating a recital of her visit to Nannie. Her temper soon cooled. Nannie assisted her to dispose of a few bundles, the fruits of a shopping expedition, and the two sisters were presently reëngaged in a friendly conversation.

"O Nan; I was at such a delightful ball, a plat-form dance, over at Green's picnic grounds, last Tuesday afternoon," said Jennie. "You ought to learn to dance, Nan."

"I am going to," replied Nannie; "papa said he was going to have me learn."

"Just wait," continued Jennie, "until the railroad comes; then if papa builds a new hall there will be club dances, and then you can learn."

"Club dances, what are they?" asked Nannie.

"Why they have what they call clubs in some places, and the members all know how to dance, and every

winter they have dances once a week. There's a splendid club over at Hanaford."

"Is papa going to build a new hall?" asked Nannie.

"I do not know as he is going to build it all himself," answered Jennie, "but when the railroad comes the town here will be bigger, and papa says we ought to have a hall for operas and such things. My goodness, Nan, Rising Branch is such a dry place! You ought to be over at Hanaford; there's something going on there all the time, summer and winter. But it will be lively enough here after awhile."

"I wonder if there will be any euchre parties?" queried Nannie.

"There will be some euchre clubs, I'll warrant," replied Jennie; "there will be some people here, I hope, that we can associate with. Who wants to play euchre with the Spinks and Taberlys?"

"I play with Maud Taberly sometimes," said Nannie.

"O Nan," added Jennie, gleefully, without noticing Nannie's remark, "what do you think? I was over at cousin Dorinda's, you know, and she made me go to church with her last Sunday."

"What, to a real church!"

"Of course, you goose; to what other kind could I go?"

"Well, I meant a big one like I saw when I went with papa to K——, not a log one like the one down at Craggy Hill; that's what I mean."

"Oh, of course, we went to the big Baptist church. Dorinda belongs to it. I got tired, too. There is no fun in it, and one has to sit so still; and,

beside, you keep thinking about the bad things you have done. I do not like to do that."

Nannie thought of the lost paper, but said nothing.

Jennie went on: "The preacher told about Christ and how He is a model for our conduct; but papa says those stories about Christ are all foolishness, just like those about Jack the Giant Killer and the Arabian Nights. I'm glad of it."

"Glad of what?" asked Nannie.

"Why, glad that the stories the preacher told are not so. One can have a lots better time if they do not believe them."

"Mary says they are so," said Nannie.

"Well, I guess papa knows more than Mary, and so does sister Anna; she does not believe a word of them."

"Eurilda Conway believes them," persisted Nannie, "and she's awful good."

"Oh, yes; I know Eurilda's good," said Jennie, "but she never has any fun. Papa says that she is all drying up, and getting old before her time. She is so strict, too. She never comes here much because papa will not go to church. Her mother thinks he's just terribly bad."

"Well, Eurilda is just the splndidest girl I know of," was Nannie's reply, "I wish papa would let me go to Sunday-school with her."

"Well, he will not," said Jennie, "for he does not want you filled with such crazy notions. I never went to Sunday-school, and I know papa will not let you."

"I was there two or three times," rejoined Nannie, earnestly.

"Well, you were so little then that it could n't hurt you; but you are getting too big now."

The long summer day had died during this childish conversation, and the girls started to go down stairs.

"There's papa," said Jennie, as she recognized his well-known step in the hall. She ran to greet him, and poured out such a voluble account of her visit that he stopped her with: "Wait, my child, until after I take a lunch. Mary will think I am never coming."

They followed him to the dining-room, where Mary was awaiting them, not, as Nannie read her countenance, in a very good humor.

Mr. Sarcott himself had returned from his interview with Uncle Joe in an unpleasant frame of mind. He had a vague feeling that his opposition to the old man was not for the highest interests of the village. But his own interpretation of those interests did not dispose him to abandon his hostility. He felt ashamed, too, of the unmanly way in which he was seeking to get Jake Conway into his power. "Why did I not see the boy myself?" was his mental inquiry; but he satisfied his conscience by saying, "If I had, I could have done nothing, for the family are all so prejudiced."

Jennie rehearsed to him her visit, not omitting the account of her attendance at church.

"So Dorinda made you go, did she?" said he. "Well, she is a good creature, and I suppose she takes comfort in it."

"A *good* creature!" The sharp voice of Mary interrupted the recital. "I did not know you believe in any goodness, James Sarcott."

"Who said so?"

"Well, you use the term goodness, and you teach

your children that there is no God and no responsibility."

"I have always taught my children that they should do right, Mary."

" 'That they should do right?' Why do you say *should* ? "

"Oh, plague on your theology! I suppose I have enough sense to teach my children to be moral. Because I do not want their heads filled with religious cant is no sign I want them to go to the bad."

"Well, well," laughed Mary in derision, "you want them to be moral and not go to the bad. Who's the author of your morality, and who *oughts* them to be good? Of course, this *ought* stands without an author and is perfectly aimless."

"O Mary, be still," said the bothered man; "one look at you ought to disgust the children with this religious nonsense; you have been so nearly a nun for the last ten years that all the springs of youth are dried up and you think a laugh is a consignment to perdition."

"That is an unkind remark. I say it, though you are my cousin. I know I am not as cheerful as I might be. You know the reason better than to speak such an untruth. I can assure you that I would be less cheerful if I drank from the spring of your belief, or rather unbelief."

Mr. Sarcott made no reply.

The girls had listened with commendable deference, and they followed their father into the hall only to bid him good-night.

Mrs. Conway was not pleased with Jake's project of relinquishing his studies to work on the railroad for Mr. Sarcott.

"I am sorry that you have taken this notion, Jacob," said she, "but I may as well tell you, what both you and Eurilda have some idea of, no doubt. What little money your father left at his death is nearly gone; and do you know," added she in a subdued voice, "that Mr. Sarcott has a mortgage on our home?"

"What! a mortgage on our home?" exclaimed both children in a breath.

It would be hard to picture the look of astonishment that Jake and Eurilda wore at this moment.

"I thought father's debts were all paid," said Jake.

"So did I," replied Mrs. Conway; "but in closing up the affairs, for you know I was the administratrix, I have found this mortgage, and it will take most of our money to raise it."

"Why in the world has not Mr. Sarcott mentioned it before?" asked Eurilda.

"I can not tell," said her mother; "he is a strange man. But, perhaps, Jacob, the plan you suggest is for the best."

"Oh, dear!" said Eurilda, "if you had better company I would not feel so bad; but there's Bob Loomis and his companions. Jake, now promise that if you do begin this you will come home every night."

"Why, of course I will," said the surprised boy, who had never been from home over night a dozen times in his life.

The family felt too serious too talk much longer, and the widow, taking down the family Bible, handed it to Jake to read the evening lesson.

The summer night had settled upon Rising Branch. The harvest moon was creeping along the horizon and a light breeze had sprung up which rustled the leaves of

the old oak. From every side came the chorus of the frogs, into which was thrown at intervals the prolonged note of the hylas. A scent of tobacco smoke was on the air. It came from the pipes of a crowd of loungers about the village store. Bob Loomis had left them and was walking slowly homeward. Not far from Mr. Sarcott's house he stopped to pick up a damp piece of paper.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

In the minds of some the National Park is confounded with the parks of Colorado or of the Yosemite valley of California. The Yellowstone National Park is in the northwestern part of Wyoming Territory. It is sixty-five miles in length and fifty-five in width, containing an area of over 3,500 square miles, or 2,280,000 acres. This large amount of territory was set apart for a national pleasure ground by an act of Congress, March 1, 1872. Its surface is a rolling plateau, whose mean elevation above the sea is 8,000 feet. On all sides it is broken and hemmed in by mountains. The Continental Divide passes through the southwestern portion. In it are the headwaters of rivers flowing into the Missouri and Columbia. Its lofty mountain ranges are interwoven with streams and rivers flowing in different directions. Within it are snowy peaks, immense tracts of pine forests, mountain parks or grassy slopes and plateaus, dry alkali plains covered with sage brush, long lakes and pools, rivers and mountain streams, cascades and majestic falls, quiet valleys and deep *cañons*, rare petrifications, geysers, mud springs and innumerable hot springs. It has been called the "Wonderland of the world."

A few years ago the Park could be reached only by rough staging, but now it is only two days out from St. Paul. The Northern Pacific Railroad, with its elegant sleeping and dining cars, lands you comfortably at its

very borders. At Livingston a branch road extends southward along the banks of the Yellowstone river to Cinnabar, where are carriages to convey passengers to the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs, within the Park. Such was the competition that one driver proposed to carry four of us free and pay for our suppers, which proposition was modestly declined. The ride was several miles up grade, and became somewhat tedious.

The hotel is built on a white plain, evidently the deposit of hot springs. A short distance away are the wonderful Mammoth Springs. As one approaches their base, there is a rising succession of semi-circular scalloped-edged basins, over which the water flows. These basins vary from a few inches in height to six or eight feet, and by the deposit from the water are beautifully adorned with a kind of beaded work. They rise one above another to the height of two hundred feet. The basins vary in size, and the water in them is from two inches to two feet in depth. The hill formed by these and the plain below are of calcareous matter, and are intensely white, with here and there a coloring of red and yellow. The water is warmer as one ascends to the summit, where are the active springs, the largest of which is twenty-five by forty feet. This is but a beginning of nature's wonder-working in this land.

Early in the afternoon of August 12, 1884, a party of four, with an ex-cowboy as a guide, left the hotel for a camping trip. The tent, blankets, provisions, kettles, luggage, guide and two preachers were on a low wagon, and the other two members of the party were mounted on spotted "kiuses," or native Indian ponies. We soon began to climb a gentle elevation of 3,000 feet. After a romantic ride of eighteen miles, we en-

camped by a creek for the night. The cooking was not entirely successful, and sleeping on the ground was not comfortable. In the morning we crawled out of our tent, shivering with cold. Although the 13th of August, we found the basin of water covered with ice. Our fire was soon blazing, and, with the rising sun, drove off the morning chill. Though so cold during the night, the many mountain flowers looked as bright and beautiful as with us on a June morning.

During the forenoon we came to a large, level area, which had the appearance of a white lake. Here and there on this area and on the hills around were geysers, pools and hot springs. Twenty jets of rising steam could be seen. This is the Norris Basin. One of the most prominent geysers is the Minute Man, which every sixty seconds shoots its small column of hot water twenty feet into the air.

After dinner in a grove by the Gibbon river we rode through the woods to the Paint Pots. Here a large area is dotted with several hundred springs. They are usually round, and from two to five feet in diameter. In some the water is clear, though from the depth or coloring matter on the bottom, it appears blue, green, or red; but most of the springs are thick with mud. This mixture boils, bubbles and puffs. Nature has mingled different coloring matter with the boiling mud, so that it resembles paint. A variety of colors may be seen at once, white, yellow, orange, blue, purple, brown and drab. Perhaps side by side will be seen two of the "paint pots," one drab and the other orange.

In the afternoon we entered the Gibbon *cañon*, through which rushes the roaring river. On each side were the precipitous walls of pine-covered mountains

rising as high as two thousand feet. To view a *cañon* from a railroad train is grand, but to enjoy it to its fullness one needs to be on horseback. Then to be fully appreciated it must be experienced. Now fording the river, now galloping through the timber, and now stopping for a moment's rest in some wild, enchanting spot; thus we rode for four miles, and ascending the side of the *cañon*, could hear the falls of the river far below us. Climbing down into the wild gorge by a steep foot-path among the trees and huge stones, you are repaid by the view of the Gibbon Falls. For eighty feet the water of the river dashes down an almost perpendicular rock-bed. It does not really fall, but as a white foaming mass rushes down the steep declivity. As we look about us, to the left the *cañon* opens and the pine-covered hills descend by a gradual slope to the valley, to the right the great walls of the narrow gorge stretch away in the distance, on the opposite side are the forests, through which can be seen huge masses of rough rock. In this setting is the crystal stream and the dashing, foaming falls.

The evening found us encamped by the forks of the Firehole river. As it grew dark eight or ten blazing camp-fires could be seen, and we exchanged greetings with yells that in hideousness must have had a faint resemblance to the red man's war-whoop. There were an unusually large number of clergymen in the camps.

The next camping-place was in the southern part of the Park in the upper geyser basin, near "Old Faithful." This geyser was named Old Faithful because its eruptions occur regularly every hour, with but a few moments' variation. It is situated on a mound of white geyserite, 150 feet in diameter, rising at its highest

point about twelve feet above the surrounding area. Its crater is irregular in form, about two feet wide and six feet long. Down the slope of the mound are small beaded basins, full of clear water. As it nears the time for the eruption, the water splashes up from the crater and drops down again, splashes up again a little higher and drops. This is repeated several times, and then, with a roar, the volume of scalding water rises higher and higher until it reaches the height of 130 feet, falling in drops and spray. The mound on which the spectators stand sometimes beats with the pulsations of the water. The eruption continues for about five minutes, and after the steam has escaped all is quiet for an hour, when another eruption is sure to take place. Visitors often throw in handkerchiefs, which are sometimes delivered washed and sometimes torn to shreds.

Opposite Old Faithful is a large mound in which was a geyser that in former days evidently had been a grand one, but from whose diminutive crater arose only a very small and faint jet of steam. Some wag had placed upon it a guide-board with the inscription "Suspended,—Grant & Ward." We camped on high ground in the edge of the woods near by. From our tent could be seen a considerable portion of the white basin of perhaps four square miles, in which are twenty-six geysers and over four hundred hot springs and pools. In the early morning between thirty and forty columns of rising steam could be seen. Some of our neighbors utilized the hot springs for culinary purposes.

As we heard that the "Indicator was going" we went over to the Grand. Here were two geysers side by side. The Grand has no cone, but is a sunken depression in the earth, and when quiet, seems to be

simply a pool of hot water. By the side of it is the more active Turban, which has formed for itself a basin two or three feet high, from which its hot waters pour over into the pool of the Grand. To one side is the Indicator with an orifice perhaps a foot in diameter, from which the steam was escaping. Near by were five or six pools of water which were boiling more than the geyser itself. For a long time we sat upon the ground and waited, but as the guides said that at times the steam came from the Indicator without an eruption, we started for a walk among the pools. At places the crust of the earth seemed hollow, and sounded as though there was a great cavern beneath our feet. We found one spring which had made for itself a raised basin, whose sides were beautifully adorned, and in which the water was splashing and bubbling with intense heat. It was called the "Devil's Punch Bowl." One is reminded of a story told in the West of an Irishman who was sent ahead to select a camping-place. Coming to one of these clear, deep springs, which would tempt a thirsty man to drink, he found the water scalding hot and extremely sulphurous. Very much excited, he returned to his companions, saying, "Go no farther; sure and the divil himself lives not five miles from this very spot!"

As we were returning from an intensely interesting walk, we heard a shout which meant that some geyser was "going off," and looking across the river saw that it was the Grand, to which we all hastened. The pools about it, which were boiling when we left, were empty, and the geyser pool was vehemently agitated. A grand column of water and steam arose in pulsations higher and higher, until one great jet would shoot up above

the column to the height of nearly two hundred feet. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the spectators. His soul must have been dull, indeed, who could view it unmoved. The scalding water arose and fell in drops and spray, through which the light of the sun glistened. It was a foaming column of rising and falling water, fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height. By the side of it the Turban boiled and surged, and near by the steam rushed furiously from the Indicator. This continued for a few moments ; then the waters remained comparatively quiet for about as long, and another eruption took place. There were ten eruptions in immediate succession, and toward the last the water rushed down the mouth of the crater, leaving the pool dry. Then it rose in pulse-beats to the surface above, and with a roar higher and higher, until it was again in full eruption. To us it was the Grand geyser.

In the afternoon of the following day the Castle exhibited its power. This geyser received its name Castle from its beautiful mound. At short intervals it shoots a jet of water twenty or twenty-five feet into the air ; but it has also its great eruption, when it sends its column of water and steam to the height of about a hundred feet. For twenty minutes it played continuously, a gorgeous fountain. Amid the diamond drops a rainbow appeared, wavering here and there with the pulsations of the water. When the vent was cleared of water, for forty minutes, with a loud, roaring noise, the steam rushed furiously from the crater.

Other geysers exhibited the wondrous power. The periods of quiet vary from a few minutes to hours, days and weeks. According to the guides, the eruption of

the "Giantess" was due, but for some reason was delayed. However, we visited the mound on which is the orifice, about thirty feet long and twenty wide, out of which it is said to throw a column of water to the height of two hundred and fifty feet.

From the Upper Basin we journeyed northward to the largest of the geysers, and thence to the *cañon* and falls of the Yellowstone river.

HARRIS REID COOLEY.

"I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME."

Not as a speck revolving through limitless realms of
space ;
Not as an atom lying in some dim and darksome place ;
But as myself He knows me, and will keep me through-
out this year ;
My Guide when I grope in darkness, my Strength when
I faint with fear.

As myself and not another, knowing my name so well,
Yea, knowing my inmost wishes, and the thoughts that
I could not tell ;
So holy, I bow before Him ; so good that to none but
Him
I could tell my deepest longings, and the doubts that
are strange and dim.

From the Rainbow Throne of glory, I see Him bend
to me ;

I know that the God of ages is working gloriously ;
And I hear the great Creator, whose angels are a flame,
Say to a child of Adam, "I have called thee by thy
name."

—London Christian.

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLACE AND THE GERM.

To the lover of nature's rugged beauty, Somerset county, Pennsylvania, presents superior attractions. The Alleghenies, that shake their eastern dews into the Atlantic and pour their western waters into the Gulf of Mexico, rise to the average height of 2,800 feet in the eastern borders of this county, while its western edge is borne aloft to a similar altitude on the back of the Laurel Hills. About midway between the Maryland line on the south and its present northern limits, a high water-shed, (along which the proposed South Pennsylvania Railroad is surveyed), runs nearly east and west from mountain chain to mountain chain. Pheasants, wild turkeys, deer, and an occasional bear still invite the hunter's skill, and mountain trout attract the angler. Here winter comes earliest, stays longest, and throws its snowy mantle deepest in all the state, while the abundant laurel and the pine preach of life amid winter's death. Ere the deciduous forests disclose their spring-time buds, the modest trailing arbutus and the more venturesome bluelets invite the lovers of flowers abroad,

while merry songsters pipe a sweet mountain air to cheer the search.

Nature evidently designed this union of mountain and glade as a fascinating summer resort. As such it is used both by those who seek to escape the scorching heat of the cities and by those in quest of health. Even before the white man's foot had trodden here, the Shawanese Indians, a part of the Six Nations, held this region sacred to summer's hunting and fishing. Thick-strewn arrows, picked up by early settlers in favorite spots, showed how valiantly they defended their prize against intruders from neighboring tribes.

A region so attractive found white settlers, chiefly hunters, some years before the treaty of 1768, which opened it up for lawful homes and resulted in making it first a part of Cumberland county, then of Bedford, and in 1795 Somerset county. At the latter date Bruners-town was changed to Somerset and made the county seat.

Somerset is situated on the southern side and about the middle of the inter-mountain water-shed which divides the waters of the Allegheny from those of the Monongahela, and lies 2,208 feet above sea-level, being the highest county seat in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Turkey-Foot township, some twenty miles southwest of Somerset, afforded perhaps the first religious organization for the worship of Jehovah in what is now Somerset county; it was a Baptist church, constituted September 14, 1775, being still in existence and known as the Jersey Church. Lutherans, German Reformed, and German Baptists or "Dunkards," came later, but stronger, with the increasing German population, followed by Presbyterians, Methodists and others.

The first churches in the village of Somerset were Lutheran, German Reformed and Presbyterian, planted about the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. But even then influences were at work that were destined in the end to place the predominancy in other hands. The key to permanent power in any community is the sanctified heart of an intelligent woman. Such a key Providence was fashioning by slow but sure processes. The second man appointed by the governor to fill the offices of prothonotary, register and recorder and clerk of orphans' courts of the new county, was Morgan J. Rhees, of Philadelphia, January, 1800. He and his wife Ann were devout, intelligent Baptists. Mr. Rhees died December 7, 1804, and the 15th day of the following March Mrs. Rhees returned to her Philadelphia home, that she might enjoy the privileges of her dearly loved Baptist church, removing even her husband's remains in 1807. Her stay in Somerset had, however, been long enough to knit in thorough friendship her heart and that of Mrs. Mary Ogle, wife of Gen. Alexander Ogle, a woman of superior heart and mind, belonging to the first walks of society. Neither the General nor his wife were members of any church. Correspondence with Mrs. Rhees kept the flame of friendship burning brightly. When Gen. Ogle went to Lancaster to sit in the legislative session of 1811 and 1812, Mrs. Ogle accompanied him that she might visit Mrs. Rhees. Much of the time in Philadelphia was spent in religious conversation and attendance at various churches. One Sunday, while attending Baptist church, Mary Ogle heard Dr. Haughton tell the story of William Carey in India. Her heart not only burned for foreign missionaries and their cause, but also for her own mountain

village. When at the conclusion of an earnest appeal the plate was passed, amid blinding tears and a fervent prayer for "benighted Somerset" she laid on it her only remaining dollar, the intended passage money to Lancaster. She called to the Lord in the words of Moses, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." On another occasion she heard Dr. Birch, a Presbyterian minister, on "Christian Fellowship and Charity." It proved to be manna indeed to her hungry soul. It was like Elijah's "meat," in the strength of which she marched so many a weary mile of her lonely pilgrimage. She who might have been a star in society preferred to shine for the Lord. The Scripture was true again, "*Mary* hath chosen the better part."

But the effect all this had on her mind and heart may be best seen from a letter she addressed to Mrs. Rhees after her arrival at Lancaster. This letter will also help to make us better acquainted with our heroine :

LANCASTER, March 1, 1812.

Dear Friend:—I must inform you that I arrived safe at Lancaster in company with five gentlemen, all of whom were polite and agreeable. One of them, Mr. Eringhouse, introduced me before I took the stage, and he was very attentive, which made it pleasant traveling. But believe me, my friend, that I came many a mile and was scarcely sensible of any person's being in the stage but myself; my mind was so wholly occupied in contemplation on the goodness of God and the fellowship of Christians that I think it was the happiest day of my life. I hope that I realize something of the words that were so powerfully impressed on my mind in Mr. Birch's church. There is not anything that troubles my mind but the forlorn state of Somerset with respect to the gospel. Tell Dr. Holcombe that when he petitions Him who has all power in heaven and on earth, not to forget our solitary place.

But methinks I see Mrs. Hallman smiling and saying that Mrs. Ogle has become very partial in her desires. Truth, my dear friend, I feel more immediately interested for Somerset, but my heart flows with warm affection to all the human family, not willing that any should per

ish but all should come to repentance. But, oh, we are unworthy creatures! I can speak for myself as an individual, that I am not worthy of the least of His divine favors; yet He has in many instances made His goodness to pass before me and proclaimed Himself the Lord, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.

I have not seen any of the ladies of Lancaster yet, therefore I can not tell you any news from this place.

I often feel a disposition to cry out, "Oh, that it were with me as in the past when I went with my friends to the house of God and sat under the droppings of His sanctuary." But I must return to my native land. Oh, that the Lord would plant in that wilderness His cedar tree, the oil and myrtle tree, and His *Birch*-tree together. Oh, that He would make that parched ground become as a pool of water; then the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose.

But I fear my dear friend will think that I discover by my letter a mind not reconciled to our heavenly Father's will. But do not think so; for when I look at my unworthiness and the loving kindness of the Lord to me, I can not refrain to shed tears of joy and gratitude, and to say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." But I trust you have not forgotten the Doctor's grand discourse on Christian fellowship and charity—that we should bear with one another in love. It has been observed by an elegant writer that "love is the holy element of heaven, the air that angels breathe as from the throne of God it issues forth, for God is love."

Oh, that the love of Christ may constrain us at all times to talk and act as becomes the blessed gospel, is the sincere wish of your friend,

MARY OGLE.

If it be asked why such a religious nature as hers had not long ere this led Mary Ogle to unite with some one of the religious bodies of Somerset, the answer must be, they were not sufficiently religious to meet the wants of her craving soul. This can be clearly gathered from the foregoing letter, and may be further illustrated by a fact or two. In 1810 the Reformed and the Presbyterians built a union church by lottery. The laws of the commonwealth not only sanctioned such procedure, but often a liberal per cent. was paid to the governor for permitting a special act granting a lottery, and an-

other liberal per cent. frequently went into the pockets of the managers. Even so late as 1818 another lottery was gotten up in Somerset to build another church, and some tickets were already sold, when the repealing of the law put a sudden end to the business, the public conscience being of finer moral quality than that of individual churches. Moreover, Mrs. Ogle's constant study of the Bible had led her to views of doctrine and duty that none of the then existent Somerset churches could satisfy. Her stay at Lancaster during the spring of 1812 afforded her another opportunity to go through the Bible again and settle new points of inquiry. She would have been immersed while at Philadelphia, but her Baptistic leanings did not make the matter so imperative. Besides, it was at Somerset that she had so long lived apart from public acknowledgment of Christ that she believed it her duty to honor Him there, and so, if possible, by her example lead her neighbors and companions to a like obedience. Accordingly her friends were notified of her changed purpose in life, and Elder William Brownfield, a Baptist minister of Uniontown, was invited to officiate at her formal espousal to Christ. In the summer of 1812 "buried with Christ in baptism" was still an unseen thing in Somerset. The news that she who had been the belle and beauty of Bedford county, and was now the first lady in Somerset, was to be immersed brought all the village to the old stone mill, one and a half miles south of town. "Aunt Charlotte," the now widowed daughter-in-law of Mary Ogle, one of the few surviving members of the Church of Christ, then twelve years old, was one of the spectators on that memorable occasion.

The summer following the above event, namely, in

1813, Prof. Charles Wheeler was called to immerse another lady of high social standing, the wife of a leading lawyer, Mrs. Mary Morrison. In intellectual ability she was not the equal of Mary Ogle, but her superior, if possible, in the adornments of a meek and quiet spirit. These two, like every new-born soul, longed to serve their Master and to be a blessing to their fellow-travelers to death and the judgment. They urged all whom they could to gather regularly on Lord's day in Abraham Morrison's law-office, which afterwards passed into the hands of the Ogles, and stood where F. J. Kooser's present law-office stands. For many years to come this brick building was destined to be a sanctuary as well as the abode of civil justice. With all who attended, these women read the Holy Scriptures and talked of duty and the life to come. No matter who was there, whether only those from the humbler walks of life or learned lawyers, they neglected not the public service of prayer. A volume of "Village Sermons" was secured, and a sermon devoutly and regularly read, supplemented by the fervent singing of Dr. Watt's Psalms and Hymns.

Later on, perhaps in 1815, this forenoon service was supplemented by an afternoon Sunday-school, conducted by Mary Ogle and the wife of a Presbyterian minister by the name of Ross. It was the first one in the county, and its lineal descendant may be seen to this day in the Church of Christ of Somerset, the strongest body of the kind in town.

In all this work the two Marys found an efficient helper in another woman of the same given name, Mrs. Mary T. Graft. She belonged to a humbler station in life and had not the same judiciousness of judgment or

fineness of spiritual discernment, but was active, ambitious, even officious, and in point of ability ranked between the other two. She had been sprinkled in infancy and regarded that sufficient, especially since it was supplemented by a subsequent "Christian experience." When approached on the matter by the others, she would reply: "I grant you that the Scriptures teach 'burial' in baptism, which is immersion; but to attend to it at this late day with all my Christian experience as proof of divine acceptance, would be like a man who, toward evening of a day's journey, remembering that he had forgotten to eat breakfast should then seriously turn back to the inn of the previous night to supply the omission. I have had no fair breakfast, it is true, but I'll travel on my dinner."

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

DURING the present generation there has arisen among us a succession of mighty "evangelists," whose field of action has been chiefly in the cities. It is a significant fact that in this very field there has been a steady decline in the regular church attendance. This defection is very marked among church members. It is stated that less than one-half of the members of Protestant churches in our cities are regular attendants, and that a large per cent.—some forty, say—never attend at all. Are the methods of modern "evangelism" at all chargeable with this defection? There may be other causes, but we now inquire as to the natural effect of these methods. Every pastor knows how difficult it is to interest, and hold to duty, a congregation after a "great revival." Some strong and prosperous churches, within the writer's knowledge, have been hopelessly demoralized, and a few utterly broken down, by this means. It sometimes happens that a pastor of godly life, ability and culture, who has ministered successfully and acceptably for years, suddenly becomes tame and unacceptable after the visit of the boisterous and self-praising "evangelist." Some have been driven to seek another field, and those that remain are fortunate

if they escape contempt. Whatever in "evangelistic," or "revival," methods contributes to this result is vicious, and should be condemned; unless it be that which may be adopted in the regular ministry of the church without impropriety. If the evangelist succeeds by superior earnestness, sympathy, fidelity to truth; by diligent study, cogent reasoning and pleasing illustration, the pastor will find the reaction reduced to the minimum, and himself and the congregation well prepared to meet it. If, however, the revivalist resorts to self-advertisement in the press; to self-glorification, by counting scalps, and boasting of the hundreds present and the "thousands turned away;" (sometimes multiplying both auditors and converts from three to ten times;) to displays of jumping-jack gymnastics, clownish mannerisms, slangy talk and extravagant statement; to artfully playing the church against the world and the world against the church, by holding each in turn up to the ridicule of the other; to a compromise of truth and an ignoring of the requirements of Scripture, the outcome must be mischievous, just in proportion to the success of the "revival." That some, or all, of these methods are resorted to by these mighty modern "evangelists" can not be denied. These are relied upon to get the crowds, and to generate the great religious cyclone, called a "revival," in which often the light of reason is blown out, and the quiet, orderly ministrations of the pulpit become distasteful. Some innocently suppose that it "turns men's attention to religious matters and so stimulates attendance at churches." "The churches will reap the benefit." Now, it is here claimed that the fact and the philosophy are on the other side. You might almost as well expect to

prepare a girl for Sunday-school by sending her to the theater ; or a boy for a funeral by sending him to the circus. It is not enough to say that "they do good." If the methods are dishonest, undignified, or out of place in the ordinary pulpit ministry, they should be discountenanced. We cannot even adopt the maxim, "Do a very little evil that a great deal of good may come ;" for this would leave the matter of relative quantity to that most elastic of all India-rubber, "my estimation." The *Chicago Tribune*, commenting on a peculiar "method" of one of these famous "evangelists," of seeing and pointing out converts crowding to the front, which were invisible to the non-evangelistic eye, charitably concluded that the good end justified the innocent deception. Whether this was soberly meant, or downright irony, I could not make out ; but it is a sentiment which no lover of truth, and certainly no Christian, can endorse. A white lie is a greater anomaly, a baser fraud, than a white elephant, and often much bigger.

The multitude likes to be amused and "entertained." Knowing this the preacher who has *cacoethes trahendi* is sorely tempted to amuse and entertain. This may be done by putting a little of the opera, or orchestra, into the choir ; a little of the theater, or even of the gymnasium, into the pulpit ; or a broad and indelicate facetiousness into the sermon. The pulpit has, now and then, here and there, (chiefly in the cities where love of amusement is a great passion,) timidly yielded to this temptation. There has been a growing tendency in this direction for a generation, partly under the idea of "getting away from the austerities of Puritanism," but largely, of late, to get the crowds. So fruitful are

these methods of the desired results, so readily has fame been gained by some without brains, or culture, or even piety, that many are adopting them, and it may not be long before the great, amusement-loving world, which knows little, and cares little, for real Christian culture and piety, will come to regard religion as a harmless and enjoyable species of harlequinade.

As already suggested, the successful use of these methods does not depend on having been brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," on thorough scholarship, or genuine refinement. Indeed, the crowd-idea is that these are disadvantages. Nothing counts for so much as the egotistic bravado, questionable jokes, impossible anecdotes, and bits of experimental deviltry, picked up in a life of sin. To those who look beneath the surface of things there is something dangerously communistic about this. There is a vulgar and senseless hatred, especially in our great cities, against culture and piety, as well as against property and social order. Much of this current revivalism is little else than communistic and indiscriminating abuse of men of wealth, of polite society, and a practical contempt for learning and ministerial dignity. The world may applaud, but Christian civilization can hardly be advanced by such crude and suspiciously popular methods.

One of the most objectionable and unpardonable things connected with these methods is the evident "holding the truth in unrighteousness." If, in the midst of these immense throngs, when many are inquiring what they shall do to be saved, some faithful preacher should proclaim: "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom

of God ;" or "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins ;" or, "You must be buried with Christ in baptism before you can enter on the new life you seek," he would be unceremoniously silenced. If the "great evangelist" himself should proclaim this, he would stampede the whole assembly, and the clergy would lead the rout. What is the "inquiry room" but a convenient place for each clergyman to hold before the seeker for truth his own little theological prism, and color it to suit the practices of his church ? Why not declare the whole counsel of God to the multitudes, as they did in days apostolic, instead of keeping it for the comparative few who enter the inquiry room ? Are there any secret mysteries which belong only to the initiated ? If in all modern evangelism the gospel be hid, the "inquiry room" is the hiding place. But, however that may be, it would not do to give sinners plain Scripture directions what to do to be saved ; for that would clash with prejudices and practices on every hand, and defeat the "success" of the meeting, and dim the glory of the "evangelist." This is handling the Word of God deceitfully, and is only a part of a system of methods which are chosen with a view to getting the crowds and counting hypothetical converts. These ends are attained, as we have seen, at the compromise—in some cases at the utter sacrifice—of truth, dignity and Scripture authority.

Finally, even though the methods could be reformed and rendered unobjectionable, the importance of "revivals" is greatly exaggerated in the public mind. When they are manipulated so as to generate excitement, as is often done to phrensy, as stated above, they

are positively harmful. After a storm of this sort the faithful pilot, the pastor, finds it a hard thing to keep the old ship of Zion out of the trough of the sea; and sometimes the church is swamped. Where this is carefully guarded against, and revivals are all that could be expected, still they can never take the place of the regular ministry of the church. A reliance upon these, however well-timed and conducted, as a chief means of church growth and progress must always be fatal. They are necessarily spasmodic and brief. When Elijah, disappointed and alarmed at the outcome of his "revival" on Mt. Carmel, fled to Horeb, God taught him a lesson, which has not yet lost its significance. He taught him that God is not so much in "whirlwinds" and "earthquakes" as in "the still, small voice." After a whirlwind of social reform, or an earthquake of revolution, we are surprised to find that Progress has stubbornly refused to budge a step. But she steadily follows the still, small voice of reason and conscience. So in the church she follows not the sounding brass of evangelistic boasting, nor the clanging cymbals of operatic chorus, but the still, small voices of faith, and hope, and love, heard in the modest, orderly, constant ministry of a faithful pulpit. These cyclonic "revivals" inflict upon the Devil vastly more dust than damage, but he dreads the steady piety and loving activity of an earnest, faithful congregation. Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if you faint not.

CHRISTIANITY is culture, and culture is constructive; not merely reform, which is chiefly destructive, the removing of old abuses — the shaking off of

old customs ; not merely making a new beginning, by "swearing off" and taking a pledge. Soldiering does not consist in enlisting and mustering, though it be repeated over and over again ; matriculating is not acquiring an education, though it should be attended to every day of the longest collegiate course. So, "laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, etc.," is not going on to perfection. This is not Christian culture.

Culture is the systematic development and training of faculties, of body, mind, or soul. Physical training is universal and well understood in its methods and benefits. Mental training is becoming universal, and its methods and benefits are becoming better understood. It was once thought "education" should be "bestowed" only on the brightest. Parents would select the smartest boy in the family, send him to college, train him for professional life, and pass by other children, as not having the "capacity to receive an education." As if children weak and deformed bodily should be denied the privilege of the very exercise and helpful training, which would put them more nearly on an equality with their more fortunate play-fellows. But in the spirit of strengthening feeble knees, and lifting up drooping and palsied hands, Christian culture is schooling the feeble-minded. By the quickening breath of its divine charity, the feeble intellectual spark of idiocy itself is being kindled into a warming and cheering flame. The same universality is aimed at in moral and spiritual culture. The gospel is for *every creature*. Careful analysis has shown that there is gold in the common clay. If, by some power, we could draw all

the gold to the surface, it would be sufficient to give each brick in the wall a glorious golden face. Could this be done what a splendor would replace the city's dinginess! So, there is gold enough in any man, though he be of humanity's commonest clay,—the gold of the divinity with which God endowed us at the first,—to make him shine in the image of God, if it can only be properly brought out. He may be a "brick," a very hard one at that, yet the gold is there; and it is the patient purpose of Christian culture to bring it out.

Now culture—training, education—is essentially *exercise*. "By reason of use" our faculties—"senses"—are "exercised to discern both good and evil." Food is necessary to bodily strength and activity; but the bodily powers are not developed by feeding, but by action—by exercise. The feeding without the exercise has the opposite effect. So with the mind. Mental faculties are rather impaired and enfeebled by that system of education which "crams," instead of exercises. Information is the mental food without which there can be no intellectual strength and activity, but too much of it without exercise is hurtful. Many a college graduate is mentally weak, and flabby, and diseased, because of such educational gluttony, and needs a thorough application of intellectual "massage." Moreover, as overeating induces indolence, so this vicious educational cramming induces much mental laziness and disease, as witness the great cloud of educated "cranks," by which we are surrounded. Men sometimes frequent libraries, as others do eating-houses or saloons, simply for gluttonous satisfaction, till they become intellectually portly, and rotund, and imposing, and we envy them their comfortable intellectual proportions, not knowing

that there is fatty degeneration of the brain in every instance. Now apply this fully and fearlessly to moral and spiritual things. He is not necessarily a strong, active Christian who reads much, sings much, hears many sermons, and always goes to meeting. Some of this class need the "massage." Here is a good place to emphasize the difference between hearing and doing.

The chief end and glory of culture is discrimination—to discern *difference*. The first step in school is discriminating A from B, in form, sound and use; and this is the form of mental activity, through the subtle "distinctions" of grammar, the "comparisons" of natural science, and the "differentiations" of metaphysics and logic. Besides, that culture is greatest and most perfect which can detect the slightest difference in any particular case. The expert sees the difference between the genuine and the counterfeit money, which is lost to the common eye; the skillful machinist sees the difference between a perfect adjustment and that which comes infinitesimally near it; the great surgeon can send his lancet within the millionth part of an inch of the fatal spot, and yet life is safe; the great artist notes differences in shades which are lost on others, and the great master in music does the same thing in sounds. Within such narrow bounds doth genius dwell. So we learn that the great end of Christian culture is to "discern both good and evil;" the exaltation and training of the moral sense till it detects the difference between the counterfeit good, and the genuine; between the spurious imitations of virtue, charity, and piety and the real article. Advise a young man against cards, or billiards, and the answer is, "What's the difference?" Advise a young woman against the

theater, the dance, or the rink, and the answer is, "What's the difference?" Advise the business man against immoral speculation, and the answer is, "What's the difference?" Advise the Christian mother against worldliness and vanity, and the answer often is, "What's the difference?" You will generally find it impossible to point out the difference to them, because of their blunt moral perceptions; they have not learned to discern the finer distinctions between right and wrong, good and evil, vice and virtue. No difference what the difference is, it is lost on them, and the practical outcome is about the same as in the case of those who thrust all such matters aside with the proverb, "Damn the difference."

THE watchword of Christendom is, "The whole world for Christ, and Christ for the whole world." Nineteen Christian centuries have come and gone, and yet two-thirds of the race have not so much as heard of Jesus the Christ. Buddhism has five hundred million adherents; Confucianism has four hundred million; and Mohammedanism has a hundred and seventy million. These religions are not ready to give place to Christianity. They are yet strong with the vitality of youth. They are ambitious, not only to hold the ground which they have already won, but to extend it, until they fill the whole earth. There are at this hour over a thousand million human beings who do not bow at the name of Jesus, and who do not confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

Commerce is rendering the task more difficult. It is estimated that, for every missionary that goes to a pagan land, sixty thousand gallons of rum follow him

annually. A missionary in South Africa has said, "If it were not for the British rum trade, the church here would be numbered by hundreds instead of by tens." This traffic was a lion in his path. It was a mill-stone around the neck of every effort he put forth. Infidel and agnostic works are exported as well as Bibles. The natives quote Paine, and Hume, and Spéncer, and Strauss, and Renan to the missionary. These writers furnish the heathen with weapons to resist the attacks upon their religions. Some of the most serious obstacles in the way of the conversion of pagan nations arise from intercourse with those who claim to be the representatives of a Christian civilization.

If the whole church was thoroughly in earnest, all obstacles would be speedily surmounted, and the work would be done in a reasonable time. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Less than one-third of those who profess to be redeemed by the blood of Christ, and to be filled and controlled by His Spirit, feel any interest in the success of this cause. This is the saddest and most discouraging fact of all. While Christian people are sleeping, the enemy is sowing tares in the field, and is thus postponing for centuries the day of final and universal triumph.

A great work has been done since the church awoke from the slumber and sloth of ages. The outlook is full of promise and hope. At the beginning of the present century, foreign missions could not point to a single convert; now there are three-quarters of a million of converts, besides a community of over two million adherents. But in view of the vast number yet to be won, this is only a beginning. The church must work on a larger scale than ever, if all false religions

are to be supplanted by Christianity. More men must be enlisted as missionaries, and more money must be contributed for their support. Let no one imagine that the evangelization of the world is a small or an easy task. It is a work of such magnitude, and is environed with so many difficulties, that its accomplishment will require the energies of the whole church for a century, at least. It is high time for us to awake out of sleep, and to gird ourselves for the grandest conflict in which mortal men have ever been engaged.

VIOLENCE has become epidemic. Its victims are of all classes, from the nameless tramp, killed in the saloon row, to the millionaire, murdered for his money. Within a few years we have numbered among them two of our greatest chief magistrates. More significant still, murder has open and unblushing advocates in our great cities, in trained public speakers, established periodicals, and organized associations. No doubt there are special and temporary causes for this state of things ; but there are more general and permanent causes to which attention is now called. First among these is heredity. We have the murderous instinct in our blood from our warlike and brutal ancestors. In a large and general way each generation has inherited a spirit of ferocity and love of war from those far-off times when the world was filled with violence. These influences, operating upon us both individually and socially, reinforced by certain educational forces (to be noted presently), render *any one of us* capable of doing murder under some unusual excitement of anger, or greed, or drink. This is surely enough to startle us into an examination of these dangerous educational forces ; for certainly all education

should be *against* the growth and mastery of this blood-thirsty spirit.

Our literature is brutal and sanguinary. School histories abound in chapters and pictures of blood and battle, and they are so linked with the lives and honors of great men that they seem to the child a part of the heroism and the greatness. With the lesson the boy imbibes a contempt for the unheroic teacher who never drew blood even from an urchin's back. War is too fruitful of glory, and too easy a stepping-stone, by the grace of the historian and poet, to the highest national honor.

O, pity that every land since the fall
Should be cursed by the slimiest, foulest of all
The vile serpents of hell—the red dragon of war!
O, pity that Liberty, fleeing afar
From his Orient haunts to this wilderness vast,
Should have found no escape from his venom at last!

What is the lesson in this much-declaimed quatrain
from Rodman Drake?

Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

A thousand times better that every blood-colored stripe in "freedom's banner," and all banners, should bleach into pure white, and they become emblems of peace and brotherhood in all lands and on all seas. But is not Poetry the hand-maid of War; and is it not the mission of the bard to sing the fame of warriors? There are signs that Poetry is tiring of this ignoble service. No modern rhymester has been able to make much of even so splendid a subject as Napoleon, and Tennyson lamentably failed in attempting to coax the Muse to do

something handsome for "The Great Duke." Still our young people share "Sheridan's Ride" till the pace of honest toil seems provokingly slow; and the boy who has tasted "The Baron's Last Banquet" thinks the bread of honest toil a little stale.

Our art is as sanguinary as our literature, and the drama teaches a constant lesson of violence. What is tragedy, the chief and most dignified, most *moral* part of the drama, but emulation, envy, strife, murder? Every habitue of the theater knows this, and others may satisfy themselves by examining the fierce countenances, deadly combats, and cruel killings blazoned upon the bill-boards. These are the chief attractions, and make the deepest impressions upon the young. Here is chiefly imbibed the notion that killing is heroic, which is about the same as dramatic, and the respectable young man purchases a pistol with the vague idea that it is the thing to do. The drama is a dangerous school of genteel crime.

What is the remedy? "Forbid the publication of criminal news," says one. You might as well attempt to cure small-pox by forbidding the patient "breaking out" when the disease is in the system. Another says: "Make stringent laws, and enforce them." Yes, this will do some good; but punishment is of the nature of a cure, and an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of that. Prevent. But a true prevention removes the cause, as far as possible, or seeks to render it inoperative. If we could, or rather *would*, remove these causes which have been pointed out, we would have minimized this hereditary tendency to violence, and so minimized this form of crime. If we can not remove them wholly, we can do much to keep ourselves and our

children away from their influence. Another remedy is to employ positive educational forces which counteract this hereditary instinct to violence ; and here Christianity must be the chief factor. The sanctity of human life is multiplied when we perceive that man bears the image of God. Without this perception, it becomes little more than a sentiment. When we thoroughly accept the truth that vengeance belongs to God, and that He will repay, we shall be willing to leave the matter with Him, and the doctrine of non-resistance will neither seem illogical nor impracticable. Away will go the boasted right of self-defense, so easily adopted to suit each man's whim. Teach men the strange truth that the non-resistant man is bravest ; and the stranger, more paradoxical one, that he is the most secure. William Penn and David Livingstone were braver men than even Gordon—have more of the stuff of true heroism ; and their work proves that there is more safety in peace than in war—a proposition that would seem self-evident but for the fact that the world has so long accepted and acted upon its opposite.

THERE is much ineffectual, unattractive, man-for-saken preaching which might easily be made the very reverse in every particular. The everyday life of the preacher has much to do with the success of his ministry — his temper, social qualities, conversation, habits of thought, and “business sense ;” but his success quite as much depends on the peculiarities of his pulpit work. Appropriate dress and manner count for much, but clear and energetic speech for more. How to hear without a preacher may be an unsolvable problem, but how to hear with one is sometimes almost as

difficult, and more irritating. Many a preacher fails to be heard for sheer lack of force in his utterance, or indistinctness of articulation. Some invariably swallow the last half of each sentence with a gurgling gulp, that generally drags down and drowns the first half with it. This is not *elocution* but *in*-locution—a voluntary eating of one's own words, which gives the hearer an involuntary shudder. With sophomoric intent at dramatic effect, some rush alternately to the height of shrill-toned and clamorous vociferation, frightfully suggestive of arterial hemorrhage, and the depth of hoarse-whispering "Raven" rhetoric, startlingly suggestive of croup.

Often much vanity and "striving after wind" is displayed in the use of words. I once heard one of those gifted preachers, who speak with tongues, trying *not* to tell a "children's meeting" a pathetic fable about a sick little boy. He said, or did say, "It was finally ascertained that his malady would, in all probability, terminate fatally." I heard another deliver, to a plain, common-sense congregation, in an unknown tongue, this valuable thought, "If men had tried to write the gospel, instead of one small book they would have filled many large ones." Here is the original, out of which I have translated it: "If men had attempted to compose the gospel, they would have incorporated it in ponderous tomes the accumulation of which would have impinged against the clouds." The congregation meekly accepted it by faith. Away with such brilliant preachers! The infinitesimal superficies of the vulgar mind, to be immarcescibly illuminated by the iridescent scintillations of the phosphorescent photosphere of their psychologico-heliacal orb, is so ridiculously incom-

mensurate to the dynamical refulgence called into requisition, as to ludicrously suggest the utilization of ponderous ordnance, of speluncular caliber, and reverberating resonance, for the annihilation of vermiculate infusoria or microscopical protozoa (in lieu of more economic anthelmintics), and to provoke inextinguishable cachinnation among those of unquestionable acumen.

Nothing is here intended against the use of choice language, elegant diction, or even brilliant rhetoric, on proper occasions, and chastened by genuine taste, but there is too much of empty big-talk, which should be discouraged. So here is our discourager — our antidote for flatulent verbosity.

INGERSOLL says, "A great deal of fuss has been made about freeing the bodies of men. I want the mind to be free. I feel far more interest in the question of intellectual liberty than in who is going to be President of the United States." The saddest, the most grandly pathetic, spectacle in all history is this intellectual giant chafing in his chains. He is the mental Spartacus — or, if you would modernize it, you might drop the Sparta out of his name—calling bravely upon his fellow-slaves to follow him to liberty at all hazards. I knew him when a boy, a roaring, swearing boy, he wandered through the busy streets and familiar saloons of his beloved Peoria, to gather the juice of the first ripe grapes, and bear it off in boisterous triumph. He did not then realize what an abject slave he was; but the awful truth soon dawned upon his mind, and ever since its aspiring pinions have been vainly beating against the unyielding bars of his intel-

lectual prison. This thing has gone on to our shame all too long. Let him out, and let him soar. It is safer to soar than sore. Let the giant go free, and let him go to any part of the civilized world, or to Chicago, and say what he chooses. Having been so long a slave, he might abuse his liberty ; he might feel like swearing, or abusing preachers, or ridiculing those of us yet in bondage, or lying about the Bible, or lead his admiring atheistic followers into the rank communism that blasphemes all authority, human or divine. No matter, the mind must be free. This restless Enceladus, groaning, and writhing, and kicking, under this great Ætna of mental oppression, must be freed from his agony. His belchings of fiery indignation have given us some splendid pyrotechnic displays of volcanic rhetoric—brimstone, and fire, and *gas* ; but at the sacrifice of all this, we say, Let him out!—just to see what a free man *can* think of. Let him out!

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

AN art journal has recently been started in Paris, which places its subscription price at sixty dollars per year. This is certainly an approach to high art.

SWINBURNE pronounces Victor Hugo “the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century.” It will be interesting to learn what spiritual sovereignty, in the Swinburnean sense, really is.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is credited with the following choice bit of advice to story writers: "You must have pen, ink and paper. Use the first with brains, the second with imagination, and the third with generosity."

TENNYSON, in conversation with an American tourist recently, pronounced Edgar A. Poe "the greatest American genius." The Laureate further remarked that Poe had "all the Greek's appreciation of the beautiful, and much of their power of expressing it in poetry."

THE sermons and addresses delivered by Archdeacon Farrar during his visit to this country, have been gathered into a volume and will be issued soon. The eminent visitor made many friends during his American tour, to whom this book will be a pleasant souvenir.

THE DISCIPLE takes peculiar pleasure in offering to its readers such choice verses as appear on the pages of the present number. We have among us a number of poets of whom we may well be proud, and we have a happy conceit that they are all at their best when they write for the DISCIPLE.

WE once heard a delicate, sensitive woman, who through years of suffering had found almost constant companionship in books, say, in substance: "I can not apply the rules of literary criticism to a book, but I can always tell whether the author has lived what he writes." We believe that such people, people of finely sympathetic natures, who have learned through

the experiences of their own lives to know the difference between the genuine and the fanciful, are the true critics after all; and that the author who can win their approval need not trouble himself greatly about what the "learned reviewers" say of his work.

AMONG the many stories told in illustration of the kindness and gentle courtesy of the poet Longfellow, we do not remember to have seen anything better than one narrated some time since by Professor Boyeson. He said that on one occasion a plain country woman came to Mr. Longfellow's home and introduced herself to its master. "Be you Mr. Longfellow?" she asked. The poet confessed that he answered to that name. "Well," she said, "I've come a long way to see you. I've read your piece about Evangeline clear through, an' I guess there ain't many folks that kin say that!" The poet did not, by word or look, betray his amusement at this doubtful compliment, but conducted his visitor through his home, and showed her all its treasures, treating her with as much consideration as if she had been a princess.

DURING his recent visit to America, H. R. Haweis made the acquaintance of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the genial "Autocrat" discoursed of his contemporaries in his own charming fashion. Here are some of his opinions: "What a presence was Agassiz, with his flashing eyes so full of life and genius and insight and eloquence! As to Hawthorne—such a contrast to him—he was so shy and retiring, like a blushing school-girl of fourteen." "Margaret Fuller—rather dull, as I think, in her books—was a rare talker." "As

for Poe, he was really a poor creature—a very poor creature; he gave great offense at Boston; people were kindly disposed toward him, but he treated them infamously.” “As to Emerson, he was an angel—so pure and sunny; but the stuff talked in his name about transcendentalism was insufferable; it has infected Boston ever since.”

AMONG all the books that we read, how rarely do we find one that must of necessity have been written! Books are written for fame, for the “downing” of opponents, political or theological, for the personal satisfaction of authors whose sufficient reward it is to see their own genius reflected from printed pages; and a certain humorist is frank enough to confess that his book is written for two dollars and fifty cents a volume. But once in a generation there appears a book that its readers feel would have been written, and written just as it stands, though no eager publisher had stood ready to herald it with glowing notices and hurry it into type. Charlotte Brontë said that when one of her creations impressed itself on her mind, it was so sharply outlined in all its details that she felt it would be almost impossible for her to change or modify it. Perhaps it is a good thing that all works of the imagination do not become so intensely real to their authors. Quite different from Charlotte Brontë’s experience was the facility with which Moore, when his “Loves of the Angels” was criticised on the ground of impiety, removed the reason of objection from later editions by changing his characters from Jews to Mohammedans!

A WRITER in the London *Athenæum* says of Mr. Cross's life of George Eliot: "To put it very briefly, I think he has made her too 'respectable.' She was really one of the most skeptical, unusual persons I ever knew. . . . She told me that it was worth while to undertake all the labor of learning French, if it resulted in nothing more than the reading of one book—*Rosseau's Confessions*. That saying was perfectly symbolical of her, and reveals more completely what she was, at any rate in 1851-54, than page after page on my part of attempt at critical analysis. I can see her now, with her hair over her shoulders, the easy-chair half sideways to the fire, her feet over the arms, and a proof in her hand. I do hope that in some future work the salt and spice will be restored to the records of George Eliot's entirely unconventional life. As the matter now stands, she has not had full justice done her, and she has been removed from the class—the great and noble church, if I may so call them—of the Insurgents, to one more genteel, but certainly not so interesting." This writer represents the feeling of a large class of George Eliot's admirers; while another class occupy the attitude indicated in this criticism, and would fain see their goddess rendered "respectable" in the eyes of the world. Members of one class laud her disregard of social customs, while members of the other intimate that the disregard was not so great, after all. We confess that we see no reason to glorify George Eliot on the ground of her connection with "the class of the Insurgents." A woman of George Eliot's genius could afford to rise above the petty restrictions of fashionable life, indeed; but she did not stop there. She carried the phrase "a

law unto herself" to a much broader application than that. She did not believe in the law of God, and she did not care for the laws of society. She did a great wrong; and the love that prompted it, and that, in the eyes of hero-worshippers, condoned it, was a less worthy excuse for a woman like George Eliot, grown strong in self-control, than it is for many a lowly sinner who pleads in vain for the world's pity. George Eliot did not ask for pity; let us make careful distinctions when we come to give her our admiration. Admiration for her genius, for her fidelity to her literary purposes, for the faithfulness with which, in all her works, she exalted duty and taught men to be true to it, we must feel. That it is dangerous to hold up to praise the life in which she fell short of her own standard as exhibited in her writings, we can hardly doubt.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Prof. Geo. T. Ladd, of Yale College, has edited "Outlines of Practical Philosophy," by Herman Lotze. The little volume consists of dictated portions of Lotze's lectures on this subject, embracing his best and most mature utterances upon the topics, Ethical Principles, Moral Ideals, Freedom of the Will, The Individual Person, Marriage and the Family, Intercourse of Men, Society, and The State. These brief utterances are evidently the product of a vast deal of high, hard, and ingenious thinking, though the style is disjointed and

oracular; there being little attempt at argumentation. The author speaks as one having authority, and not as the dialecticians. The style, in the first few topics especially, is altogether metaphysical; that is, very common ideas are expressed in very uncommon ways, and uncommon ideas are hidden in enigma. Yet, even here, there are gleams of common sense, all the brighter for the mist out of which they burst. He first notices that system, or rather theory, of ethics, which is chiefly subjective—based upon the nature of man, and scores two objections. First, this system would only include human beings, yet we feel that morality must hold good in all the universe; second, we should need to be practically omniscient, to be tolerably certain that we were living according to our nature. The other theory may be called objective—judging conduct by its results. This contrasts with the former, too, in being *a posteriori*. On this point he raises this objection: "According to this theory the rules of moral conduct would have to be discovered by the experience of the entire human race;" and then remarks, "It is plain that such rules would only be rules of probability." Yet if they were *accepted* as authoritative the end would be gained. And this is just what has been illustrated in all history. Men have accepted and stoutly insisted on moral maxims which were afterwards found to be absurd. He makes a better point against this eudæmonistic theory in this: "Conscience finds the effort to obtain pleasure, in itself, without blame and natural, but not in the slightest degree meritorious." His discussion justifies this proposition, very happily put, "Important as the connection of pleasure with the principles of ethics is, it is

hardly enough so to put in its appearance without ceremony as chief principle." He finds, however, that seeking the pleasure of others is truly meritorious, truly ethical. But upon this point he makes some statements which, in the light of history, are, at least, remarkable, and makes out the ancient Epicureanism to be the extreme of Egoism, and Christianity to be the extreme of Altruism, with the true ground of ethics and practical philosophy somewhere between them. The truth is, he has reversed and misapplied the whole question. It was the practical philosophy of antiquity that the individual person was *not* the chief end; but that the state was this chief end, and the individual person the mean—one of the wheels in the vast machinery. On the other hand, it is the philosophy of Christianity that the individual person *is* the chief end, and the State, or even the Church, is but a means to its development. Even the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Now, as the counter-check to this ancient absolute claim of the State we have Epicureanism, and this is the only light in which it can be justified or even understood. On the other hand, as a counter-check to the supreme exaltation of personality, everywhere met in Christian doctrine, the altruism of our earth-life is constantly enjoined; the practical self-denial, and self-forgetting for the good of others. Without this counter-balance, Christians would withdraw from the world, its duties, associations, and sympathies, altogether, in following out the great and chief end of destiny; which here, as in nature everywhere, is ultimately egoistic. Moreover, in the broadest view, the practical altruism of Christian life, aside from the immediate social purposes it subserves, is really (and

this is its highest use) the means to the loftiest egoism, both in personal perfection and blissful relations in heaven. Lotze, failing to make this proper distinction, has given us in his fourth chapter a good deal which, did it not come from a philosopher, would be nonsense.

On the subject of the Will, we have these utterances, which will be satisfactory to all except those who have some speculative reason for dissent: "Every 'new beginning,' and therefore every decision of a free will, must be *inexplicable* with respect to the way in which it comes to pass; for to 'explain' means nothing more than to show that a definite event is the result of its antecedents in accordance with general rules. The incomprehensible character of free determination is therefore no reason against the assumption of it, but is a consequence of its very conception." In the last sentence he declares that "this theoretically undemonstrable freedom is a postulate of the practical reason." This is not only getting back to land, after the short, but somewhat foggy, voyage of this chapter, but happily to safe anchorage and firm ground.

In the chapters on "Society" and "The State," we find the whole philosophy so colored and distorted by traditional prejudices and social environment, as to be of little practical value; indeed, erroneous and contradictory. For example, on page 91, he says: "The triflings of comparing society with a living organism, of man or an animal; and of making the functions of the latter the pattern for its regulations, are altogether fruitless. The essential difference is overlooked, that every living 'organism' serves a single individual soul with very many wholly impersonal parts; while in society many individual beings, each of which is an end

to itself, only unite themselves into a community which does not exist apart from them as a distinct being." The last period is true enough, but it by no means vindicates the first. There *is* a sense in which society is organic, but the organs are not *individuals*, but *classes*, official and industrial. These are really "impersonal parts" of the organization called "Society," and comparisons here are not wholly "fruitless," as Herbert Spencer has shown; following Paul, who, in I. Cor. xii., does not find the same comparison "fruitless," when applied to the church." Again, on page 124, we have: "Democracy can in no event be anything more than the final form which society gives to itself; and that, consequently, its organization can possess, as against changeable necessities, no absolutely definitive unchangeable authority." Looking over the history of Europe for three centuries, it would be interesting to have pointed out to us where we should find the "absolutely definitive unchangeable authority" of the monarchy he so much admires. If there is any type of society which during that time has assumed all possible forms, and passed through all degrees of "absoluteness," and defied all notions of the "definitive," and has changed with every breeze of revolution, it is monarchy. Another significant fact is, that while monarchy has thus, on its own ancient ground, been constantly losing in "absoluteness" and "definitiveness," democracy has steadily gained in both.

As might have been expected with one who so far has failed to understand the logic of events, that he regards monarchy as the normal type of society, our author unconsciously contradicts himself. On page 99, he says: "Immediate personal impulse toward aveng-

ing wrong is at the present time in society subordinated to the common judgment and will. On the one hand, it is not the one directly injured, but also the whole of society that is disturbed in respect to its feeling of justice, and that has the same claim to take part in this avenging. On the other hand, the powerlessness that frequently exists ought to be supplemented by the force of the whole community." Now, we might not agree with the idea here embodied, and elsewhere in this volume put forth,—that punishment is only a satisfying of vengeance; but the purpose of the quotation, just now, is to show that he finds this right and duty to reside in "society"—the "community," that is, in the popular will. Again, on page 127: "It is only as 'representative of the state' that we have considered monarchy; and, more specifically, as is obvious, the hereditary monarch. In the ancient Oriental despotisms, he has quite another appearance; as absolute master, source of all right and supreme judge, as educator and prophet, as sole possessor of all property, therefore as 'lord of the manor' in the most unlimited sense. All such immoderate claims have long since been forgotten." Here the monarch is clearly and properly recognized as the representative of the state, that is, society properly organized. On page 133 it is conceded that "the collective intelligence of the people must be made serviceable in carrying out the end of the state;" yet after all this necessary tracing back of authority to the will and intelligence of the people, or rather in the very midst of it, on page 125, we have this unexpected deliverance: "Monarchy does not consist essentially in the unity of the ruling power, but in the fact that this power *rules* at all,—that is to say,

is no longer a mere deputy of the will of society, but derives its authority from a higher source of right."

This not only demolishes the idea that the monarchy is simply "the representative of the state," but asserts that it derives its authority from a "higher source than the will of society." What can that be? Will Lotze fall back on the exploded divine right of despots. He has learned too much for that, even under the shadow of Bismarck, but hear him: "As far as natural right goes, no man has any claim to lordship over others." Well, then, he must gain it, if at all, by supernatural, or unnatural right. Instinctively warned, even in his German dreaming, he turns aside from the supernatural, and claims the unnatural in this innocent fashion: "Our modern form of apprehending the matter is founded upon the conception of legitimacy;—upon the assumption that a right which does not exist by nature can be gained historically, and this by means of an earlier race, whether made subject by force, or out of gratitude for benefits received, having intrusted its leadership to a certain family." A faith in the creative power of history quite fit to go along with the theory of spontaneous generation. Suspecting, however, that enough had not yet been said (the man with a lame cause always desires to say a little more, and have the last word), he settles the matter by adding: "Such psychologically comprehensible events would, nevertheless, not make the esteem for monarchy perfectly secure, unless there lay also in the interest of the community composing the state, some need to which this historical habitude corresponds." This incidentally relieves our perplexity on the above point, namely, how history could convert a wrong into a

right. It seemed incomprehensible; but now we understand that it is only "psychologically comprehensible." This, however, is not the main thing in hand, but the false assumption that "the esteem for monarchy is perfectly secure," in view of some "need to which this historical habitude corresponds." Where in Europe is "the esteem for monarchy perfectly secure?" Is it in France; or England; or Germany; or even Russia? It is most nearly secure in proportion to the popular ignorance of the monstrous deceptions and usurpations by which it is maintained.

But enough space has been occupied, and the object has been not so much to "notice" the book, as to call attention to several things of importance and interest to cultured and thinking people. Here we have, first of all, a good illustration of the influence of tradition and social surroundings on one's philosophy. Whatever may be thought of Lotze, his originality and intellectual integrity, he is essentially a nineteenth-century German. Further, the more practical one's philosophy becomes, the more it is influenced by environment—the more is it modified by current notions and fashions. If, on the other hand, it turns away from these it is apt to fall back into those traditional influences which are still more hurtful. This is as true of theology as of philosophy. One's preaching is apt to be determined either by the prevailing customs and opinions; or, trying to avoid this, by the traditional and antiquated opinions of former generations. The only safety seems to be to strike some sort of a mean between these two influences, but to make it at all satisfactory one should strive as nearly as possible to know *all* the past, and, on the other hand, to know *all* the present. Much

depends on taking the widest bearings ; in having the broadest possible horizon. Lotze seems to have been content to take his bearings from the two hemispheres of the German past, and the German present—certainly, at least, he seems to have taken no counsel from the “logic of events” on this side of the world. For his ideas of democracy, even, he is willing to go no further than England, and in all his discussion of it keeps his eye on the British Parliament—that mongrel menagerie of Ephesian wild beasts, with which every real apostle of representative government must fight.

In conclusion, let it be said, that this is an excellent book to stimulate subtle and painstaking thought ; an excellent pair of philosophical German spectacles, to show us how things look to a German philosopher, and if in putting them on, some very obvious things pass mysteriously out of sight ; it will be remembered that this has been one of the chief uses of “philosophy,” to remove disagreeable things from the field of vision. It is done by so adjusting the lenses as to *increase* myopia, and its chief use at present, in some hands, is to shut out such remote matters as God, and the resurrection, and the judgment. Beware of philosophy that is too “practical.”

PERIODICALS.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW for February has a good table of contents, as follows: “The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town ;” “The Religion of Victor

Hugo;" "Socialism;" "The Possibilities of Italian Religious Reform;" Editorials, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT for January and February, Chas. F. Deems, Editor, has, "Music as Revelation of God and of the Future;" "Political Economy in its Relation to Ethics;" "The Release of Faith;" "The Witness of the Conscience of God;" and Miscellany. Wilbur B. Ketcham, Publisher, 73 Bible House, New York.

PULPIT TREASURY, E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway, New York.

COMPENSATION.

As the first-born beam of the mother-morn,
Incarnate in the crystal dew,
Lies cradled in the wind-rocked flower,
So, pure and bright, in my own first-born
I saw my waning life anew
And death was shorn of half his power.

O love-lit eyes, my priceless gems!
O baby-breath, all rare perfume!
O necklace of the clinging arms!
Her ringlets rivaled diadems;
She smiled, and sunlight sulked in gloom;
She laughed, and music lost its charms.

So sweet! Yet ere the blissful spell,
Which held my mother-heart in thrall,
Had reached the measure of its power,
There sounded forth the envious knell,
And this, as earthly visions all,
Had vanished with the fleeting hour.

And yet my heart knew naught of pain;
Bereft, yet mourning turned to mirth,
And no regretful tear was shed;
For losing was but constant gain
From babyhood to larger worth
Of budding womanhood instead.

B. J. RADFORD.

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THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

A. S. HAYDEN.*

There are men whose earthly work is finished, the flame of whose lives seemed to be seraphic. They were so swift-winged in God's service, they stood so near His throne, as if to catch the first whispers of His will; there was so much of grace and glory in their words and work, that they seem rightfully to have belonged to the ranks of those ministers of God that do His pleasure in heaven, as though He lent them to us a little while, and then took them away, as He did Elijah amid the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof. They may not be great men according to the standard by which we would measure greatness, but they must have had in their character many of the elements of real greatness, else they could not have accomplished what they did. In a final outcome and estimate of a man's life, much credit must undoubtedly be given to the surrounding circumstances or environment, something is due to the ancestral spring, and inherited qualities, but if there is not in the man himself the foundation of real character, heredity and environment can not make the man. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes claims "that it takes the third generation from the plough to produce the Brahmin class in New England; that is, the æsthetic class represented by such men as

* Read before the Reunion Association, Hiram, O., June, 1885.

Hawthorne and Emerson—men who flower in the garden of culture, whose sphere is the realm of literature.” But a hundred generations from the plough will not suffice to make a great man if there is not within himself the elements of his own greatness.

Of one of these rare men it is my privilege to speak to-day in the presence of those whose hearts were bound with his in a friendship which more than a third of a hundred years has not been able to weaken or to break. To-day we call back his memory and say to all the friendships formed in the golden mornings of Hiram’s first days—

“Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o’erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away.”

There are two points usually considered in the opening paragraphs or chapters of biography. These are, first, the “line of ancestry.” We are first introduced to the family to which the subject of memoir belonged. The grandparents, or even the more remote ancestors, and their chief characteristics, are brought prominently into view. Then the parents themselves are photographed in detail. Their appearance and physique, their character, their disposition, their mental qualities, are set before us in a critical analysis. And finally, we are asked to observe how much the father and the mother respectively have transmitted of their peculiar nature to their offspring. How faithfully the ancestral lines have met in the latest product, how

mysteriously the joint characteristics of body and mind have blended, and how unexpected, yet how entirely natural, a re-combination is the result. These points are elaborated with cumulative effect until we realize at last how little we are dealing with an independent unit, how much with a survival and reorganization of what seemed buried in the grave.

In the second place, we are invited to consider more external influences—schools and schoolmasters, neighbors, home, pecuniary circumstances, scenery, and, by and by, the religious and political atmosphere of the time. These also, we are assured, have played their part in making the individual what he is. We can estimate these early influences in any particular case with but small imagination if we fail to see how powerfully they have moulded mind and character, and in what subtle ways they have determined the course of the future life.

Mr. Henry Drummond, in his work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," calls these two influences, Heredity and Environment, "the master influences of our organic world," and he further says, "These have made all of us what we are. These forces are still ceaselessly playing upon all our lives. And he who truly understands these influences; he who has decided how much to allow to each; he who can regulate new forces as they arise or adjust them to the old, so directing them as at one moment to make them coöperate, at another to counteract one another, understands the rationale of personal development." I can not stop to balance here the relative importance of these two universal factors, Heredity and Environment. Mr. Drummond says: "The main influence, unquestionably, must

be assigned to the former. In practice, however, and for an obvious reason, we are chiefly concerned with the latter. What Heredity has to do for us is determined outside ourselves. No man can select his own parents. But every man to some extent can choose his own environment."

In the case before us, even if the materials were far richer than they are, brevity would compel me to touch lightly on these two points.

It is a remark for which Coleridge is held responsible, that "if any moral truth had become commonplace and faded, the best way to restore it to its original luster and freshness was to translate it into *action*, to set it before the world *alive*."

Every man is the incarnation of some principle. Every life is the truth about something—the material form of some principle. All men are living epistles—"like verses and chapters of the Bible, moving and acting in the world, and Bible truths are never so impressive in the letter of the book as in the life of the man." A real biography brings the dead back again as from the dead, and re-clothes in new garments the old flesh. It is my desire to so portray the honored first Principal of the "Old Eclectic" as that you may all appear to see him as he walked and talked and taught, and preached, and lived on "Hiram Hill," thirty-five years ago.

AMOS SUTTON HAYDEN was born September 17, 1813. His birthplace was Youngstown, now the thriving capital of Mahoning county, Ohio. His father was Samuel Hayden, who emigrated from Pennsylvania in April, 1804. Sutton was the youngest child in a family of eight children, seven of whom were

sons. His parents were devoted Christian people, honorable members of the Baptist Church. His childhood days were spent on the farm. His temper, however, was that of the student rather than that of the farm laborer, and every opportunity for reading, study, and meditation that opened to him he gladly embraced. He was especially fond of religious books, and it is said that "he read with great delight 'Hervey's Meditations' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' at a very early age. Other works, mostly of a religious character, fell into his hands, some of which required close application and study, to which he diligently applied himself, and, by this means, made considerable progress in the acquisition of useful knowledge." He never graduated at college, but nevertheless he was a fair classical scholar. The formation of such classical education as he had was laid in the schools of his native village. From the age of fifteen to seventeen he was a faithful student and rose rapidly in his classes. To him, language and literature were more congenial than mathematics, and in those departments of study he made his greatest and most rapid advancement.

His religious convictions were strong, and they early asserted themselves. His parents were members of the Baptist Church, and he was trained in the doctrinal views and practices of that religious denomination. But his family were, by their location, destined to be active participants in a memorable religious controversy between the various denominations and a new body of people known since 1809 as the "Disciples of Christ." It is not within the horizon of this brief monograph to outline the faith or the distinctive characteristics of the Disciples, as a religious body. Their

history is well known, and the names of their eminent and sturdy defenders and representatives are not few.

Among the early leaders in the movement was Walter Scott, a namesake and descendant in the direct line of Scotland's great poet and historical novelist, and a man in whose veins ran the blood of the heroes of a daring and chivalric age. This gifted and eloquent preacher had an appointment to preach in Austintown, Mahoning county, on March 19, 1828. He came, and was greeted by a large and attentive audience. In that audience was Amos Sutton Hayden, then a lad of fifteen years of age. At the close of the sermon this lad made a public confession of his faith in Christ, and the next day was baptized by Walter Scott. This was the beginning of an active Christian life that knew no night or weariness for more than fifty years. In about four years from the time of his conversion he began the public ministry of the word of God as an independent evangelist. Close application to his academical studies, his previous spiritual training by his parents, his frequent association with preachers in their labors, and an active participation in the exercises of public worship in the church at home, well fitted him for the work of the Christian ministry. For nearly half a century with prudence and with diligence he trod the pathway to the Throne, a leader and preacher honored and trusted by the church of God. On the last day of May, 1837, he was married to Miss Sarah M. Ely, of Deerfield, Portage county, Ohio, an honorable woman, who, as the mother of his children and the widow at his grave, still survives him.

For several years his public ministry was in the field of general evangelistic labor ; but in 1840 he settled in Collamer, then Euclid, Cuyahoga county, O., as pastor of the church. Here he remained for about ten years, preaching for the church at Collamer and holding protracted meetings for the churches in the country around. In 1850 the "Western Reserve Eclectic Institute" was founded at Hiram, and Mr. Hayden was unanimously chosen by the Board of Trustees as Principal of the school. Of the origin of this school it is not my purpose to speak, except so far as to show fairly the relation of Mr. Hayden to it. Like all institutions that live and thrive and bear fruit, it was a growth, a development, an evolution. Its earliest impulses were many. A large number of thoughtful men were impressed nearly simultaneously with the necessity for it.* "A. S. Hayden had been for years corresponding with leading members of the church in Northeastern Ohio, on the advantages to the cause of Christ of such a work ; fixing his thought, however, on a school for qualifying preachers of the gospel for their duties. His brother, William Hayden, entered fully into his views, and promised liberal pecuniary assistance. The first direct practical suggestion for realizing these views, is due to the late A. L. Soule, Esq., then of Russell. At the yearly meeting in Russell, June, 1849, he proposed that the matter be stated publicly, and a call be made for all who were interested to meet at his residence on Monday morning of the meeting, to take the subject under consideration. It was agreed that A. S. Hayden should make the statement and pre-

* Early History of the Disciples in the Western Reserve, page 261.

sent the call for this meeting." At that meeting there were present Adamson Bentley, William Hayden, A. L. Soule, Myron Soule, Benjamin Soule, Anson Mathews, Zeb. Rudolph, A. S. Hayden, W. A. Lillie, Alanson Baldwin, Ebenezer Williams, Frederick Williams, E. B. Violl, Myron J. Streator, Warren A. Belding, A. B. Green, and many others whose names are not recorded.

A. S. Hayden was chosen secretary of the meeting. The movement for a school was unanimously approved, and a resolution was passed to take steps immediately for founding it. "The secretary was instructed to prepare and send to the churches an address stating the object in view, and inviting delegates to a future meeting, in which the views of the people might be fully ascertained." The next meeting was held at Bloomfield, the last of August of the same year, and the response of the people was unanimous and decided in favor of the project. Another meeting was held October 3, 1849, in Ravenna, when it was found that there was a general interest in the enterprise. Then came the question of the grade or rank of the contemplated institution. Some were in favor of a college; others were in favor of a school of high grade, but not clothed with collegiate powers. The latter view, however, almost unanimously prevailed, and a committee of five was appointed to visit all places which solicited the location of the school, "to investigate and compare the grounds of their respective claims, and to report at the next delegate meeting, when the question of location was to be decided." Seven towns enlisted for the honor of the new school, viz: North Bloomfield, Newton Falls, Shalersville, Aurora, Russell, Bedford and Hiram.

On November 7, 1849, thirty-one delegates from as many churches were in attendance at Aurora, with many other friends of the enterprise, whose presence testified their great interest in the subject. A. S. Hayden was secretary of the meeting. Nearly the whole day was consumed in hearing and discussing the report of the visiting delegation of five, and the balloting which succeeded occupied much of the night. The final contest was between Russell and Hiram, and Hiram at the last won.

December 20, 1849, the last delegate assembly before the opening of the new school met in Hiram for the election of a board of twelve trustees. This meeting resulted in the election of George Pow, Samuel Church, Aaron Davis, Isaac Errett, Carnot Mason, Zeb. Rudolph, Symonds Ryder, J. A. Ford, Kimball Porter, William Hayden, Frederick Williams, and A. S. Hayden. The committee appointed to draft a charter for the school consisted of Charles Brown, Isaac Errett and A. S. Hayden, of whom only Isaac Errett remains to this present. The charter which was finally adopted received the sanction of legislative enactment March 1, 1852. At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, the position of Principal was unanimously tendered to A. S. Hayden. Mr. Hayden accepted and held the position without interruption until June, 1857. The next year, after leaving Hiram, he was chosen Principal of the "McNeely Normal School," at Hopedale, Ohio, which place he filled for one year, laboring in the double capacity of Principal of the school and preacher for the church. He resigned in August, 1859, and returned to Collamer, where, with the exception of short periods spent at Eureka, Ill.,

and Hiram, he continued to reside until his death, September 11, 1880.

Thus, with brevity but with some degree of faithfulness, I have sought to present some of the main events in the busy life of the good man whose memory we honor to-day. Of course only the principal events could be touched upon, for a long and busy life like his could not be contained in a volume, much less in a brief sketch.

But I am to speak not only of his eventful life, but also of his character.

THE CHARACTER OF A. S. HAYDEN.

It is not an easy task to dispose of the question of character. We may apply the qualifying word "good" or "bad" to a man's character, and it may express the fact; but to tell why it is good or why it is bad is a vastly different and more difficult matter. The reason is given by one who, "though dead, yet speaks" to-day, in these words: "No human life can be measured by an absolute standard. In this world all is relative. Character itself is the result of innumerable influences from without and from within, which act unceasingly through life."

Deeper than the judgment, deeper than the feelings, lies the seat of human character,—in that which is the mystery of all beings and all things, in what we call their "nature," without knowing where it lies, what it is, or how it wields its power. All we know is, that it does exert a power over external circumstances, bending them all in its own direction, or breaking its instruments against what it can not bend. "The nature of an acorn turns dews, air, soil and sun-

beams to oak; and though circumstances may destroy its power, they can not divert it while it survives. It defies man, beast, earth and sky to make it produce elm. Cultivation may affect its quality, and training its form; but whether it shall produce oak, ash or elm, is a matter into which no force from without can enter,—a matter not of circumstances, but purely of nature.” “Nature and nurture” join to produce the finished, rounded character, but no nurture can repair a defect of nature. And if the nature be defective no amount of culture, or nurture, or circumstances can “make a man more rare than fine gold, even more than the pure gold of Ophir.”

If I were to select a passage from the sacred writings which, in my judgment, would fairly describe the main features of Mr. Hayden’s life, and which also contain the principal elements of his character, I would choose this one: “In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing steadfastly in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.” He simply *was* these virtues translated into life. “If you know the text you know him.”

As I knew and remember Mr. Hayden he was not a *great man* in the sense of possessing any one power in an unusual degree. He had no great power of imagination or eloquence. He was not a profound or an original thinker. And yet I do not hesitate to say that he was a great man; but his greatness consisted in the many noble powers and qualities which he possessed in a moderate degree, and in the use which he made of all his powers. “Some men are great, as a mountain is great. You see it from afar and you see

it at once. There is no mistaking it. There it stands—a kingly pile—rooted in the hidden rocks, its grand old head reaching up above the sailing birds into the silences of the air—vast, majestic and solitary. Other men are great as the valley or meadow is great. They do not strike you at first sight. Not until you have walked through the fields where the quiet cattle feed or lie ruminant at noon under the shadow of great trees. Not till you saunter by the running brook, where the fishes are at play, and see, as you pass, the cosy farmsteads hemmed in by great ricks of hay and wheat, and further on clusters of little white houses, each with its blue wreath of smoke curling up from its humble roof, apple-cheeked, sun-bronzed children, with tangles of golden hair flying in the summer wind, and the tearless blueness of the summer sky smiling in their eyes, as they run and shout, telling of sweet, human love, and home and work and rest!

“Or, till you come to the little chapel or church, with its quaint graveyard, where

“ ‘Our father’s dust is left alone
And silent under other sorrows,’ ”

and where the poor old weather-beaten tombstones tell you how even these little children and youths, and maidens in their bloom, and strong men and mothers who had loving children, and old people, have DIED, and there has been pain and fear and sorrow and broken hearts. Not till you see and know all this do the glories of the valley and plain break in upon you. Then you feel that they are great in life’s best possessions and grandest hopes. The mountain is great, but lonely and cold. You like to look at it, but you would

rather *live* in the valley. There are mountain men to be had. You see them at once, and at once you see that they are great. There is nothing commonplace about them. You crown them instantly as monarchs among men. You say with Byron—

“ ‘Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.’ ”

Mr. Hayden was hardly one of these mountain men. But he was great in those homely but priceless qualities which give the *valley* its worth. He would not strike you at once, but go *through* his life and you will not fail to acknowledge that by God's grace he was greatly good. “You will not find brilliant gems, but you will find bread.” You will not find grand prospects, but you will find shelter, and warmth, and welcome.

There were some prominent traits in his character which are worthy of special mention.

1. He was a man of prudence and piety. Because it is said in the scripture that “the children of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light,” it is *assumed* that the children of the world are by *necessity* wiser than the children of light. But it is not a necessity. A man may be quick, and bright and sharp in business, and prudent in his management, and still not be deficient in religious principle. It is not necessary to his piety that a man should be wanting in business qualities, “a dreamy being who can see nothing nearer than the millennial glories—his head full of the New Jerusalem and angels in white robes—while sharp-eyed, light-fingered, hol-

low-hearted rascals are making free with the contents of his pockets. Like those old-fashioned contrivances to indicate change of weather, where in dry weather the figure of a little man came out, and in wet a little woman, but only one at a time—never both together—the condition on which one appeared being that the other kept out of sight; so many think that if one lives in a heavenly atmosphere it must be at the expense of prudence.” Men’s daily business and associations are labeled *secular*, while only a few ceremonies and Sunday utterances are called *religious*, as if all honest work, be it stone-breaking or law-making, were not also truly religious, not belonging to this age alone, but stretching on infinitely to the future, and lifting men upward to the divine. God says “Every beast of the forest is *mine*, the cattle on a thousand hills are *mine*, the silver is *mine*, and the gold is *mine*.” This world is a world made for the good, and not for the bad; for the honest, diligent, skillful and pious, and not for the knave, or the sluggard, or the profane.

“God blesses diligence and industry. The cunning of the serpent is evil only when abused: In the hand of Moses the serpent became a rod of power, an antidote to its own poison, a healing force when lifted up in the wilderness; and in the New Testament its natural subtlety is commended by Christ—‘Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.’ And, as a matter of fact, most of the good men of the Bible were *good business men*. Abraham knew well the value of land. Jacob was a genius of finance; Joseph, a far-seeing Prime Minister. Wise as the ant, active as the bee was Moses. Daniel, the Nazarite, had more wit than all the soothsayers of Persia; and Paul, the great

preacher, the hero-apostle and martyr, knew how to be all things to all men, counsel sailors in a storm, conciliate hostile hearers with a compliment, and arrest the attention of an Athenian crowd by an apt quotation. Thus, by its doctrines and its history, the Bible proves that prudence and piety may coexist in the same life."

And in a large degree and through a long and eventful life did Mr. Hayden join wisdom and gentleness, prudence and piety in most delightful concord.

2. Mr. Hayden also showed that a human life, though it have many sorrows and disappointments, may yet be a cheerful, active life. He had sorrows and he had disappointments. "The black ox of sorrow trod on him, and the dark camel of death knelt at his door time after time." But sorrow neither soured his temper, weakened his hope, nor lessened his interest in others. I have known men to carefully nurse their troubles, disappointments and sorrows until they became selfish and sinful. "They take refuge in colds and aches, they hide themselves behind little complaints, they weave their pains into shields wherewith to ward off the attacks of duty and never confess they are cured of one illness until they feel quite sure they can safely set up another! O sickness! O ye colds and aches! how many lies are told in your name? Others are absorbed in their *sorrow*. They become sour, listless, apathetic, they lapse into misanthropy. Ask them to do anything—take a class or district, give a subscription, and they disappear behind a handkerchief; they answer you with tears and sad shakings of the head; they put you off with a tale of their troubles, and re-

treat within their sorrows as into a castle above whose gloomy portals is written the legend:—

“‘No duty need apply.’”

3. I will note but one other quality of Mr. Hayden's character. It is this: He showed how the deepest convictions may dwell side by side with wide tolerance and large charity. Both of these qualities are desirable, and yet they are too seldom found together. Some have *deep* convictions, but they are exceedingly narrow in their sympathies. Others are broad enough but they are too shallow. “One holds a truth fully, but too like a dog that grips a fallen foe—viciously—snarling and tearing it. He is continually looking over other people's shoulders to examine their account books with God, and makes disparaging remarks thereon. Another is full of toleration. He is theologically omnivorous. He feeds on all manner of doctrines—but seems to thrive on none. He tolerates all creeds because he deeply believes in none.”

The celebrated Archbishop Tait used to tell a story, that once when Mrs. Tait was dealing out her usual bounty at Carlisle, one woman approached her, to whom she said: “But are you not a Roman Catholic?” The woman answered: “I will not tell you a lie. *I am* a Catholic, but then I'm a very bad Catholic.”

In such a case as this there is no real charity, but only shallow conviction. A man ought to be able to hold his own faith firmly and yet with charity. In this world we do not want bigots nor free-lances either. The bigot is he who faces forward with the back of his head, and like the Pharisee clings to the old and the

traditional, utterly oblivious to the fact that each succeeding day or year or generation is a new day, a new year, or a new generation. His ideas of progress are not even as distinct as those of the sable Jasper, whose favorite sermon and conclusion were expressed in these solemn words: "De Lawd am a man of wah, de Lawd am His name. Bressed am de Lawd. *De sun do move.*" The free-lancer is he who claims the right to attack all convictions, or the convictions of all, without being held responsible for any convictions of his own. His favorite motto is, "Independent in everything, neutral in nothing." But in order to be broad you need not be shallow. In order to be deep you need not be narrow. "The best cosmopolitan is he who loves his own country best," and the best of all toleration is that which springs from *love*, and is founded on *faith*; and he is truly great who is great in noble convictions and Christian charity.

Conclusion.—Much more could be said in "truth and soberness" concerning Mr. Hayden's life and character. But time—the time allotted to this address, is already exceeded, and I will detain you but a moment in conclusion. I have sought to present an honest (though necessarily partial) portraiture of him whose memory we honor to-day. He was a man of thirty-seven years of age, when thirty-five years ago he climbed this hill to take command of the *Western Reserve Eclectic Institute*. He led the "foremost files" of his splendid army of more than five thousand young men and women. And whatever may be said of others in their relation to Hiram, I believe I state a solemn truth when I say that Hiram owes more to *Amos Sutton Hayden* for its honest and solid foundation, bed-rocked

in Christian truth; its genial and inspiring enthusiasm for God and for man, and the invincible prowess and progress that have manifested themselves in its career over all obstacles for more than a third of a century, than to any other man, living or dead. And this is not to the disparagement of any other. In the progress of ten years other names grew out of this earliest "Hiram fellowship," which to the world vastly overtopped and overshadowed his; but after all, their glory is but the result, in large degree, of his loving watchfulness and faithfulness toward them when they were the "little ones" of Hiram, and he the center of all eyes.

And as we draw aside the curtain for a space, to behold once more the honest features of our old Principal, teacher, pastor and friend, may there come over us—

"The lingering charm of a dream that has fled,
The rose's breath when the rose is dead,
The echo that lives when the tune is done,
The sunset glories that follow the sun;
Everything tender and everything fair,
That was, and is not, and yet is there."

F. M. GREEN.

HIDDEN WINGS.

Ye honored ones, with years of rich renown,
Whose songs can stir the nation far and wide,
Can ye not spare one jewel from your crown?—
Your fame divide

With those, upon whose hearts there rests a pall
Of hope so long deferred, whose hidden wings
Are closed by fate, and soar not at the call
Of higher things?

For safe concealed within their hearts have slept,
Unknown to all, the chords of melody
Which, mute and still, would wake to life if swept
By fingers free.

Alas, that they are chained by duties great,
Which claim all power there is in heart and brain ;
And lives that would expand, must learn to wait,
And still their pain.

So, with a sigh they lay them calmly down,
Those fair, bright hopes, that bloomed in life's
young spring,
And leave for those to wear the poet's crown
Who sweetest sing.

And yet they wear a higher, holier crown,
Than aught the world can give to those who sing
Its richest songs—more priceless than renown
The world can bring.

The crown the Father gives to every one,
Who, conqu'ring self, with steadfast heart and sure,
Learns that life's duties, well and nobly done,
Its sorrows cure.

ALLIE B. LEWIS.

JOHNS HOPKINS.

Johns Hopkins was born May 19, 1795, and died December 24, 1873. In his boyhood he worked on his father's farm in summer, and went to school in winter. Mrs. Bolton says of him that he was active both in body and mind, getting and reading every book in the country within his reach. He enjoyed Shakespeare, he enjoyed history, and especially did he enjoy biography. One who afterward became one of the most famous of the Italian masters was seen gazing at one of Raphael's immortal creations until he exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter." The youthful Correggio felt the mighty but dormant genius within him quickened into life by that wondrous sight. It may be that, as little Johns read of the men who had fertilized the world with their discoveries or their benefactions, he felt some kinship to them.

When he was seventeen years of age, a wealthy uncle, who visited his home, took a fancy to the intelligent boy, and persuaded his parents to allow Johns to go with him to Baltimore, that he might learn the wholesale grocery business. Two years after this his uncle was sent to Ohio as a delegate to the Annual Meeting of the Friends. Before leaving home he placed his house and his store in the care of Johns, telling him that he must put an old head on young shoulders. He signed five hundred checks, which he was to fill up as he needed money; what he received

from the sale of goods he was to deposit in the bank. During his uncle's absence he managed his affairs with such fidelity and wisdom that the volume of business was visibly increased.

Five years later his uncle asked him if he would like to go into business for himself. He said, "Yes, but I have no capital. I have been able to save only eight hundred dollars." His uncle replied, "That will make no difference; I will indorse for you, and that will give you credit. In a short time you will make a capital. You have been faithful to my interests, and I will start you in business."

He began for himself on a small scale, and labored for a quarter of a century with tireless diligence. He prospered from the start. His success far exceeded his expectations. He had all the qualities that go to make the successful merchant. His house always maintained the highest credit. Panics that swept others away left him stronger than ever. His sterling integrity won him friends and fortune. When he retired from the grocery business he was a very rich man, though still in the prime of life. He could have lived in ease and splendor the remainder of his days, but he did not rest. Soon after his retirement he was elected President of the Merchant's Bank. In this position he often assisted young men who were starting in business. In panicky times he was a friend to worthy but unfortunate men. He was always ready to aid those who showed that they were possessed of diligence, good sense and integrity. But for those who were lacking in either ability or industry he had no sympathy.

One firm that hung his picture in their office after his death, was asked: "What was Johns Hopkins to

you?" They replied: "We began with very little; we were his tenants; the rent was heavy, and was exacted at the moment. We lost many an opportunity because we dared not risk a dollar after it became his due. One day he came in himself to look after the rent. 'Why do you not do a larger business?' said he. 'You are prompt, and ought to get on.' We told him the reason candidly. He sat down and wrote his check for ten thousand dollars, and said, 'You need not be in a hurry about paying this.' From that day we prospered. When we were able to pay him, he returned the interest."

Though he was the richest man in Baltimore, he lived a very simple life. He had no expensive habits. He gave no costly banquets. He did not go into society. He gave his days to business and his evenings to reading. He was not considered a generous man. When asked for money he generally refused. He said, "My money is not mine; I did not make it. It has merely rolled up in my hand, and I know what for. I must keep to my own work." He seems to have thought that he could do more good by keeping his money together than by frittering it away in small charities. As he advanced in years he began to think how he could most wisely dispose of it. Trusted counselors advised him to use it for the public good. He took their advice. When his will was read it was found that he had left seven millions of dollars to found the Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. It was for such a magnificent end that he lived and labored all these years. It was for such a grand consummation that Providence rolled all this wealth up in his hands. His instructions have been most faithfully obeyed. A

university has been established that ranks with the best institutions of learning in the world. The professors are free from petty cares and are encouraged to engage in original investigation. Each year twenty scholarships of five hundred dollars each are given to as many scholars of marked ability, who are fitting themselves for a lifework of study. No American need go to Europe to complete his education. A visitor has said that an idler is an unknown bird at Johns Hopkins University. Its members are there, not for boating, baseball playing, or hazing, but for work. The Hospital is to be one department of the University.

Johns Hopkins had a gift for making money, as Paul had for preaching, as Shakespeare had for poetry, as Newton had for discovering the laws of nature. He consecrated his gift to the service of humanity, and because he did, the world delights to honor his name. Those who drink from the fountains which he has opened will cherish his memory. The afflicted who partake of his bounty will rise up and call him blessed. The University and Hospital which he founded and munificently endowed will perpetuate his name when the most splendid mausoleum that genius could erect would have crumbled into dust. James Russell Lowell has said that the pyramids may forget their builders, but such works as these have longer memories. Johns Hopkins might have lived for himself. He might have wasted his substance in riotous living. Had he done so he would have been speedily forgotten as all selfish men are forgotten, or be remembered only to be abhorred. As it is, his influence will be felt for good by the whole world, and to the remotest ages. The institution of learning that he established will be a nursery

for the development of all manliness till time shall be no more.

There are those who are gifted as Johns Hopkins was; whatever they touch turns to gold. That gift is as divine as any that the Spirit of God has ever given to any of the children of men. It was given as the others were given, "to profit withal." It should be used for the good of the race. No one can compute the amount of good such men can do. They can accomplish as much as those who speak with the eloquence of men and of angels, or as those who write books that mark epochs in the world's history. They can open fountains of living water in the desert that never shall run dry, and at which all subsequent generations may slake their thirst for knowledge. There is no nobler ambition than that of making money to enlighten and to ennoble the nations of the earth. Such philanthropists as Johns Hopkins are needed as much as any class of men. Colleges are crippled on account of insufficient endowments. Institutions of learning that under more auspicious circumstances would enjoy a world-wide reputation, are scarcely known beyond their own locality. They never can rank high and accomplish anything worthy of themselves and of the age without more money. Dr. McCosh has done a great work for Princeton, but he has been enabled to do it by the rich men who gave him two millions of dollars. Without them he could have done nothing.

According to Macaulay, Warren Hastings, when yet a child, formed a plan which, through all his eventful career, was never abandoned. When seven years of age, he resolved that he would recover the estate which

had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die. Why should not some young men who have a genius for making money, resolve to do so to aid the cause of education, and cling to their purpose as tenaciously as Warren Hastings did to his? Such men will become public benefactors. Their names will be held in perpetual remembrance, and their influence will be felt while the world stands.

A. McLEAN.

(Selected.)

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
May be an angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a fairer, firmer stand:
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May learn henceforth to use his wings

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

CHAPTER V.

LOTTERIES AND GAMBLING.

The person who holds that the question with the church now is, Shall we permit games of any kind? has closed his eyes to the real state of social life.

The question really is, so far as the church of God has to do with it: Shall we choose, in the matter of pastime, the best and most innocent games?

In local and State governments it is a serious difficulty how best to dispose of, or regulate, gambling houses, clubs, and other places which practice or permit gambling, and all Christian people would like to have the problem solved; but it is safe to say that an earnest consideration of this subject, in the light of their personal responsibilities, by the members of the church of God, would go far toward its solution.

A few words on the relation of lotteries to the gambling habit will be appropriate, and, indeed, seem needful to the subject; for even among the thoughtful, intelligent Christians, there are, comparatively, few persons who have fairly considered the relation of lotteries, in their many phases, to gambling.

There is, perhaps, no other educational power for evil which has contributed so much to generate, foster

and develop the almost universal reign of the disposition to "try one's luck." La Rochefoucauld, one of the most celebrated of French writers and thinkers, said: "There are follies as catching as contagious diseases;" and in nothing else has the truth of this saying been more fully illustrated than in the history of lotteries and their effects on men.

It is equally true that there are such follies which, when once they infect the moral atmosphere, are far more difficult to control or eradicate than any contagious disease which is yet known to the world.

There can hardly be said to be a diversity of opinion among the masses of American people as to the wickedness of lotteries, if one is to judge by the many and forcible expressions of condemnation which are uttered on every hand at the present time.

Nevertheless, if it be true that "actions speak louder than words," then the undisguised fact that, in spite of all verbal and legal opposition, lotteries flourish as vigorously as the arch-enemy of men could desire, gives contradiction to those words and acts of condemnation, and also gives due and forcible notice that they do not voice the real sentiment of the majority.

The existence of lotteries in this enlightened age is one of the strange and perplexing things which meet the social philosopher, but their almost universal power over the race is inexplicable upon any known principles, unless, indeed, it be as Solomon said: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil."

Out of the wisdom of the most enlightened age of

the world's history we are led to look for better things. Yet the improvement since A. D. 1731, when Henry Fielding, in his play entitled, "The Lottery," uttered the following stanza, is not at all complimentary to our age:

" A lottery is a taxation
 Upon all fools in creation;
 And, Heaven be praised!
 It is easily raised;
 Credulity's always in fashion;
 For folly's fun will never lose ground
 While fools are so rife in the nation."

WHAT IS A LOTTERY?

Lottery is a game in which the drawn lot decides the question at issue, and is a sort of gambling contract by which any number of people play a game with chance, hoping that one, or more of them, may, by favor of the lot, obtain a prize, or prizes, of value far superior to the amount risked, while each and all hazard their investments for the chance of being fortune's favorite.

Lotteries, as to their existence, may be distinguished as Ancient and Modern, and these distinctions will serve also to mark certain peculiarities in their features, there being noticeable differences between the old and the new, both in matter and kind.

Lotteries, as practiced by the Romans, contained no blanks; chance only decided as to quantity and kind. It was the custom to distribute among the poor, certain donations of corn, wine and oil, and for this purpose tickets were distributed, each of which entitled the holder to quantity and kind named thereon. Whatever ticket, therefore, a man happened to obtain, decided his share of the distribution.

On the feast of Saturn, tablets, on which were inscribed orders for offices or for rich gifts, were scattered broadcast among the people, and the lucky holders were entitled to whatever their tablets called for.

The wealthy distributed gifts to their friends by means of ivory or bone checks, each of which entitled the bearer to a gift according to its number, the gifts ranging from an insignificant vase of tooth powder to a royal robe, etc.

The use of blanks belongs to the modern lottery, and the history of Modern Lotteries begins with the first regular lottery which was authorized to be drawn for charitable purposes, which occurred at Malines, in the Low Countries, September 13, 1519, and was for the benefit of the Church of St. Peter; from which time until the present generation, governments and churches have been "hand in glove" in the lottery business, but within this generation a sentiment has been developed against the lottery, the governments, however, being the first to discover the iniquity thereof, strange as it may appear, since the church has come to be regarded as the custodian of morals.

The two principal kinds of lotteries, as to method, are known as "Numerical" and "Class." In the "Numerical," the gamesters really bet on a certain number. In the "Class," chance determines as to whether a prize or a blank falls to any number. The principal lotteries as to kind are lottery of goods and lottery of money.

The practice has been so long continued, through so many generations and in so many lands it has been so nearly universal, that the desire for gaming has been transmitted in the blood to this present generation, and

so has made the disposition to "try one's luck" and to "trust to luck" to poison the atmosphere of all social life, at home and abroad. It is, therefore, not so much a matter of surprise that the people gamble as that there are so many who are morally above gaming and who set their faces against it. One of the strong evidences of the power of the Bible for good is found in the fact that this sentiment against gambling is planted, fostered and developed by Christians. In point of fact, this sentiment against gambling is developed and fostered in the proportion that the Holy Scriptures are known and revered; nevertheless, we do not claim that the active opposition to vice is confined to the lovers and defenders of God's word, for we are happy in the knowledge of the fact that there are many other true spirits whose voices and influence are always against gambling, in its every phase, and yet they do not classify themselves as lovers of the Bible, nor claim that their motives are inspired by its teaching. It remains true, however, that those who teach and those who heed the Book, make such opposition to gambling a matter of principle and duty. Under the influence of plain and scriptural teaching the churches are rapidly changing sentiment on the use and encouragement of lotteries.

By sad experience we are learning, at last, that the gambling habit is bred and fixed by lotteries, in all classes of society and in many different ways. The poor take chances in cheap lotteries of various kinds, hoping thereby to better their condition. The business men and the mechanics, hoping to add to their limited income, take chances in more expensive lotteries. The well-to-do and the wealthy indulge in lotteries from

desire, not from any real or supposed necessity, as in the cases of the others mentioned. Since most men believe that they were born under "a lucky star," men like to have their lucky omens put to test, and believe they are destined to be fortune's favorites, until compelled to change their minds from force of circumstances and dear experience. Many pride themselves on their skill and judgment, and others are morally weak, and so are unable to resist temptation, and the fact of secrecy by which they are assured the part they may take will never be known to others—all together conspire to encourage indulgence in this vice by the majority of men.

Whatever the excuse may be, it is certain that all who touch the unclean thing are contaminated, and those who continue to participate in lotteries are easily led into gambling of every kind. A careful inquiry into the history of lotteries reveals the alarming fact that demoralization of public sentiment, as to the rights of others, is a natural outcome, and that under their baneful influence all kinds of games of hazard flourish, and peculiar schemes of insurance of birth, marriage, dowry, etc., etc., are easily imposed on the patrons of the lottery, whose weakness it is to desire to obtain something without rendering the *quid pro quo*. Christians are forbidden to be children in these things, and are expected, in understanding, to be men; for we who are strong in the Lord are expected to bear, and, so far as possible, remove the infirmities of the weak.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Briefly, then, it may safely be averred that lots may be cast without blame, when authorized by law, for any just and honorable purpose whatever, or when done by

agreement to settle dispute, allay strife and controversy, make peace, divide an estate, dispose of an inheritance, and in all such like cases. On the principle in Prov. xviii. 8: "The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty." This, because it is an appeal to the powers of the unseen world, to decide between men in matters wherein they are unable peaceably to decide for themselves and an agreement to abide such decision. However, the lot should not be appealed to where the laws of God or of man, the privileges of nature or of society, and the advantages of intelligence, afford means of reaching the same end. The casting of the lot for the purposes of gain, where others lose, and without rendering a fair equivalent, is not as taught in the Holy Scriptures, and is believed by all good men to be condemned by the spirit, if not by the letter, of God's will.

Laying aside the question of appeal to Almighty God, to decide between men in trivial matters and its apparent wickedness, the general sentiment of the most thoughtful and worthy Christians is, that the use of the lot, indiscriminately, is so close of kin to gambling as to be by many accounted as gambling, indeed, and that it is an open violation of the will of God, which requires "that no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter, because God will avenge all such." Moreover, the spirit is prompted by "the love of money, which is the root of all evil."

How can a Christian encourage the use of the sacred method of obtaining the divine mind in small and insignificant affairs, if not in mere matters of dollars and cents? From the days of Solomon it has been believed

by the children of God : " The lot is cast into the lap ; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

" Blessed 'is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly."—*David*. But all wordly amusements and popular pastimes which are hurtful to body or soul are made such because of " the counsel of the ungodly," certainly not by the counsel of the church.

" Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord."—*Ezra*. But with one consent all earth agrees that no Christian can go the world's length in popular pastimes and remain undefiled in the way of the Lord, nor walk with the world in its pleasures and also walk in the law of the Lord.

" Ye can not serve God and mammon." " No man can serve two masters."—*Jesus*.

" Wherefore, lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed."—*Paul*.

Feeble folk in morals need to have the strong-hearted lovers of the Lord to strengthen them, that they may walk uprightly and put strong hands to the work of God.

Now, in the folly of the world's amusements and worldly pleasures, more of God's children have been made limp-handed and weak-kneed, in the labor of the church, than have hitherto been fully known as such. The church has, in consequence, been a spiritual hospital, over-full of spiritual cripples. What shall we do? The task is overwhelmingly difficult and the prospect for success not at all flattering. Yet we can do our duty. We can make straight paths for our own feet, and so assure ourselves that no lame Christian will be

turned out of the way because of our example or neglect. We can, so far as in us lies, assist in healing those who are now lame in the way of the Lord. And when the good Master shall come to reward His servants, it will be well with us if we have done what we could for His body's sake, which is the church, the bride, the lamb's wife.

Avoid all appearance of evil.

J. C. TULLY.

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THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER V.

Craggy Hill.

Uncle Joe was not disappointed in his interview with Mr. Sarcott. He had expected no encouragement. That gentleman had resolved, the moment he saw who his visitor was, to give him no chance to plead the cause of a church. He talked volubly of the future of Rising Branch, and, with a pseudo-enthusiasm for its business prospects, tried to drown the old man's attempts to broach the subject. Occasionally Uncle Joe pressed it home, but was cut off as we have seen.

"He took a power o' pains," said he in relating the interview to his wife, "to pint out ter me all the forth-comin' improvements at the village, but his perliteness war only a buckler ter ward me off."

Grandma Sales raised her eyes from the big Bible that lay upon her lap. She and Uncle Joe were sitting together on the porch of the old home at Craggy Hill. It was the Lord's day following the patriarch's visit to Rising Branch. She had not been able to attend church in the morning, and Uncle Joe persisted in giving her an account of the sermon. To this he had added a report of the feeling among the brethren concerning the new

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church. He passed thus naturally to his interview with Mr. Sarcott, an account of which he had hitherto withheld. The aged matron lifted her spectacles and sat quietly listening. Wrinkles and marks of failing health were plain enough, but there was something else that told of once more than ordinary beauty. The quiet of the fading summer day seemed but an amplification of the tranquillity in her face. A ray of sunshine stealing through the creeping vines at the end of the porch lay like a golden step at her feet. Thorwaldsen or Rogers might have taken her for the genius of Peace.

"I am sure I can't explain it, Joseph," said the old lady; "why a man wants to sot himself up agin such a source of good as a real, God-fearin', laborin' church, I do n't know. Surely he ought ter know that he are kickin' again the goads. Look at Paul. He sot himself up again God, and he war humbled in a terrible way."

"Fer that matter," answered Uncle Joe, "there war the Jews and Saul as war teacht the same lesson, albeit they never larnt it in full then. As fer James Sarcott, let me tell ye, mother, I do n't believe he is so great a rebel as might be thought. He does n't deny to his own heart what he does to me. His faith are too weak, though, to overcome his selfishness. He are weak in his own creed. He wants his children to have the advantages of a church, and yet he fears the influence of it upon his schemes to make money. Satan has showed him the kingdoms of the world, and he has not the power to say, 'Get behind me.'"

"Well, I do n't know, I do n't know, Joseph," said the old lady; "mebbe you're right. You were allus better at readin' folks than I am, but I can't see as how

James Sarcott wants his children ter hev the advantages of a church. As far as I hev ever heard, he gives 'em no encouragement ter go, and let's that second gal of his run round to all the dances and such like as is goin' on."

"He sees where he hez been makin' a mistake," replied Uncle Joe; "when his children ware real small he ware always flingin' out about churches and Christians. The two oldest ones, at any rate, hev caught his sperit, but it are beginnin' to bear fruit, and James do n't like the flavor."

"It are a pity for Nannie," replied Grandma Sales; "she is a sweet child, an' so much like her mother."

"She are indeed, Samantha," rejoined Uncle Joe, "and James are goin' ter try to throw religious influences around her, without endangerin' his pocketbook."

"I do n't understand ye, Joseph."

"Samantha," replied Uncle Joe, solemnly, "would you believe that James Sarcott would like ter marry the widder Conway?"

"Marry the widder Conway?" asked the old lady in astonishment. "Would the widder Conway marry him?"

"I do n't know as ter thet," answered Uncle Joe; "I just axed the question."

"What on airth put thet in yer head, Joseph?"

"Well," answered Uncle Joe, "I can't hardly tell what, but I will venture to predict that more astonishin' things than yer imagine will come round fur us ter think on, and purty soon, too."

"P'rhaps so," said the aged wife, "but none, I hope, of the natur you are hintin' at. If anybody in Risin' Branch understands the Scriptures, it are Amelia Conway, and don't they say, 'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers'?"

Grandma Sales believed firmly that Uncle Joe had good ground for his prediction, but she was never accustomed to press him for explanations, so she said no more, trusting time to make further revelations.

Summer waned into autumn. The leaves grew red upon the maples, and far and near the katydid nightly rasped the nerves of the forest. There were signs of activity in Rising Branch. Work on the new railroad was progressing, and nearly every house in the village had taken some of the hands to board. Jake Conway had foregone his intention of attending Balsamtown Academy, and was working with the old horse on the grade. He had begun this much to the sorrow of both Eurilda and his mother, and the former grieved intensely at his enforced companionship with Bob Loomis. For allowing him to undertake the work at all, Mrs. Conway quieted her conscience with the thought of the family necessities. Jake prided himself to think that he was relieving these, but, at the same time, there was an ambition in his heart whose object was "of the earth, earthy." Uncle Joe, who visited the village weekly, for the purpose of getting his mail, watched the progress of events with no careless eye. A church meeting had been appointed at Craggy Hill, in which it was hoped that some definite arrangement for a new meeting-house could be reached.

On a pleasant autumn evening a few days before this meeting, Uncle Joe and his wife sat conversing again in the old home at Craggy Hill. The old man had just returned from the village, and in the course of the conversation slowly drew the wrapper from his weekly paper.

"What hev you there?" inquired Grandma Sales.

"The Hanaford Register," replied Uncle Joe. "I thought I would look over the week's news a bit."

He unfolded the paper, but before he had begun to read aloud, as was his usual custom, the forcible ejaculation, "Wal, I declare!" startled the old lady into asking: "Well, what, fer pity sakes?"

"I jest expected it; I jest expected this very thing, and mark me, Samantha, it will bear its fruits."

"Expected it, expected what? What on airth is it, Joseph?"

Uncle Joe adjusted his spectacles and read the following advertisement:

FOR SALE—TOWN LOTS.

In Sarcott's Addition to the Town of Rising Branch.
Now is the time to invest. These Lots will double the
price paid for them in two years.

THE RAILROAD IS A CERTAINTY. NOW IS THE CHANCE FOR THOSE
WHO WISH TO MOVE TO TOWN.

 For terms address J. SARCOTT, Rising Branch.

"The bubble are risin' into the air, and showin' its colors beautifully," said the old man; "but it will break, Samantha—I kin tell ye it will break."

"I hev no doubt of it, Joseph," was his wife's reply; "but now this bubble are started to floatin' there will be plenty of children to follow it."

"Certainly ther will," added Uncle Joe. "I heard yesterday that Samuel Martin and Jonas Kibbs were both goin' ter move ter the village."

"What! and leave their farms?" asked Grandma Sales.

"Yes," answered Uncle Joe, "and leave more happiness behind them than they will ever find in their foolish chase arter it."

Grandma Sales made no reply, and Uncle Joe sat quiet, but whether he was reading the news or engaged in deep thought no man might tell.

CHAPTER VI.

OPPOSITION TO UNCLE JOE.

The old meeting-house at Craggy Hill had been built when the neighborhood was still a forest. Time and again it had been repaired, until the argument for a new one was the stern logic of events. Where to build was the only question that vexed the brethren there, and to settle this was the object of a week-day meeting. Toward this meeting Uncle Joe had looked with intense anxiety, for he knew that many would not be able to overcome sentiment with sense.

To do this had cost himself a struggle, and he knew that where he had barely achieved victory, a weaker soul might meet defeat.

He knew how many would feel as did he himself, when two nights before the meeting, he was riding homeward from the village and was passing the old church. He was in a serious frame of mind. He was sorry that the widow Conway had allowed Jake to go to work upon the railroad. He was troubled, too, because he thought he saw a trace of some untoward influence exercised upon her. There are times in men's lives when, through the discouragement of circumstances,

they feel a weakening of their greatest moral resolutions ;—a disposition to abandon the object of their highest inspiration as something conceived in a burst of enthusiasm, and impossible to accomplish.

“Mebbe we had better build agin on the old spot,” said Uncle Joe as he came in sight of the log church. “I do n’t know as I’m able to carry on this fight single-handed.”

An autumn moon had again rounded into fullness, and the shadow of the old building lay across the road like a dark bridge.

“There are sacred mem’ries clusterin’ around here,” thought the old man, and he reined up his horse opposite the graveyard. His eyes rested upon a stone whose shadow, like that of the church, fell upon the road. A tear stole down his wrinkled cheek and he resigned himself to his thoughts.

“Poor old Father Leeb! Ye kin never think of goin’ to worship except here close to yer Barbara’s grave. Alas! why should she be sleepin’ here at all? Rum and ruin! rum and ruin! It are the same old story. How well I remember them sleigh-bells the night she war married. How happy she looked standin’ on the threshold of a new life! No wonder that ye look sad sometimes, old church. I allow that ye are follerin’ the feet that have gone out to come back no more forever; or else watchin’ the progress of lives begun at yer altar.”

The keen wind of the late autumn moaned softly around the gables of the old church.

“Ye are sighin’, yes, sighin’ fur yer children wanderin’ into forbidden paths,” thought Uncle Joe, and he wiped another tear from his cheek. “No, no,”

thought he further, "there are many who will find it hard to leave the old spot. And ain't one of that many your own self, Joseph Sales? Who will ever thank ye for forgoin' the regular visit to those three graves yonder every Lord's day after meetin'?" He was looking beyond the larger stone into the shadow where he knew arose a humble monument carved with three beloved names.

But faith, like Noah's dove, came back. "It kin be done, and it must be done," muttered the old man to himself. "After all, what are we leavin' here but dust? Yes, I say dust, but I know it 'are goin' to be a task to convince such as Father Leeb that stayin' here is just lettin' dust bind us fast to dust."

So long had the old man tarried that it was quite late when he reached home.

"Goodness me, Joseph! what on airth has been keepin' ye?" was the greeting of Grandma Sales.

"I stopped down by the meetin'-house, and ware thinkin'," replied Uncle Joe.

"A good place to think, Joseph," said the old lady, "but rather a queer time."

"The time and the place ware both impressive, Samantha," rejoined Uncle Joe. "I hev not felt so little like givin' up the site of the old church as I hev to-night for a long time. It are no easy matter to take the old house from its associations, but it are not this so much as thinkin' how single-handed I am in tryin' to have the new one built at the village."

"How do ye know that ye are single-handed, Joseph?" asked Grandma Sales.

"I am sure I don't know who is with me in the matter," answered the patriarch; "at least none as kin help me much."

"Joseph," said his good old wife, impressively, "are ye gettin' so vain in yer old age as to suppose that none but ye kin see the need of buildin' the new church at the village? Ye put me in mind of Elijah when he thought there was none left to serve the Lord but him. Ye are not alone in this matter, Joseph. There are those beside yourself that both know and will help."

Uncle Joe felt this mild rebuke, and he made no reply. Arising quietly from his chair, he took his well-worn Bible from the shelf, and soon he and his venerable wife joined in the evening worship.

The day of the church meeting soon set bounds to Uncle Joe's impatience. Again he set forth, looking much as when he appeared in the beginning of this tale. The colored banners of the woods had begun to fade. Crisp frosts had ripened the fox grapes, and opened the brown chincapins to the gleeful schoolboy. The brown corn-shocks rustled to the cool wind and awaited the attack of the husker. The old horse of our hero trudged slowly on, glancing with longing eye at the heaps of yellow corn, or anon, with head down, dreaming of luxuriant winter fare. A half mile brought Uncle Joe to the log church, where he was gratified to see that a goodly number of the brethren had already gathered. Father Leeb, with his gray locks hanging down to his shoulders and his bent form resting on his cane, was standing near Barbara's grave. Uncle Joe shook his head and muttered: "He are a good Christian soul, but it are him that I most fear." He tied the old horse and entered the church, whither those without soon followed him. The usual preliminaries of a business meeting were hastily attended to. Bro. An-

thony Gimler was made chairman, and the main question was soon under discussion. Whatever forms of opposition Uncle Joe may have expected, and he expected some, he was wholly unprovided for one that now presented itself. Hardly had the chairman begun to announce the character of the meeting, when Elder Tribbey, who had not been at church for three months, owing to sickness, leaned over and said to Uncle Joe in an undertone:

"Well, Bro. Sales, they tell me that you are seeking a little glory for yourself by working to have the new church at the village. It seems to me that a man who understands the Bible as well as you do ought to remember how God punished certain men who sought to exalt themselves and belittle His cause. Have you forgotten Nebuchadnezzar and Herod?"

It was not so much the withering sarcasm of the elder—Uncle Joe had felt that before—but it was the inquiry that it started in the old man's mind that troubled him exceedingly. He ventured no reply whatever, and though apparently listening to Bro. Gimler, he was intent upon his own thoughts. Was he, indeed, seeking his own glory? Why had he not thought of that before? How his inspiration was deceiving him! He had thought he was working in the cause of the Master, and here it was very evident that he was seeking honor from men. He recalled the inward satisfaction that several commendations of his course had awakened within him. He remembered the ragged urchin who had called him Uncle when he was riding to the village in the summer. He thought of the pride that had stolen in upon him when he resolved to be "more than an uncle to this neighborhood." The opposition

of Father Leeb shrank to nothing before this foe arising within himself. His most formidable enemy was to be within and not without. This doubt of his own motives—how should he resolve it? His train of thought was interrupted by Father Leeb, who, with difficulty, arose to his feet and leaned upon his cane.

“Brethren,” said he, slowly, “I have been a member of the church for well nigh on to a half a century, and this spot has become sacred to me through many associations. In yon graveyard sleeps my only darter, and ye all know how lately her mother was laid by her side. If I spoke fer myself alone, I would say, Build the new church here, right here where so many of us hev had our eyes opened to righteousness, and where most of us hope to take our last sleep. But I am growin’ old, and even if I were not, it would be a grave sin of my jedgment not to see that Risin’ Branch village is the one spot of our neighborhood where the blackest cloud of evil is settlin’ and where the lamp of God needs most to be set. I kin not speak long. My voice is fer the village. I shall give my poor means to help God’s cause there, and the satisfaction I shall have in it ye need not call pride. Satisfaction at doin’ what jedgment says is right is one of God’s rewards fer doin’ right.”

This last sentence was a great relief to Uncle Joe. “I hev made no mistake in my jedgment,” thought he, “and the devil shall not tempt me from duty by makin’ me think my motives is bad.”

He was so surprised at the unlooked-for course of Father Leeb that he lost his opportunity to rise and speak. Elder Tribbey was on the floor before him. So confident had Uncle Joe been that the course of Father Leeb would settle the whole matter, that the El-

der's speech astonished him. The latter, who was not only a leading farmer of the neighborhood, but also a lawyer and a Justice of the Peace, spoke in smooth, elegant language, quite in contrast to that of most of his brethren.

"I have," said he, "due reverence for Father Leeb's opinion; but he himself will grant that I have been able, in my position, to see some things more clearly than he, especially since I have been around more of late years. I confess that I attach more value than he does to mere sentiment. I have friends that sleep in this old burying-ground, and there are traditions of interest to me here. If we could move the graveyard, and all our history and traditions, I should favor building in the village. But our traditions and associations here have too much to do in moulding the character of our children to abandon them lightly. For my part I think Bro. Sales, who seems to have started this notion of moving, has had a little too much self-glorification in view. I can not think of making an untoward move, and at the same time encouraging his sin."

Uncle Joe still sat silent. Old Brother Tone drew from him a smile by declaring that, "If we want to soil the church, jest plant it in the soot." "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," said Father Leeb in reply to this.

Deacon Scammon urged the difficulty of "gettin' out the timber and drawin' it away up ter the village." And Bro. Gimler thought that so few members lived near the village that it would be impossible to raise the means to build there.

Many of the members said nothing, merely waiting to see the direction of the tide.

Uncle Joe's time to speak had now arrived. "I am certainly rejoiced," said he, "to think that Father Leeb has risen so far above selfishness as ter speak as he hez. Surely none of ye hev stronger ties than him ter bind ye ter this old spot. I hev looked fur some opposition, but I hardly expected oncharitable words. Brethren, I hev prayed ter God that I might not seek my own glory in this matter. I am like Father Leeb. If I ware speakin' fur myself, I know I would never consent ter leavin' here. But I see before me a generation comin' up, who, in the course of events, is a goin' ter make their homes in the village. Yes, I see more than this. I see some who do not live there now drawed there by the hope of better worldly sarcumstances. There is a invertation fur them to come now. Mebbe it are a sad comment on human natur' fur ter suppose that they can't walk without the help of Christian influence. But who is there so strong as not ter need the influence of moral instertutions? But more than all, brethren, it are a sad thing ter miss good opportunities. If ye neglect the village now, its Macerdonian cry will strike yer ears and accuse yer hearts in some later time. Somebody else will hear, and will build up the cause, while the success of the gospel there will forever be a standin' reproach to Craggy Hill, whose heart's door was once knocked at and refused ter open." Uncle Joe concluded, and silence settled upon every soul.

It was broken by Bro. Gimler, who arose to put the final question.

Father Leeb leaned his head on his cane, and Uncle Joe sat with half-closed eyes. In clear tones Bro. Gim-

ler called for the vote. *The result was a tie.* Bro. Gimler now had the power to decide, and Uncle Joe gave up the cause as lost. Elder Tribbey smiled complacently, but great was the surprise when the chairman, arising, spoke as follows: "Brethren, when I came here, I thought I knew as well as any one the wants of this congregation. I scouted the idea of building at the village. I feel differently now. I am not yet prepared to give my vote, and doubt not that we all need more time to consider before we make our decision final. Let us seek the counsel of God, and come together at another time."

And so the matter was left; while Uncle Joe, as he thought of the unlooked-for course it had taken, called to mind the words of his wife the night before.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Among the younger men who have won a recognized position in the ministry of the Disciples, it would be hard to find one more richly gifted than Edward Thomas Williams. He was born at Columbus, O., on October 17, 1854. Both his father, William Williams, and his mother, D. L. Hughes, were born in Wales, though both were brought to the States in early childhood. In 1864 the family removed to a farm in Licking County, Ohio, about twenty miles east of Columbus. Here, on February 28, 1866, the subject of this sketch was immersed, being little more than eleven years old at the time. The same year the family returned to Columbus, where they still remain.

Mr. Williams was graduated from Columbus High School in June, 1872, taking first honors. He entered Bethany College in September of the same year, and graduated in June, 1875, sharing the first honors, and delivering the Latin Salutatory. In August, 1875, he entered upon the duties of minister of the church at Springfield, Ills., where he remained until March, 1877, when, owing to broken health, he resigned. In May, 1877, he was invited to Denver, Col., to complete the unexpired term of Mr. McCollough, the former minister of the church. Subsequently he was regularly employed by the church, but was again compelled by impaired health to resign, which he did in January, 1878. The summer following he supplied the pulpit of his friend, Henry Schell Lobingier, at Morrisania, New York City, and while there was called to the charge of the church in Brooklyn, N. Y., in October, 1878. He remained in Brooklyn nearly three years, resigning in August, 1881. In September, 1881, he was installed as pastor of the Central Christian Church at Cincinnati, O., where he still remains.

Wherever he has been his influence for good remains. In Springfield, in Denver, in Morrisania, in Brooklyn, his memory is fragrant of a most loving and spiritual ministry, while in Cincinnati he is strengthened by the abiding confidence of the church, and is gladdened by the growing prosperity of his work.

Endowed with a highly nervous organization, his manner is at once sympathetic and attractive. Possessed of exceptional social qual-

ities, which render him so welcome in the home, he has the happy blending of dignity with grace, so admirable in his calling. Although his mind is singularly clear, and not at all lacking in logical power, yet one is most impressed, in listening to him, with the persuasive beauty of his style. His sermons are not only models of arrangement, but abound in illustrations, and while the framework is knit together by argument, they appeal to the very highest moral and æsthetic sense. He is a careful and diligent reader, and his mind is richly nourished with the best culture of the time. His pen has acquired the true literary art, and it is a matter of great regret that, in the ceaseless round of other duties, he is allowed so little opportunity for the cultivation of these congenial tastes.

In personal appearance Mr. Williams is of medium height, slender in form, with light hair and the darkest of eyes in striking contrast. He was married on August 12, 1884, at Lexington, Ky., to Miss Carrie D. Loos, daughter of President Loos, of Kentucky University. His wife is an accomplished lady, whose many graces of mind and heart help and cheer her husband in his laborious ministry. A son and heir now is sun and air for the refreshing of their hearts.



E. T. WILLIAMS.

THE FAITH OF MOSES; OR, DUTY RATHER THAN PLEASURE.

A SERMON.

“By faith Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter; choosing rather to be evil entreated with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”—Heb. xi. 24, 25.

In the nineteenth verse of the preceding chapter, the author of this remarkable epistle begins the stirring exhortation which forms the conclusion of his treatise and the practical application of his argument. He has shown the superiority of the Christian priesthood, sacrifice and sanctuary, to those of Judaism. He has demonstrated the sufficiency of the atonement made through the blood of Jesus, an offering which will need no repetition, which has been made “once for all,” in which was shed the blood of the “new covenant,” that covenant in which God gives us assurance of His surpassing love—the love that will “cover a multitude of sins,” that will forgive and forever forget all our transgressions.

Having set this forth with great clearness and power, he urges those who have entered into this “blood-covenant,” and thereby shown their faith in God, their trust in the sacrifice of Christ, to be true to the terms of the covenant; to continue the life of trust there begun; to show that perfect confidence in the goodness and power of God which manifests itself in entire devotion to His service, in a life of love and good works;

to entrust themselves wholly to His guidance, faithfully choosing always to do those things that please Him, even at the sacrifice of present pleasure, waiting in patient confidence for that day when "He that cometh shall come and not tarry," when the Saviour shall appear the second time to perfect the salvation of those who have put their trust in Him.

Such a life of trust has, indeed, characterized all those who have ever found favor with God.

This faith or trust, we are told, is "the substance of things hoped for, the assurance of things not seen." It is an implicit reliance upon the promises of God. It is the faith that was shown by all the ancient worthies whose names are recorded on this Heavenly Roll of Honor. But in this "great cloud of witnesses" which the author thus summons to enforce his exhortation, no one, perhaps, shows this faith in greater measure than Moses. His whole life, indeed, was an illustration of trust in the living God.

The sacrifice which Moses made for the sake of his people, for the sake of the right, was not a small sacrifice. We fail sometimes to appreciate the valor, patience and faithfulness, presented in these records of the olden time, because the events celebrated occurred so long ago, in an age so entirely unlike our own, and under circumstances whose real character we fail to comprehend, since our own experience will not help us to represent to ourselves the peculiar features of that ancient life. Let us try to remove ourselves more than three thousand years into the past, to a time when Egypt was the center of civilization, not as to-day, a land of ruins, inhabited by a people down-trodden and despised, whose ruler is but a puppet in the hands of foreign mas-

ters, but the mightiest power in all the earth, the home of learning and of art, the England of that day, feared to the ends of the known world, extending her influence alike over the regions of the far East, the distant islands of the sea, and the forgotten races of the upper Nile; and let us then reflect that the proud, powerful, skillful, despotic ruler of this mighty empire, worshiped by his people as the representative of the gods—that this Pharaoh was the foster-father of Moses.

The luxuries of the Egyptian court were not few even at that early period, for Egypt was the cradle of civilization; and, while the rest of the world was inhabited by half-savage tribes of rude culture, caring for little more than the bare necessities of life, or by nations just awakening to an appreciation of the comforts of civilization, the Egyptians had already made great progress in many of the useful arts. Their knowledge of mechanics was wonderful, as the ruins of their massive temples, extensive palaces and lofty monuments, testify even to this day. They were not ignorant of the use of colors. Their homes and public halls were handsomely decorated. The manufacture of pottery and of linen stuffs had been carried to a high degree of perfection. They were intemperate livers, and intemperance, unfortunately, is one of the sins of a *civilized* community. Their markets were stocked with fruits and vegetables in great variety. Even the beer-garden, with its accompaniments of vice, was not wanting. The schools, too, though under the control of the priests, and devoted largely to the study of the Egyptian religion, gave also a great deal of valuable instruction in secular branches of learning, particularly in astronomy, mechanics and medicine. Now, Moses, we are told,

was taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. He was brought up, therefore, in the midst of all this luxury, in the enjoyment of these rare advantages, and subject, too, to all these temptations to vicious self-indulgence. The adopted son of the favorite daughter of the king, he had every influence at his command. Every avenue was open to his approach. He had a chance even for the throne itself and the imperial crown, if he would but turn his back upon his own people and identify himself with their oppressors. But great as the temptation must have been, he put it aside. Honor, wealth, pleasure, high social position, power, bright prospects—all were sacrificed to a high sense of duty. "By faith Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to be evil entreated with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." For there was an influence moulding his character unknown to the Pharaoh and his daughter, an influence stronger far than all the surroundings of the royal court. It was the influence of his own mother, an influence which can not be measured by gold, which all the honors of the world and the wisdom of its philosophers can never outweigh.

Of more value to Moses than all the wisdom of the Egyptians was the knowledge which his mother gave him of the one true God, and the lessons of faithfulness to Him which she instilled in his youthful heart. The glories of the Egyptian court could never efface from his mind the memory of her words of wisdom, or break the restraint of her love, or lessen the influence of her gentle pleadings. And so, in obedience to the solemn voice of duty, he bade farewell to all the splendors

of distinction, renounced forever the name and home of the hated oppressor of his people, identified himself with the struggling slaves of Goshen, and gave himself heart and soul to an earnest effort to relieve their hardships and work their deliverance.

But it was his faith, especially, that distinguished him in the eyes of the author of this epistle. It was by faith that he was enabled to make the wise choice recorded of him here—that faith which his mother had implanted in his heart, faith in the one true God, in His love and mercy, in His justice and faithfulness, in His power to overthrow wrong, to redeem the oppressed, to establish righteousness in the earth. It was a faith that made obedience to the divine will the most imperative duty of life. This was the faith that strengthened his heart, that gave him courage to make the sacrifices required of him, that enabled him to face the sneering hostility of a great nation and devote himself to the redemption of his people. Duty rather than self-interest—this was his motto, he well knowing, indeed, that one's highest interests are always best served by a faithful discharge of duty. Duty rather than pleasure—this is the lesson taught us in his conduct—a lesson the world is slow to learn.

We seem to live, many of us, as though happiness were the aim of life. We seek pleasure rather than duty. Some one has said that we should not separate duty and pleasure, that they should go hand in hand. True happiness is secured, indeed, by a faithful discharge of duty, but duty and pleasure do not always go hand in hand. A great many duties at first sight appear far from agreeable, and men need to learn that they can not on that account put duty aside. We

must not look first for pleasure, but duty. Pleasure will follow, though sometimes afar off. The indirect course is often the best. We sometimes secure the desire of our heart most easily by seeking that which is beyond it. "If we would hit the mark we must aim a little above it." We breathe most easily when breathing is involuntary. When we begin to think about it, it grows labored and heavy. So often we are happiest when not thinking about happiness. Duty must be our aim. Let us "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." All things else that are needed will be added. Happiness will follow.

It seems to me that this age especially needs to learn this lesson. It is an age which is disposed to give the first place to considerations of personal convenience and apparent self-interest, and to make all else of secondary importance. It is an age which believes that man was created for happiness, and that nothing therefore can be wrong which ministers to his enjoyment; that God does not ask us to make ourselves unhappy, and that nothing can be required of us as a duty which demands the sacrifice of comfort, which involves either sorrow or loss. Men are "lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God."

It is often true of the children, that, having been indulged in every caprice at home, having been granted every selfish desire and allowed to make their pleasure the law of the household, when they have grown to young manhood and womanhood, they still manifest no purpose but that of seeking to please themselves. They have never learned self-denial. They have always placed self-indulgence before duty. They forsake the Sunday-school because they have grown tired of it, and

no one forbids. They never attend the services of the church because they did n't enjoy them when younger, and have always done what pleased them. For the same reason they are taught dancing and permitted to become frequent visitors at the theater. They grow up with a fondness for frivolity, an insatiable craving for sensual enjoyment. They are incapable of any serious reflection or of any sustained enthusiasm in a worthy cause. Their minds and hearts are alike shallow. Would God, there were more fathers and mothers like Amram and Jochebed, who would train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, teaching them to make obedience to His will the supreme law of life, to do always those things that please Him! Then there would be more young men like Moses, brave enough to choose the right even at the cost of self-denial, who would never offer duty a sacrifice to sinful pleasure. As it is to-day, self-interest seems to be the prevailing motive among men and women, and self-indulgence or self-aggrandizement the chief aim of life. This is seen at once when faithfulness to duty requires, as it sometimes does, a sacrifice of apparent self-interest. How we do squirm to justify our actions to ourselves when they can't be justified, to excuse ourselves for withholding from another that which is due him, for taking an unfair advantage, or for any other violation of our convictions! It is because men put self-interest before duty that they can be so regardless of the feelings of others, so indifferent to the sufferings of others, utterly deaf to all appeals for mercy, if only they can secure control of the market and fill their own coffers. This is the reason that corporations, justly styled "soulless," often resort to trickery, injustice, even to

cruelty, to break down opposition, to secure a monopoly of trade or transportation, to obtain rights which are not right, privileges which are the rights of others rather than their own. It is this spirit which places self-interest above duty, self-aggrandizement above righteousness, that impels men to make false invoices, to adulterate or misrepresent their goods, to use false weights and deceitful balances, to circulate rumors that will send prices up or down and so create an unnatural market, or resort to any of the sharp tricks of trade by which men are enabled to under-sell and over-reach and defraud one another. This is the spirit that winks at corruption, that connives at crime for the sake of enjoying the stolen fruits; the spirit that obstructs the course of justice, that purchases the acquittal of the guilty, that corrupts the ballot, defeats the will of the people, and makes the welfare of the community subordinate to the private interests of the few.

Too many of us would rather be numbered among the favorites of the reigning Pharaoh of fashion, politics or religion, and so secure our own comfort, than to take a bold and independent stand for that which we believe to be right, at the cost of personal discomfort and inconvenience. There are great questions—questions of burning interest—confronting us to-day, demanding immediate adjustment. Our fellows, our brethren, too, are in bondage. Their lives are made bitter. Their cry ascends to heaven, and we are sent to deliver them. Here are wrongs to be redressed, evils to be removed, poverty to be relieved, sorrows to be assuaged; but when we are brought face to face with those questions, and duty calls loudly for decision and action, we shrink like cowards—we will not take an

open stand, lest we suffer the loss of patronage, injure our political prospects or endanger some other temporal interest. It is a very discouraging sign that men can look with indifference upon evils, which, though they do not directly touch them or injure their homes, are breaking thousands of other hearts and desolating thousands of other homes, as well as breeding vice, pauperism and crime. It is saddening to know that men can selfishly go their own ways and enjoy their ease, while their brethren are down-trodden and heart-broken by evils which the strong and happy can remove and ought to remove. It is not a man of Moses' faith that can look coldly upon the wounded and naked, and carelessly pass by on the other side. It is certainly not a sign of godliness that men to-day can be callous to social impurity, indifferent to public corruption, can jest about wickedness in high places, laugh at simony in politics or embezzlement in trade, and lift no warning voice, utter no protest, make no demonstration, no effort to rebuke and punish these evils and prevent their recurrence. What does all this show, but that we are unwilling to discharge an unpleasant duty, are more concerned about our own convenience, prosperity and present ease, than for the triumph of the truth, the triumph of righteousness and of God!

It is not in worldly circles alone that this spirit is manifested. It has crept into the church. There are too many who seem to come into the church to be ministered unto, not to minister—to be mere spiritual parasites. Perhaps Paul would not fail to find among us to-day, as among the Philippians in the olden time, some of whom he would write: "For many walk of whom I told you often and now tell you even weeping, that they

are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is perdition, whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." Too many are willing to sell a heavenly birthright for a mess of pottage; for the sake of some temporal advantage or sensual gratification.

The opinion prevails generally that people go to church not to worship God, but to be entertained, and they feel under no obligation to go if they are not to be entertained. Personal ease is always consulted. A business engagement, a concert, or a party, is readily given the preference over the prayer-meeting. Men break their engagements to meet Christ at the regular services of the church without any compunctions of conscience, when they would count it dishonorable to treat their fellows so. Every selfish desire must be gratified, every luxury secured for the home. Thousands of dollars are squandered in extravagance, while the work of God goes begging for support. Too many Christians are like the tower at Pisa. They wish to lean just as far toward the world as they can without falling. How little there is after all of the spirit of Moses, that heroic spirit that could renounce a palace and a throne for the sake of duty.

"Lord, increase our faith!" It was the faith of Moses that kept him loyal to the right. We must have faith if we would be able always to choose wisely and well in this life. Not merely an assent to a certain statement of doctrine, but a living trust in God, a submission to His will, accompanied by a confident assurance that all things will work together for good to them that love Him.

No man indeed can lead a happy or successful life

who is not a religious man. There is a worthier purpose in life than the pursuit of pleasure. There is a higher aim than self-indulgence.

“Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth’s fleeting treasure;
After Christ they’re called to go—
In His service pain is pleasure.
Under manifold distress
Through the narrow gate they press.”

God indeed has created us for happiness, but God alone knows what can secure our highest happiness. And for this reason, if we would be truly happy, we must submit to the guidance of God. We must heed the voice of duty rather than that of pleasure.

And since our Father desires our happiness, since He will guide us to “fulness of joy and pleasures that abide for evermore,” since He reserves for us “a crown of glory,” and promises an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled that shall never fade away,” to have faith in God and choose duty rather than pleasure is to secure also one’s highest self-interest and true happiness.

“Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God, let not our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed!
Choose for us, God, Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.”

No man is perfectly reliable in any relation in life save he who lives this life of trust. Men are indeed often kept faithful in a measure by the fear of the law, or by a respect for public opinion. But every week gives us illustration of the insecurity of such restraints and

safeguards. We are being continually shocked by the crimes of men who have been regarded as of unblemished character, crimes committed under some terrible temptation. They are men whose highest respect has been for the opinions of their fellows, whose greatest fear has been excited by the penalties of human law, whose sole standard of rectitude has been the variable one of this world. He only can endure temptation who, like Moses, sees the Invisible One; who has the fear of God before his eyes, the love of God in his heart, the law of God in his mind, and who has faith in God. We need a faith that will open our eyes, so that, like the timid youth of old, we may behold the chariots and horsemen of Israel, and know how real, even though unseen, are the powers that are pledged to our defense and deliverance; a faith that will look beyond the present and take into account the recompense of reward; that will not allow the present and temporal to outweigh the future and eternal; a faith that shall indeed be to each one of us "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Moses is cited to us as an example, yet our faith should be even greater than that of Moses. He died "not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar." But we enjoy the fulfillment of many of the promises which cheered his heart. How much greater are our privileges! How much richer is our experience of the goodness and mercy of God! How much stronger then should be our faith! How much more implicit our trust! We ought to be all the more unwilling to be turned aside

from the path of duty by the love of pleasure. Moses believed in God and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Our faith is enlightened and strengthened by our knowledge of Christ. We ought the more patiently to endure, because we may "look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

May God help us to such a life of faith!

E. T. WILLIAMS.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I know it is all for the best ;
I know that the Father is good ;
He loved, and has taken to rest ;—
I would not recall if I could.
I feel when I scarcely can pray—
I read in my sorrowing this :
That life was a wearisome way,
And death was the portal of bliss.

But hearts that are human are weak,
And hearts that remember will thrill ;
A hand that has vanished I seek,
I yearn for a "voice that is still."
I wait for—I scarcely know what ;
I grieve that I can not discern
The presence that was and is not,—
The presence that will not return.

O thou who hast gone from thy place,
I know thou art safe—thou art His !
I long for the sight of thy face,
And yet it is well as it is.
The life that was blessing to me,
I can not, I dare not forget ;
The death that was blessing to thee,
I can not, I dare not regret !

JESSIE H. BROWN.

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.

A HAPPY UNION.

Notwithstanding the church-like home and activities already mentioned, constantly supplemented by personal house to house visitation, the three Marys longed for the living voice of a regular minister. Besides, their ceaseless energy soon created frequent demands for the administration of the ordinance of baptism. This involved traveling expenses and the "hire" of which the Bible taught them the laborer was worthy. But more especially were there charitable fields which they wished to enter. The financial problem thus early appealed to their woman wit for solution, with the following result:

RULES OF A FEMALE SOCIETY FOR THE USE OF THE GOSPEL.

PREAMBLE.—We believe that a Female Society as a charitable institution, with the Divine blessing, may be rendered very useful. We hope that every member of the Society will feel herself bound in gratitude to contribute to the support of it as God shall prosper her, and so be exercising herself, not only in her temporal, but spiritual things, that as many here as fear the Lord may be enabled to speak often one to another. We pray that there may be no distinction of wise and foolish virgins among us, but that each of us may be found with the oil of love in our vessels when the voice of the heavenly Bridegroom is heard;

that the union which is now commenced neither life nor death, things present nor things to come, shall be able to dissolve, but that eternity may find us what we are now desirous to be—A HAPPY UNION.

Rule 1st.—This Society shall assemble once a month at some convenient place, to see to the pecuniary concerns of the Society.

Rule 2nd.—Any female friend having a desire to join the Society will be welcome to attend the meeting. The Rules of the Society shall be read to her. If they meet her approbation it is expected she will sign her name to them and pay her subscription, which is not limited, once every month.

Rule 3d.—A President, Treasurer and Secretary shall be appointed by the Society with a Committee of four members, whose business it shall be to distribute the money with prudence, affection and sympathy.

Rule 4th.—At each meeting of business the Committee shall lay before the Society their transactions of the month and receive further instructions.

No money will be distributed except in very particular cases, of which the Committee will be the competent judge.

Rule 5th.—No member shall intentionally cause dissensions in the Society, or make known the private transactions thereof to such as are not members.

Rule 6th.—In case any member has any difficulty that may oppress her mind relative to the Society, or any kind of information that may be of use to the Society, it is expected that at the meeting for business she will fully make it known. And should such occur immediately after a meeting, the report shall be made to the Committee, who are authorized to act.

Rule 7th.—We repeat part of which we have subscribed to: It is hoped that mutual love and Christian charity will pervade the bosom of every member, that as a Society they may let their light shine before men and glorify God.

The plan of the foregoing belongs to Mary Ogle, and is largely due to her Philadelphia visit, already mentioned; though the tattered copy, with sundry

lacuna, now doing service is in the handwriting of that eager scribe, Mary T. Graft.

Of course, many became members of this "Society" who could not be numbered among "the saints," yet who devoutly wished well to Zion. Besides, it was an honor not to be lightly foregone to follow such leaders. How this Society prospered, and how the gospel leaven worked in the Somerset meal is best set forth by an extract from a letter under date of April 30th, 1814, by Mary Ogle to Elder Charles Wheeler, then of Brownsville:

Our little Society consists at present of eighteen members, many of whom are under great exercise of mind about religion. And, as for myself, I have experienced such intellectual pleasure, both in reading the Scriptures and meditating on the adorable goodness and mercy of God, that, if it was not for the painful recollection that many of my dear friends and neighbors are yet in the darkness, I could have expressed my own feelings in the beautiful lines of the poet when he said :

In desert woods, with Thee, my God,
Where human footsteps never trod,
How happy could I be!
Thou, my repose from care; my light
Amid the darkness of the night;
In solitude my company."

The letter was a request to the Professor to come to Somerset and render service in baptizing some ready candidates, which, owing to the claims of his school, he could not do, and so he sent Elder Patton, who was about to visit the Jersey Church. On similar occasions Elder James Estep, who also practiced medicine at Mt. Pleasant, was called here.

In the latter part of 1814, or the early part of 1815, Dr. John Cox, of Philadelphia, had gone West

to look up a new location and was returning by way of Somerset. He put up for the night at Captain Webster's tavern, and with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Rhees made a hasty evening call on Mrs. Ogle. After his return to the hotel, Mary Ogle called on Mary Morrison and they on Mary T. Graft, who had already retired for the night, and told her that there was a Baptist minister in town, who would depart for Philadelphia at early dawn.

"Can we not devise some way," said they, "to detain him for a sermon?"

"Go home," answered Mrs. Graft, "and rest assured that he will stay."

Without knowing her plan they went home, trusting to her eccentricity and to the good will of Providence.

In the darkness, which is said to be thickest just before day, a wrapped female figure, bearing a lantern, might have been seen approaching the hotel, where already a saddled horse was tied to a post, and a small group of men stood in hasty conversation.

"Is Mr. Cox here?" said the approaching figure.

"Here I am," said he, stepping forth.

"I have a message for you from the Lord," was the reply. "You are to stay in Somerset and preach next Sunday. Go to Gen. Ogle's for entertainment."

Suddenly as Elijah from the presence of Ahab she then disappeared. Elder Cox had his horse restabled and stood, saddle-bags in hand, on the steps of Gen. Ogle's as they arose with the dawn of day, and, in answer to their surprised looks, related his call to preach in Somerset.

This affair led to his early removal to the borough of Somerset, where he supported himself and family in

part by making cigars, and preached a share of his time till the spring of 1817, when he located on a farm in Milford (now Middle Creek) township, a mile east of New Lexington, and nearer to the Jersey Church, where, on Saturday, April 5th, he deposited his letter and that of his wife, Sarah, and preached for them on alternate Sundays.

CHAPTER III.

WAS IT A BAPTIST CHURCH?

The weekly religious meetings, the Sunday-school, and the monthly gatherings and constant beneficial workings of the "Happy Union," attracted considerable attention in and about Somerset, and were numerous attended; but male conversions were few and came late. The burden of toil was confined to female hands, though the good will of interested husbands and other male friends was not wanting. Chiefly, however, the "three Marys," as they are known near and far, and of whom much more will be said some chapters later, were conspicuous in ceaseless, loving endeavor. After a while they were aided by John Hollis, a saddle-tree maker by trade, and religiously a rousing Methodist, whose private devotions, conducted in his stable, could be heard squares away. At this time there was only one other Methodist in the place, an old lady known as "Mother Armstrong." She and John were not enough to constitute a church, so he sought the above alliance and proved to be a "powerful" help in the conduction of religious services. During the ministry of Dr. Cox, Jacob Graft, husband of Mary T., applied for baptism

—the first male convert—and with him his wife went back for her “breakfast” and found it by no means a hindrance to progress in travel. She had been slow to learn that the truest progression is retrogression to scriptural methods and ordinances, but she enjoyed the lesson. In praying for her husband she converted herself. Perhaps, too, she had been reading the fourth chapter of Leviticus and found that even a Jew had to correct past mistakes, however honestly made, and that not to do so becomes damnable sin.

Mr. Graft was emphatically a child of the mountains. The pack-saddle, on which exclusively in early days goods were transported from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, was the seat in his temple of learning, and rugged nature was his open book. He first, and for many years, carried the U. S. mail between the above points over the mountains, facing wild animals and all kinds of weather, and once having both horse and mail swept away from under him by a mountain torrent. Though unable to read, he was a man of remarkably good sense and sound judgment. When the Jersey Church, in July, 1819, deemed it necessary to call a council from abroad to sit in judgment on Dr. Cox, Jacob Graft was considered fit to be associated with such men as Elder James Fry, of Big Redstone, and Dr. James Estep, of Mt. Pleasant. He lived till November, 1868, and those who knew him best thought the following inscription appropriate for his headstone: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

In August or September, 1817, Dr. James Estep and Prof. Charles Wheeler, the latter then of Washington College, a Presbyterian institution, were called to constitute a church of immersed believers in Somerset.

The fact that they were both Baptist ministers, and that both before and after this only Baptist ministers preached for this church, made it known as the Baptist Church, a title by which to this day the general public designate the Somerset Disciples of Christ.

So far as now recollected, the charter members were the following twenty-three persons: Mrs. Mary Ogle; Mrs. Mary Morrison; Mrs. Mary T. Graft and husband, Jacob; Isaac Husband and wife, Elizabeth; Samuel Trent; Miss Catharine Carr; Jonas YOUNKIN and wife, Martha; George Probst; Alex. Hunter and wife, Nellie; Mrs. Susan Stewart; Mrs. PEGGIE May; Mrs. Betsey Kimberly; Mrs. Sallie Lichtenberger; Dr. Norman Bruce and wife, Eleanor; Peter Loehr and wife, Barbara; Jacob Saylor and wife, Nancy.

All the surrounding Baptist churches for whom the above-named ministers labored were not only strongly Calvinistic, but uniformly adopted "The Declaration of Faith" set forth by the Philadelphia Association, Sept. 25, 1747. To this day, in fact, throughout this region, the adoption of that "Declaration" is insisted on in order to admission to baptism and church fellowship. While the Declaration seeks to avoid the strong language of the Westminster Confession of Faith, it yet places terms of free human agency and absolute divine sovereignty into such relation as to be rather "strong meat" for "babes in Christ." To quote a part of Art. IX., italicising one word, we read:

"We believe that election is the eternal purpose of God, according to which he graciously regenerates, sanctifies, and saves sinners; that being perfectly consistent with the free agency of man, it comprehends all the means in connection with the end; that it is a most

glorious display of God's sovereign goodness, being infinitely free, wise, holy, and *unchangeable*."

Art. VII. makes "regeneration" precede, "voluntary obedience," "repentance and faith;" and Art. XII., "of the harmony of the Law and the Gospel," places the law superior to the gospel, making the latter only a means of return to the former, and this in the face of Paul's declaration, "The law hath been our tutor to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith" (Gal. iii. 24).

Such, however, was the recognized standing and evident earnest sincerity of the Somerset people, that neither at their baptism nor at the constituting of their church, though Baptist ministers officiated, was this "yoke" put upon them. The unlikeness of such demands to the primitive simplicity of apostolic practice as set forth in Acts of Apostles, in which their diligent Bible-reading had schooled them, was so manifest that they did not hesitate which to prefer. So deeply had they drank at the fountain of religious belief, that they could not think of owning a less master than the Christ Himself. An incident or two will be of interest.

Impelled by a strong desire to know more of the people with whom she stood so closely related, Mary Ogle paid a visit to the Redstone Association in the year following her baptism, namely, in 1813. Among the messengers from the various churches was a young man of commanding presence who arose and read a paper setting forth that he represented a church whose members until recently were all Presbyterians. Their study of God's word had opened their eyes "to behold wondrous things out of His law," led them closer to the Master, and induced them to be "buried with Christ in

baptism." Having since been strongly urged by neighboring Baptists, for whom he had occasionally preached, to come into the Redstone Association, he was sent there to say that they were ready for the relation, provided they could enter it as the Lord's freemen and without the adoption of a human creed as terms of union and communion. Such creeds, for such a purpose, whether written or unwritten, are in their very nature so divisive, that no human creed in Protestant Christendom can be found that has not made a division for every generation of its existence. Under such a creed a change of denomination is only a transfer of fealty from one human leader to another. "We at Brush Run," he said, "have passed beyond all that to the unreserved acceptance of the divine Christ Himself, whom we will follow up to the measure of present and future ability, being better pleased with His plain commands than with the finest inferences and speculations of all the schools. Nor can we be satisfied with a mere cold intellectual assent to any system of truth, however carefully elaborated, but we hunger and thirst for a direct, personal trust in and reliance on Jesus as Leader and Lord."

Words of this tenor so gave Mrs. Ogle her own thoughts back again that in her eager joy she asked a lady sitting in front of her: "Who is that man who so speaks the sentiments of my heart?" "That," said the lady addressed, "is my son, Alexander Campbell."

Mrs. Ogle, however, was pained to see the very man who had the year before baptized her, cherishing these sentiments, namely, Elder Wm. Brownfield, now leading a small opposition against the speaker, who, with his church, was nevertheless voted into the Association.

About the time the Somerset church was constituted, some one sent them a copy of the Philadelphia "Declaration of Faith and Church Covenant." The three Marys met to read and consider it. Their discussions did not proceed on learned stilts, but their conclusions were practical and brief. "There were no such creeds in apostolic days, and if we want to be an apostolic church we must have none now. Besides, this is a man-made thing, and therefore may contain error; the Bible, we know, contains none. Its very first Article confesses that 'the Holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired, and is a *perfect* treasure of heavenly instruction, . . . without any admixture of error, . . . and the supreme standard by which all human conduct, *creeds*, and opinions should be tried.' As a human creed, one of three things must be true of it: it either contains more, or less, or else just what the Bible contains. If it contains just what the Bible does, we do not need it, for we have the Bible itself; if it contains more than the Bible, it contains too much, and is one of those additions which will 'add' unto us 'the plagues' of God's Book; and if it contains less than the Bible, it contains too little, and is such a 'taking away' from God's word as will take away 'our part from the tree of life, and out of the holy city' (Rev. xxii. 18, 19). In any case, therefore, we neither need it nor dare to adopt it." So saying, they opened the stove and sent it as near to heaven as human creeds will ever get.

Visits to the Redstone Association were frequent, if not regular, before the establishment of the Somerset church. As a creedless church, it was received into that Association on the precedent established at the

reception of Brush Run ; and for a time messengers were regularly sent, afterwards irregularly, for reasons that will appear in the next chapter. Regular Baptist ministers preached for Somerset. For the first three years Dr. Cox paid them stated visits, and in 1826 and 1827 Elder Samuel Williams, an unmarried man, was located with them, boarding at "Aunty" Graft's, as she began to be called. Dr. Cox was succeeded for five months by the brilliant but erratic Elder Armor. The rest of the intervening time between Cox and Williams was improved by such home talent as John Hollis, who had become a full-fledged immersionist, and Samuel Trent, Sr., whose custom was to talk from three to four hours, or at least so long as any one would stay to listen. This home talent was occasionally supplemented by visiting members, especially Dr. Estep, whose medical practice extended even to Somerset.

On ordinary occasions the meetings were held either in the brick office or in some one of the houses near town. When, however, Dr. Estep or some other man from abroad would come, the Court House was secured and filled. On communion occasions, which did not often occur, but drew large crowds, they were put to their wits. The brick office or a private residence was too small and the Court House was not considered sufficiently sacred. Once at least, shortly after the founding of the church, the German Reformed meeting-house was secured for the purpose. This inconvenience may have had something to do with the infrequency of sitting at the Lord's table.

Notwithstanding Shakespeare has said—

"The evil that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones,"

time, like nature, is a great healer. But few and faint are the recollections at this day of any frictions in that early church. A stray line alludes to some church troubles in 1823 that broke out afresh in 1826, and then lasted about a year, during which Mary T. Graft became somewhat alienated. But the demon Drink always works such wicked havoc that it is still clearly remembered that Wm. Philson, Abram Younkin and Dr. Bruce, had to be frequently disciplined for drunkenness, and that their copious tears of penitence were never wholly able to wash this stain out of their natures.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

The Lord hath need of soldiers,
Of brave men true and tried,
Who fear no earthly danger,
When fighting on His side;
Who, like the old crusaders,
To lift the cross on high,
And plant it on the hill-tops,
Are not afraid to die.

The weapons of their warfare
Are not the cruel steel;
But clad in heavenly armor,
No fiery dart they feel;
With faith in their great Captain,
With breast-plate, helmet, shield,
They seek the field of conflict,
His Word the sword they wield.

His foes dwell in the valleys,
They live upon the hills;
They crowd the mighty cities,
They throng the noisy mills;
And in their wretched blindness,
They curse the pitying friend,
Whose heart and hand are ready,
His blessings rich to send.

As when the Prince of Glory,
Stood weary by the sea,
Or walked the troubled waters,
Of storm-tossed Galilee,
His heart was stirred with pity—
His word as then is true,
The harvest still is plenteous,
The laborers are few.

The Lord hath need of helpers!
The Lord hath need of you;
To carry to the lowly,
The tidings ever new,
Of Him who dwelt in glory,
Yet came to earth to save
The dying race of mortals,
From sorrow and the grave.

Then rear aloft his banner!
Be proud His name to bear!—
The name earth's teeming millions,
Are destined yet to wear.
Be like some bold apostle,
Or like some martyr brave,
Whose dust Jehovah guardeth,
Within some unknown grave.

Be ready for the conflict!
Stand bravely for the right!
Be like some ancient prophet,
Go in the Master's might!

Fear not the hosts of error,
Who truth and right assail;
Trust in God's precious promise,
His will shall yet prevail.

CORYDON E. FULLER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

JONAH AND THE NINEVITES.

Not long after the close of Elisha's career, another prophet loomed into view, whose brief history forms perhaps the most singular, and, in some respects, one of the most profoundly interesting books of the Old Testament. It is among the earliest, if not the very first, of the writings known as prophetic, in the Jewish Scriptures. It is so unique, and some of its statements are so marvelous, that a mixture of levity and incredulity is often noticeable in the treatment it receives, even at the hands of professed believers. Yet we think it may, without difficulty, be shown that in this remarkable fragment of biography and history are found truths of largest scope, and instruction in righteousness, forming a valuable part of the heritage of those "on whom the ends of the ages are come."

Jonah belongs probably to the eighth century B. C., though it is impossible to reach strict chronological accuracy. That he figured in the reign of Jeroboam II., is certain from II. Ki. xiv. 25; but whether at the beginning or close or through the whole of that long reign, or whether his life belonged in part to the previous or succeeding reign, we can not positively determine. According to the accepted chronology, Jeroboam II. began to reign B. C. 825, and occupied the throne 41 years.

According to Jewish tradition, Jonah was (1) the son of the widow of Zarephath, whom Elijah restored to life (I. Ki. xvii. 17-24), and who afterwards became Elijah's servant; (2) the prophet whom Elisha sent to anoint Jehu as king of Israel (II. Ki. ix. 1-10). We know nothing concerning these traditions that entitles them to respect. The statements concerning him for which we find a historical basis, are (II. Ki. xiv. 25):

1. He was the son of Amittai, of Gath-hepher, a town of lower Galilee, within the limits of the tribe of Zebulun.

2. As a prophet, he was conspicuous in the reign of Jeroboam II.

It was at his instance that Jeroboam undertook his bold and remarkably successful military enterprises, which resulted in the recovery of large portions of territory and the uplifting of the kingdom of the ten tribes to a prosperity and glory greater than it had ever known. His is the most glorious reign in the entire history of that kingdom. Syria had subjected Israel to fearful oppressions. Jeroboam's father, Joash, had begun to mar the military prestige of the haughty and relentless Syrians, but it belonged to the son to work out a great deliverance for his people and restore to them not only peace, but broad dominion and unparalleled prosperity. In this he was inspired by the cheering prophecies of Jonah, who appears to have been an intense patriot as well as an inspired prophet. The presumption is, from his influence with the king in determining these great military movements, that as a man and a prophet, he had reached an eminent position.

We have also a reference to Jonah in the apocryphal book of Tobit, which is worthy of notice. Tobit was

among the captives carried by Shalmaneser from Israel into Assyria. As his long, chequered life was drawing to a close, he called his son Tobias and gave him his dying charge: "Go into Media, my son, for I surely believe those things which Jonas the prophet spake of Nineve, that it shall be overthrown" (Tobit xiv. 4). This is repeated in verses 8, 10. And of Tobias, the son, it is declared (verses 14, 15) that "he died at Ecbatane in Media, . . . but before he died, he heard of the destruction of Nineve, which was taken by Nabuchodonosor and Assuerus: and before his death he rejoiced over Nineve." This goes to show (1) that Jonah's prophecy against Nineve was well known among the pious captives in Assyria; (2) that while it had not been immediately fulfilled, on account of the repentance of the Ninevites, it was understood to await fulfillment when their cup of iniquity should be full.

It is fairly presumable, from Jonah's access to the court and the throne at Samaria, and from his share in shaping the conduct of the king in the gravest matters at a momentous crisis in the affairs of the kingdom, that he had been for a considerable time known as a prophet, and had grown up, through his prophetic ministrations, into prominence as a steadfast patriot and a man of God; but of the extent or duration of his prophetic career the record is silent. At some point in this career—whether before or after the delivery of his prophecy to Jeroboam, we know not—he received a charge as startling as it was unwelcome: "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." There were many reasons why Jonah should feel a repugnance to undertake such a mission. The long and toilsome and peril-

ous journey it involved would be a serious objection, especially to one whose sympathies and affections were so intensely localized,—who, narrowed and warped by his lifelong confinement to the little territory of Israel, which was all the world to him, had not a spark of sympathy with, or anything but contempt for, the great outlying world. Then to enter, alone and unfriended, the great capital of a vast empire, and face the throne with prophetic wails and threats, was certain, he doubtless thought, to doom him to torture and death at the hands of the uncircumcised. Yet this repugnance might have been overcome. Could he have been sure that his mission would result in the overthrow of the proud capital and mighty throne of that vast idolatrous empire, he might have accepted it to gratify his own patriotic and religious hate of accursed Gentiles. The shadow of that great conquering power had perhaps already been cast over the land. Binnirari had crushed Damascus, and Phœnicia, Edom, Philistia, and even the kingdom of Israel had felt, more or less, the weight of Assyrian authority. Jonah's beloved land was open to Assyrian invasion. Glad would he be if Nineveh were destroyed. But, stern and awful as his message seemed to be, he understood it—and he understood correctly—to be a call to repentance—an offer of salvation (see Jonah iv. 2). He knew that in every divine rebuke and threat there lingered a mercy ready to spring forth in tender offers of pardon, if rebuke and threat awakened the guilty to repentance. The divine proclamation (Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7), "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin," he was well

assured was as true then as when Jehovah uttered it in the ears of Moses; and to go on a mission of mercy and salvation to that distant country, to the enemies of his people, to the despised and abhorred heathen—his whole soul, aflame with bigotry and wrath, rose up against it: he would not go. Rather than bear such a message to such a people, he would turn his back to Jehovah, and run away from His presence!

Let us not do injustice to Jonah. In proposing to flee to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, we must not attribute to him the folly of supposing that the presence of Jehovah was confined to the land of Israel, or to the region round about. With all his Jewish narrowness and bigotry, he had worthier conceptions of Jehovah than this, as is evident from his language to the mariners (chap. i. 9). But he probably thought that *that* presence of Jehovah which had clothed him with the spirit of prophecy and sustained him in the performance of his prophetic work, would not follow his flight into a vile heathen land; and to make sure of this, he proposed to get as far away as possible from the center of these prophetic inspirations. He therefore fled from the hills of Galilee to the seaport of Joppa, and took passage in a vessel just ready to leave there for Tartessus, in Spain,* that he might make the breach between Jehovah and himself as wide as possible, and render himself unfit for the mission to which he had been appointed.

We need not linger on the familiar details of this attempted flight. The deep sleep into which, from physical and mental exhaustion, Jonah subsided; the

* While it is not certain that this is the "Tarshish" mentioned in the text, the probabilities are, in our judgment, in favor of this conclusion.

rising and raging of a fearful tempest; the extreme peril of the vessel, the despair of the seamen, and their wild cries to their various gods for deliverance; the awaking of the sleeper, the casting of lots, the confession of the offender, the magnanimous and heroic efforts of the heathen sailors to preserve the life of the guilty man, and their final reluctant consent, under the spur of a terrible necessity, to cast their guilty passenger into the sea: all this is graphically described, and is familiar to all Bible readers. Three things, however, are especially worthy of note in this thrilling portion of the narrative:

1. The heroism and magnanimity of these heathen sailors must have touched the heart of Jonah. He was inspired in his flight by an intense, all-controlling hate of the Gentiles—all of whom, according to his notion, were under the curse of God. Yet he has hardly stepped off his own territory until he is brought face to face with Gentiles whose beautiful and touching exhibition of tenderness and goodness is a new revelation to him. How often we shut ourselves up in the narrow spirit of sect, or caste, or race, and make ourselves miserable in hating or despising all outside our own charmed circle, when those whom we despise are our superiors in genuine worth!

2. It must have been equally a surprise to the sailors to find in Jonah such downright honesty, and so high a sense of justice. He conceals nothing. He frankly owns his guilt and his folly, pronounces the sentence of justice against himself, and insists on its execution. He will not involve others in destruction on account of a sin which is all his own. This atones for much that is unlovely in Jonah. We can deal leni-

ently with very serious faults, if only a man is truthful, honest and just. Jonah is narrow-minded. He is a bigot. He is heartless in his bigotry. He knows not the meaning of philanthropy. He would exult over the destruction of the whole Gentile world. But he is truthful; he is honest; he is just, according to his understanding of justice. Let us bless him for this. There is always hope of a man, whatever his faults, who has truthfulness for the basis of his character.

3. It is silly, as well as unmanly, to attempt to escape from duty. A man may run away from dangers, from evil associations, from unhappy strifes and embroilments; it may be wise to do so. But he can not run away from God, nor can he run away from himself. His guilt and wretchedness go with him wherever he goes, and God's avenging justice will follow him to the ends of the earth. The only safe way is to face duty manfully, however unwelcome it may be, and leave the results with God.

Here we come to the part of the narrative which provokes incredulity with so many, and which has led to so many attempts at special interpretation. It is fable; it is an attempt to load a true history with the ornaments of fancy; it is an apologue founded on a history; it is based on the Phœnician fable of Hercules, who was represented as swallowed by a sea-monster and then restored, etc., etc. The only reason for such strained interpretations is, to get rid of the miraculous element in the narrative; but under a dispensation marked plentifully through the larger part of its duration by miraculous demonstrations and interpositions, it is vain to attempt to make an exceptional case here. Let us say, however, that there is not so much of the

miraculous here as is generally supposed. The swallowing of Jonah by a sea-monster has nothing of the miraculous in it. The white shark, which is not uncommon in the Mediterranean, is not only capable of such a task, but there is evidence that it has successfully performed it; and it is even claimed by naturalists that this shark has the power of "throwing up again, whole and alive, the prey they have seized."* The preservation of Jonah's life in the belly of the fish for three days and nights, or for one whole day and night and parts of two other days and nights, can only be explained as miraculous; but it is not more difficult to believe than the preservation of the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, or the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. Indeed, the reference of Jesus to the facts in Jonah's history shows that he regarded this preservation and restoration of Jonah as a grand miracle of *power*, akin to that by which he was himself to be raised from the dead; and his acceptance of the facts in the Book of Jonah as historically true, forbids us to yield to any but the historical interpretation (Matt. xii. 38-41). The swallowing of Jonah by the sea-monster is as historical, in the estimation of Jesus, as the preaching of Jonah to the Ninevites.

Released from his strange and awful imprisonment, and having celebrated, in fitting strains, the deliverance out of a hopeless grave—"out of the belly of Sheol"—Jonah is so far subdued by his terrible and wonderful experiences as to accept the duty laid upon him—to go to Nineveh and proclaim its destruction. There is too little that is trustworthy in the writings of the ancients concerning Nineveh, to enable us to speak ac-

*See Dr. Pusey's "Minor Prophets," on Jonah; Smith's Bible Dictionary, Art. WHALE.

curately of its size and population. If we take the statement in chap. iv. 11, to refer to infants, then we may safely conclude that the city had a population of about 600,000. And if the expression "an exceeding great city of three days' journey" has reference to its circumference, then the statements of the area of the city by Diodorus Siculus and Strabo may be regarded as correct. Unquestionably, as the capital of a mighty empire, it was "an exceeding great city,"* and, like all great cities, especially capitals, and centers of corrupt systems of idolatry, it was reeking with sin and crime. Into this great city the lonely prophet entered, in foreign garb, with all the weirdness of appearance and manners that characterized the prophets of the olden time, and, amid the hum of business, the rumbling of chariot-wheels, the shouts of revelry, the ceaseless tramp of pedestrians, the clatter of market-places, and the jeers of curious throngs that gathered about this eccentric foreigner, lifted up his voice in a sad wail that seems to have awed all other voices and noises into silence, and went echoing through the streets, and over the parks and gardens, and up to the entrance of the royal palace, as a voice of doom: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" It reminds us of the voice of the son of Ananus, at the siege of Jerusalem under Titus, when he proclaimed, in tones of chilling terror, through the streets of Jerusalem, day by day, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house, a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides, a voice against the whole people: Woe be to Jerusalem!" But briefer,

* See Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains."

with an eloquence more compact, intense and terrifying, was this piercing cry of Jonah, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" It was sustained by no evidence. It was upheld by no argument. It was confirmed by no miracle. It was enforced by no acknowledged authority. It came from the lips of a stranger, who had nothing in common with them. And yet it swept over the city with the might of heaven's resistless thunders, and shook it to the foundations. Every voice of mirth was hushed. Every jeer, every note of ridicule or of defiance, was awed and silenced. The hum and roar of business died away, and the shouts of revelry, and even the murmur of tongues in the streets and in places of concourse. The city's life-pulse ceased to beat, only in feverish flutters. The penetrating wail of the prophet smote the heart of the king on his throne, and the gay, proud, luxurious court of Nineveh and the members of the royal household bowed down in dust and ashes. Soon the whole city was robed in sackcloth, and to the prophet's weird voice succeeds the mighty cry of the guilty and prostrate population—a cry to heaven for mercy!

How such overwhelming results were produced from a cause so apparently feeble and inconsequential, we may not be able to tell. How far the Ninevites were acquainted with the fame of Jonah as a prophet, or with the peculiar circumstances attending his special mission to Nineveh; or what their previous knowledge of the achievements of the God of Israel may have had to do in impressing them with the truth of Jonah's message, we can only conjecture. One thing is quite probable; another is altogether certain.

It is *probable* that the confused and threatening

condition of affairs in the city and in large portions of the empire, had much to do in preparing king and people to listen reverently to this voice of warning. Provinces had been in revolt—revolts taking on such a magnitude as to threaten the integrity of the empire. For a period of forty years, up to the accession of Pul, B. C. 745, there had been a constant succession of bloody revolts which severely taxed the strength of the empire; and away back of that the peace and safety of the government had been frequently and seriously marred. At such a time of general disquiet and widespread fear and distrust, the throne trembling and the capital rocked with disturbances or surging with agitations that threatened calamity to the city and the empire, the appearance of a prophet of such unearthly aspect, with such a message, might readily impress itself on an agitated and distressed people and alarmed monarch, as a voice from heaven not to be disregarded.

The *certain* thing is this: there are crises in the lives of nations, as of individuals, when influences long at work gather to a head—when sin itself, without the aid of argument or appeal, becomes disgusting in its terrible fruitage, and hideous in all its aspects, and horrible in all its workings, and men feel and know that they are on the edge of dreadful retributions, and every pulse is a pulse of fear and anguish. At such a time the one thing needful is *a voice of thunder to the conscience*. Before this, everything gives way. It needs no labored argument. The stony hearts have already been drilled; the dynamite has been placed; the wires have been laid; the battery is prepared, and all the connections have been established. It wants but the touch of a finger to let in the power that has been stored up

for the hour of catastrophe, and instantly comes the terrific explosion that rends the rocks and tosses them like playthings into the air. It was at such a crisis that Jonah appeared at Nineveh. Everything was ready. It needed but his electric message to produce the explosion that shattered the pride and broke the hearts of that vast population, and laid Nineveh's Hell-gate in ruins.

How often we argue when argument is vain—when what is needed is the stern voice of truth that speaks with resistless authority, and compels a response from the heart that is already self-condemned and the conscience that can not repress its answering thunders.

We expected to complete in one paper what we had to say of Jonah, but the subject has grown on our hands, and we must wait another month to complete this study.

ISAAC ERRETT.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

TO the cultured and discriminating ear of the musician the vibrations of an agitated string convey four distinct sounds, although to the dull ear there is but one. Besides the fundamental sound three others are distinguishable, bearing to the nasal, and to each other, an invariable relation. A single succession of musical notes, starting from either one of these four primary sounds, is a simple melody; a double succession, starting from any two, and regulated to each other is a harmony; while a fourfold succession, starting from all the tongues of the polyglot string, mathematically modulated to one another in time and tension, by the genius of a Wagner, is a perfect harmony. Melody is the march of the Indians in single file, graceful and picturesque, but simple and monotonous, and soon palls upon the sense; but harmony is the stately four-ranked procession of an imperial army, with infinite possibilities of variety, in ingenious maneuvers, orderly complications, startling evolutions, and imposing fronts. The one the rude beginnings, the other the unforeseen end of musical culture.

Now the music of life to many is but the monotonous melody of physical gratification,—the ditty of sen-

sual pleasure, that soon becomes not only dull but distressing. To others it is the partial harmony of the physical and intellectual chords, which, though often illy arranged and poorly executed, is vastly more endurable in the long run than the easily executed lullaby of bodily bliss of forty-year-old babies, both men-babies and women-babies, who all about us are thus trying to amuse themselves. But the ideal music of life must be the perfect harmony of the fourfold chord of the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual nature. Here we find possibilities of endless variety and unlimited development. This is the life-music of the future, not simply in the sense that it is yet in the infancy of its growth, but also because it can never become monotonous, can never lose its power to charm. We begin to hum the simple, rustic round of sensual pleasure, and are delighted to find it so easy and so short, but we soon find that we have gained a world of temporary gratification at the loss of a universe of lasting bliss. But by the time of this discovery habit has become second nature, and we go on in ever-increasing tediousness repeating the same little round—jingling the monotonous rattle-box of the belly. At last there is in it only the poor satisfaction that comes of indulging a habit, yet many think that is life. These are the accursed multitude who know not the law of development to higher and broader plains of life.

But *we* are not of those who draw back to this perdition. We are not as these other men. We believe in education, progress, culture. Where, then, should we stop? If not with the body, why with the intellect? Why anywhere before the possible end of a complete and harmonious development of physical, mental,

moral, and spiritual faculties? It is not much to say that we will not be discouraged by difficulties; but the great thing to do is not to stagger at impossibilities. To surmount obstacles is adventurous sport, to overcome impossibilities has been the serious business of men. Abraham set the example, and all the truly great have walked in his footsteps. Every step of real progress has been the accomplishment of an impossibility — the realization of an impracticable dream. Along her way it is not the “unexpected” but the impossible that is always “happening.” What we see beforehand to be possible is neither gain nor growth. Stephenson demonstrated the impossibility of a steamship crossing the ocean, and every great advance has been shown by some genius to be an *a priori* impossibility. Conservatism is a lying prophet, yet a prophet nevertheless, and when it feels moved to pronounce a thing impossible, then know that it is near, even at the door of realization. Its warnings and adverse prediction show that the demon of fogysm is being tormented before its time. The development and harmonizing of our fourfold nature seems not only difficult but impossible; yet, though there be jarring discords at first, and the grand aria be disguised and almost lost in a thousand fanciful variations, or distorted by ill-timed strains, it shall come forth clear and strong, graceful in movement, sweet in melody, and grand in the harmonious adjustment of all the powers of human nature, from the deep base of bodily perfection to the thrilling soprano of spiritual joy. If there be any lesson in evolution, this is the cosmos to which the creative spirit of growth, and the marvel-working light of culture is bringing the chaotic deep of human powers.

Already we have noted some progress in this broad current of culture. The gymnasium has had its day as a chief means of development, and has become simply an adjunct of the school. But is the school, as we now know it, the ultimate fact? May there not be a higher culture to which both the gymnasium and the school shall be subordinate? To say that education is secular is not to state its worst defect. It is partial, narrow, deforming. Thousands of "educated" men cherish with almost fetich reverence a precious piece of vellum, introducing them to the world, (by aid of an interpreter), and certifying to their "culture." Thousands of young men in our colleges and universities are struggling for this coveted prize called a diploma; yet, after it is gained, as to its possessor, what is the testimony? With regard to his physical condition absolutely nothing. Whether tall or short, fat or lean, handsome or homely, maimed or whole, robust or frail, black or white; the diploma cares for none of these things. Nor does it take any account whatever of his moral condition. The graduate may be meek or quarrelsome, temperate or dissipated, chaste or licentious, honest or gambler, so far as the diploma throws any light on the subject. As things go, a diploma, even from a "Christian college," is hardly *prima facie* evidence that the bearer has any moral worth. Likewise, his spiritual condition is utterly ignored. He may be Jew or Christian, Mohammedan or Buddhist, Idolater or Mormon: the faculty is profoundly ignorant of, and sublimely indifferent to, these things, and the diploma is silent. Now, no man receives the prize unless he strive lawfully. All understand that. As education goes, a diploma is simply an intellectual prize, to be gained by

intellectual struggles, and these are so timed and estimated in our system as to *necessitate* the neglect of all other powers in the very formative period of character. For this reason our great colleges are becoming centers of physical, moral, and spiritual degeneracy; where our civilization is becoming wiser, but physically weaker, morally worse and spiritually wicked. Many will be disposed to declare this an extravagant and ill-considered statement, but who gains the prize in the pugilistic ring, except at the neglect of his mental, moral, and spiritual nature? The very exactions and conditions of his education (training) require that these be neglected; not simply that they be subordinate, but so greatly is the one end exalted and exaggerated that the others are contemned and despised. Among a crowd of prize-ring bullies, and their congenial toughs, any question of philosophy, or morality, to say nothing of spiritual things, would be met by sheer derision. It would be laughed out of court, and its representative "knocked out in the first round." So the very conditions and exactions of our vicious system of education are such that, not only are moral and spiritual things subordinate and neglected, but are even the objects of derision among many of the intellectual athletes annually turned out from these training-schools. If further proof is desired, it might be well to consider the fact that, according to the testimony of scientific periodicals, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and all the daily press, our centers of population and intellectual culture are centers of physical degeneration, moral uncleanness, political corruption, and spiritual wickedness.

The ancients attempted to build the temple of civilization upon the corner-stone of physical prowess—

might. Not one stone of it is left upon another. We shall succeed no better in our attempt to build upon the chief corner-stone of intellect. We have already seen that a perfect culture would secure the harmonious development of all the powers, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. But there comes the question of subordination, and when that is settled, by all the lessons of evolution, by all the tests of progress, and the teachings of analogy, the spiritual will be the last and chief. For the final and permanent temple of civilization the chief corner-stone must be spiritual culture. Other foundation no man can lay. The ideal university, therefore, would consist of four departments, with appliances and exercises adapted to the perfection of men physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. It is a popular fiction that we have this ideal training in the modern university. There are the departments of Medicine, of Arts, of Law, and of Theology, each with an imposing array of learned, titled, and sometimes decorated, professors. It is curious to note how this organization of the university answers to the organization of human nature. "Medicine" answers to the physical; "Arts," to the intellectual; "Law," to the moral, and "Theology" to the spiritual. But observe that none of these departments pursues culture simply for its own sake. The purpose is not to develop men and women, *as* men and women, into symmetrical perfection, but to train them as members of a craft; not to fit them for the highest life, but to gain the easiest livelihood. The medical student does not explore the mysteries of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and pathology, that he may have life more securely and abundantly, but that he may enter a profession in which may be found wealth and

honor. The bright and brainy young man does not investigate the law, devour codes, and digests, and treatises, that he may be the better prepared to live justly, and round out his moral nature according to the highest principles of equity, but rather that he may be equipped for a campaign of spoil and conquest. Not always does the fledgling divine study theology that he may walk closer to God in spiritual communion, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord ; but often simply seeks to fit himself for a pastoral charge, and adds another example to the many of those who teach others without teaching themselves. Even in the department of Arts we find few who aim at the highest and broadest culture for its own sake ; the many are seeking an endowment of power which may be made profitable. Even Matthew Arnold is guilty of Philistinism if he absorbed "sweetness and light" mainly with the idea that it was a good stock in trade for his craft, those peddlers of culture called lecturers. In any system of culture if the chief question is the economic and professional one, "What shall we have to eat and wear?" that system is tainted not simply with Philistinism, but with the most barbarous Gentilism ; for after all these things do the Gentiles seek. Our boasted educational system, in scope, methods, and purposes, is yet susceptible of improvement.

IN their little volume, entitled "Progressive Orthodoxy," the Andover theological faculty have furnished us with a new and improved patent (copyrighted) doxometer. Such an instrument must be delicately adjusted and capable of showing infinitesimal degrees of progress ; for orthodoxy progresses slowly. In fact, it was thought only recently that it did not move

at all, but after it was discovered that even glaciers creep down their rugged beds, it seemed possible that orthodoxy itself, that great mass of philosophical fragments, traditional rubbish, and fossils of ecclesiastical organization, imbedded in the sparkling ice of theological metaphysics, might budge just a little. In the days of Pope Urban this was known to be an utter impossibility, and Galileo was compelled upon this consideration to deny that the world moved. His scientific studies taught him that it did move, but as soon as Urban lovingly pointed out to him that, if it did, it must carry orthodoxy along with it, he instantly saw the absurdity of the whole theory. The Rev. Jasper's celebrated dictum that "The Sun do move," is but a physical corollary drawn from the great theological proposition, demonstrated by the ages, that, although the Sun of Righteousness moves through the heavens with increasing power and glory, the *terra firma* of orthodoxy remains unmoved, the center about which He circles, and the point of reference for all His movements. But in spite of Urban and Jasper and the rest, it does move—orthodoxy has become progressive. In this we find the explanation of an Old Testament mystery—the antitype of a very perplexing type, namely, the budding of Aaron's rod. It shows that even an orthodox theological "standard" can take on new life and grow. This doxometer shows that this miracle is beginning, and we shall confidently expect it to go on till we have had bud and blossom and fruit.

We like this "New Theology," partly because it has been our teaching for half a century, but chiefly because it is so manifestly scientific and consistent. It bears the same relation to the old that Copernican as-

tronomy bears to Ptolemaic. The "New Theology" is Bibliocentric, that is, orthodoxy is judged with reference to Scripture, and not with reference to human "Standards." Andover says, by the mouth of this faculty, "If opinions are expressed which can be shown not to harmonize with the voice of Scripture, they are thereby judged and condemned." Better still, it is, as they express it, "Christocentric." They declare, "We much prefer to be recognized as disciples of Him who is the Truth, than to be credited with conformity to standards of belief of human construction." This, then, is the pith and core of the *New Theology*! There is something so blandly innocent about this claim of newness as to suggest that Andover lies in the very midst of the Kaatskill ravine of theological Vanwinkledom. However, as she has wakened from her dreams and come forth, we say, "let her Rip;" only adding that it is about time that some one proclaim the heliocentric character of our system as a "New Astronomy."

But what is "Orthodoxy," according to these gentlemen; and wherein is it "Progressive"? It is rhetorically and vaguely defined as the "collective Christian consciousness." But how ascertained; and how promulgated? Shall it be by ecclesiastical authority, and published as a creed, dissent from which is heresy? Shall it be decided by the aristocracy of theologians, and put forth as a logical system, dissent from which is only heterodoxy? Shall it be determined by the infallible despot, the Pope, and published as a decree, dissent from which is treason? Or, shall it be left to universal suffrage? It is easy to see that our authors vaguely realize a difficulty here, which they have rather

sought to avoid than overcome. While seemingly accepting the idea that the church is the legitimate judge of orthodoxy, and the creed its legitimate embodiment, they are not blind to the fact that the creed may be very far from an adequate expression of the collective Christian consciousness at any given time. As creeds go this is generally the case ; for while orthodoxy progresses the creed is fixed. The following deliverance will show at once the strength and weakness, the knowledge and ignorance, the liberty and bondage, of the Andover faculty, and will incidentally reveal their idea of the highest court of appeal in questions of orthodoxy :—" We do not decline the test of orthodoxy, but it is obvious that, with reference to inquiries which could not arise at an earlier stage of Christian knowledge or doctrinal development, and which have never been adjudicated upon ecclesiastically, because never fully opened for discussion, the question of orthodoxy happily merges in the more profitable question of truth." We often say two things at once—what we intended to say, and what we did *not* intend to say ; or, what we are conscious of having said, and what we are *not* conscious of having said. A good example of this may be found in the Campbell and Rice debate, where Mr. Rice gave as the reason why Paul did not baptize his converts himself, that Paul was a man of little bodily strength and delicate health. The unconscious declaration here was that he believed that Paul and his helpers practiced immersion. Now, there seems to be a good deal of unconscious utterance in the interesting period quoted above. First, that ecclesiastical adjudication must be the ultimate test of orthodoxy ; second, that discussion and appeal to truth is only admissible upon

those questions which have never been settled by this ecclesiastical adjudication. The appeal is to Scripture only when the creed is silent. This reminds us of the Dutch colonists who being pressed for time in making their new settlement, hastily resolved, that "they would be governed by the laws of God, until such time as they could meet and frame better."

So, orthodoxy is only progressive beyond the lines of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. Well, this has been true of political orthodoxy. Whoever advocated progress in human rights must get out of the reach of the old despotisms—must find new territory. A whole continent, America, was providentially reserved for this progressive political orthodoxy; but when the great crisis came there were men who, like our Andover faculty, attempted the impossibility of falling in with the new movement and still holding allegiance to the old despotism. They said to King George, "We do not decline the test of loyalty, but here in this new territory, we want to govern ourselves." An absurd appeal at the same time to despotic authority and human rights. The logic of events soon exposed their folly. These learned gentlemen of Andover are in the perplexing and hopeful condition of our patriotic forefathers, when they were trying to hold on to the crouching British Lion with one hand and the soaring American Eagle with the other. They have gone beyond the confines of ecclesiastical pronouncements and made discoveries, but let them remember that this ground will soon be claimed by the old despotism. When that claim shall be made, will they surrender, or, like the colonists of George, rebel? We feel that they will stand fast for liberty though *now* they feel they would

recognize the "test of ecclesiastical adjudication" when it shall be proposed. We should be slow to think the heroism of these courageous gentlemen is nothing more than the taking advantage of the fact that sin (of heterodoxy) is not imputed where there is no law (ecclesiastical adjudication). If it is all to end in pleading the unconstitutionality of *ex post facto* ecclesiastical laws, and escaping by promising no gainsaying where ecclesiastical authority has made decision, then, these are not the men we take them to be. At least, they have given us a profitable and choice little book, and the new fields, where they find liberty to appeal to truth and reason, free from ecclesiastical pre-judgment, (that sounds startlingly like prejudice,) lie in the broad and fruitful domains of "The Incarnation," "The Atonement," "Eschatology," "Work of the Holy Spirit," etc.

THE garment is for concealment, for comfort, and for ornament. The first is its original and most important use. The first one was made in Eden, of fig-leaves. A strange sort of shop and convenient material. Adam selected the first leaf, a very broad and a very *green* leaf, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Then Eve found one about like it, "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." They rudely fashioned these into a cloak in hope of screening themselves from the eye of Him whose law they had broken. As men multiplied this simple garment proved insufficient to cover their manifold wickedness, but needed constant enlarging and mending. Skillful journeymen were ever at hand, and the fig-leaf material was abundant and very cheap,

so the philosophy of men expended its ingenuity in the cloaking of moral deformities. Each tailor would add a patch, where the disguise was thinnest, without much reference to the color, size, shape or disposition of the other patches, until human philosophy became a patchwork of many colors, in which the original garment was lost. Socrates ripped the ragged old thing to pieces; but, as he had not material for a new one, seeing their shame, the people put him to death. Then came the Christ, bringing the spotless robe of righteousness, which should cover us in time, and serve as a wedding garment at the Lamb's marriage — the Sunday coat for eternity's long, bright Sabbath. Yet some have dragged forth again the gaudy old rags, and skillful journeymen have pieced them together, and added a few pieces from modern looms, till the dolly-warden thing is wonderfully attractive to the vulgar taste, and many prefer that.

“New wine in old bottles.” How prone we are to apply old things to new uses. It is cheap, and so easy. Old words must hold new ideas, no matter if they *are* full already. As new ideas are born, like the old woman in the shoe overstocked with children, we send them forth in clothes borrowed from some of the older children, who must remain at home till the youngsters come back, to wait again their turn. It is so much easier than to make new all round. Then it is so economic. How praiseworthy in the wife to make over the old bonnet—to pour the new wine of this season's fancy into the old bottle of last year's material. It makes it musty and sour to her, and almost breaks her heart, if not the bottle; but no matter, if it relieves a stingy husband, or enables him to smoke better cigars. This putting of

new wine into old bottles, though out of the fitness of things, is always and everywhere attempted, yet always difficult and dangerous. Try female education in old colleges; or science and modern literature in place of the "classics." Remember how young republicanism tried to pour the new wine of abolition into the old Whig bottle, and with what result. See what the new wine of democracy did for the old black Bourbon decanter of French monarchy; what the new wine of freedom did for the brittle bottle of slavery-supported Southern society. Notice how difficult to get the sweet, new wine of Prohibition into the decanters of old legal forms, and how jealously the courts keep the old corks in, knowing instinctively that if the new wine gets in the old things will explode. So Luther tried to put the new wine of reform into the foul bottle of ecclesiastical abuse, and wasted much in the vain attempt. Campbell found, after years of fruitless effort, how foolish was the putting of new wine into old bottles. After breaking a few old organizations by pouring in the new wine of Apostolic Christianity, all the others were tightly corked against such hazard. Now, Jesus brought the new wine—always new and always sweet—of universal brotherhood and love. There never had been made any bottle large enough, or elastic enough, for that. It soon overran and shivered the little jug of Judaism; then it filled and burst the iron tank of Roman Imperialism; and next exploded the India-rubber balloon of human philosophy. Thus it is destined to break in pieces all other kingdoms. Then shall the new wine fill our humanity, no longer a demijohn, but a rare and beautiful vase.

Finally, putting old wine into new bottles is a diffi-

cult and disastrous operation. It spoils the bottle and unfits it for further use till emptied and cleansed. Yet a great deal of this sort of unprofitable work is being done. Old people must pour the sour old wine of antiquated notions into the new bottles of the youthful mind, and wonder and lament that it does not seem palatable. We are allowing some of the foulest and most poisonous dregs of the besotting wine of drunken, violent old Europe to be poured into the sweet, new bottle of our American institutions. There is danger and death in it. The new, clean vessel of the church, even in days apostolic, had occasionally to be emptied and cleansed of the old dregs of Judaism ; afterwards it suffered in the same way from the heating drinks of pagan idolatry, and *we* must keep it pure from the sparkling, tempting, intoxicating and deadly wines of worldliness—lusts of flesh and eyes, and pride of life.

IT was a new thing in the world that God should *dwell* with men. If angels' visit were few and far between, and but momentary, those of the gods were more so. As the King's residence is the glory of the capital, so God's is the glory of the earth. The proudest cities of the ancient empires would have exchanged any other honor or advantage for the palace and permanent abode of the emperor. Even to have the royal presence in the proxy of a viceroy was, and is, the chief glory of a province. Never had the earth been so honored, in all the ages, as when, having ordered His house prepared, God took up His abode among men, by the Shechinah between the cherubim ; never again should it be so glorified until he should dwell upon it in the more glorious tabernacle of the Christ, and his disciples, by his Holy

Spirit. If the tribe is lonesome without the chief; the home without the mother; the capital without the king; the fold without the shepherd; how lonesome would the world be without God! Who knows the meaning of that chilliest of all words, Godforsaken?

But God's dwelling is a pattern, an inspiration for the building of a home, and the home is the great end of earth-life and the type of heaven. Babylon builded walls and towers; Egypt, pyramids and sphinxes; Greece, temples and theaters; Rome, fortresses and circuses, and we ships, and railroads, and factories; but the temple of civilization can never be complete till the home, the stone so long set at naught by the world's builders, is made the head of the corner. Homeless men soon degenerate into dangerous savages; yet this is fast becoming the condition of thousands in our cities, while those who find no proper home-life possible are in the majority. It is at once the shame and the danger of our civilization that it denies to honest industry the possibility of providing a suitable and refining home. But what is a fit and refining home? Let God's dwelling be the model.

First, it should be beautiful, glorious, attractive. Away with the gospel of shabbiness! It is no better than the gospel of dirt. Not immense; nor costly; nor vain-glorious, but beautiful and convenient, and clean and sweet, and well-supplied, (for God's house must have the bread, and the light, and the fire,) and a fair and wise economy would put the materials for such a home within the reach of every industrious family till it should be said, "Enough, cease to bring more." But the home must be pure, as well as clean. No defiling "art," reeking with nudeness and nastiness as is

sometimes seen on parlor walls ; no defiling literature, as is sometimes found on parlor tables.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

ADOLPH HANSEN has recently translated the sonnets of Shakespeare into Danish. He had already made translations of other standard English authors.

CONCEIT and egotism are disagreeable enough, but the ability to estimate one's own work fairly will save the literary man or woman from much of the suffering that criticism entails. There is a refreshing frankness in the reply of Dryden, who, being congratulated on his "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," replied : "You are right ; a nobler ode was never produced, and never will be."

TO be able to read a book sympathetically is the next thing to being able to write one pleasingly. Appreciative readers are only less rare than good writers. That man has a great capacity for happiness who can so read a book as to share the feelings of the author ; to be touched by his enthusiasms ; to enter into his likings ; to follow the processes by which he reaches his conclusions, not only in their logical connection of arguments, but also in the more subtle connection of thought that lies "between the written lines."

NOTHING is more charming in its way than the account which Izaak Walton gives of good George Herbert's courtship, unless it is the language in which he proceeds to describe the growth of the saintly man's affection for his wife and of her devotion to him, after their marriage. "This mutual content, and love, and joy," he says, "did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fullness of these divine souls, as was improvable only in heaven, where they now enjoy it."

FEW fugitive poems are better known than the Christmas hymn of Alfred Domett. The author of it has had a varied career. He came of a Dorsetshire family, and was educated at Cambridge. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. For years he wandered in far countries, living for a time in India, and afterward holding the position of Colonial Secretary in New Zealand, where he wrote his "Ranolf and Amohia: a South Sea Day-Dream." His Christmas hymn appeared first in *Blackwood's*, nearly half a century ago.

THE *Andover Review* for February contains an article from the pen of Robert Saillens, Paris, on "The Religion of Victor Hugo," which seeks to trace the religious and irreligious influences that helped to shape the life of the poet-novelist, and that led to the frequent changes in his belief. The writer of the article then sums up the truths to which Victor Hugo adhered through all these changes. In this summary he includes the great man's belief in the existence of God,

in a future life for himself, in the voice of conscience, and in the beauty of charity. His utterances on most of these points were vague enough, and no wonder; for he professed to regard the Bible as a veil that shut men out from the contemplation of heavenly things.

NO English poet writes in truer sympathy with American life than Dr. Charles Mackay. He is emphatically the poet of the people, and as such he finds an appreciative audience in republican America. Indeed, we are told that readers on this side of the ocean were among his earliest admirers. When he was a young man he published a volume of poems. Only seven copies were sold at the time! But the late James T. Fields was attracted by the author's work, wrote to tell him so, and to ask him for his autograph. This expression of interest was the beginning of a warm friendship, and on his visit to America, in 1859, the English poet, who had then attained to fame, was the guest of Mr. Fields. Some of Dr. Mackay's songs and poems, as, "The Good Time Coming," "Tell me, Ye Winged Winds," and "If I were a Voice, a Persuasive Voice," are as well known in this country as in England. There is a resolute Christian purpose in them all, and all are strong, manly and earnest.

THE editor of a paper published in the northwest and devoted to the interests of millers, was minded to adorn his journal with a contribution from the pen of W. D. Howells. He laid the subject before the successful author. Yes, Mr. Howells thought he might furnish the desired contribution at his usual price—one thousand dollars. The editor decided to get along

without the desired adornment: Perhaps the reason that Mr. Howells is more successful, in a business way, than literary men usually are, is that he is one of the most systematic workers in the literary guild. He never fails to fulfill his engagements, he never keeps his publishers waiting. The story of his life is full of interest. He is the son of a Northern Ohio newspaper man, and in his boyhood his father, though rich in intellectual endowments, was poor in this world's goods. This father took his boys from school and set them at work in the composing room; but in the evenings he read Latin with them, and stimulated them to continued study. "Will," as the members of his family call the novelist, began to set type when he was so small as to be obliged to stand in a chair to reach his work. He early developed a literary taste, and began to contribute poems to the paper. He studied Spanish, and translated a story from that language, which appeared as a serial. It is said that, when he was hurried, he would put his translation at once into print, without having written it out. In his early young manhood he went to Columbus, O., to take a position on the *State Journal*. There, and later on in Cincinnati, he found warm friends who helped him to rise, and his subsequent career, abroad and at home, is well known.

POT-POURRI.

A TRYSTING-PLACE is April weather,
Where storm and sunshine meet together.

ADVICE to contributors:—Fill your vessel and set to cool in a clean, quiet place. At proper time skim and send us the cream. As to the remainder, “cheese it.”

SOME evangelists glory in their numerous converts, and love to boast of their “long strings of fish.” But what if they are mostly jelly-fish, which soon evaporate in the heat of the day of duty? One well-taught, vertebrate, convert is worth a netful of slushy acalephs.

WHAT a comfortable thing is a belief in our own greatness! It turns the ridicule of our friends into a “want of appreciation,” and cheers us with a happy sense of our martyrdom to the prejudice and injustice of a world into which we have come too soon to receive proper recognition.

THE doctrine of total depravity is but incoherent mutterings out of the most hideous nightmare of dreamy theology. The ignorant caught up the mumbblings from the lips of slumbering theologians, thinking them to be in prophetic trance. Human nature is total depravity, and second nature is total depravity fallen into the putrefaction of actual sin. What cure can there be for putrefied total depravity? So, many are under the spell of a great hopelessness.

THE insatiable sectarianivore is abroad in the land, and he is a most formidable creature. He takes lupine delight in picking denominational bones, and the very scent of a sectarian preacher causes him to

lick his sanguinary chops in savage expectancy. The "sects" are all "down on us" in his neighborhood. And why not? It is as "sound" to "speak the truth in love" as to "contend earnestly for the faith." The cantankerous professional infidelifuge is irrepressible, and barks so clamorously at every little infidel lecturer, who comes along, as to advertise him to the whole community, and create the impression that he is an important and dangerous enemy. Of course there is room for suspicion that he is seeking to bark himself into notoriety. Another species of the same genus is the remorseless skepticide; but the most ferocious of all is the merciless atheistophagus. He gulps down his prey with the facility and relish with which a sea-lion swallows a mackerel; and never expects to get a full meal till he "whales" Ingersoll, or Huxley, or some other Jonah. Try preaching the Gospel awhile, and make *that* your meat and drink.

WHEN the Recording Angel opens the Book of Remembrance, a good many things will be found set down there as successes which this world has reckoned among its failures. Mrs. Whitney says: "No good that has been truly meant, even though it be in the midst of mistakes, shall, in any upshot of life, be wholly lost." The little church or Sunday-school where you labored may have gone down. Those whom you sought to bring into Christian service may have gone out of your sight and out of your life without having acted on the truths you taught them. But if you have told the story truly, be sure it will not be forgotten. It may return to them in times of disappointment or bereavement, turning their thoughts to Christ,

and leading their lives to Him. And though you may never know this here; though you may go through life bearing in your heart a sad wonder as to whether these dear ones ever found the Saviour, perhaps in the heavenly morning they will find you and tell you all, and you will know that the good which you truly meant was not lost, and that the souls for which you labored have been won for the kingdom of God.

A GRAND and stately castle stands
Upon a broad estate,
And pilgrims from all climes and lands
Are thronging through the gate.
Its tower has a westward view,
And you can look from there
Across a world so strange and new
It can not but be fair.
The Lands of Youth we call the name
Of wood and sunny slope;
The castle that the pilgrims claim
Is called the Castle Hope.

WE are ever in search of the ideal man, and find him temporarily in each new acquaintance. Soon, however, he proves to be egotist, or flatterer, or worse. Instantly he slides down from the pedestal of such eminence and becomes one of the million. The next comer takes his place and reigns for the moment. This is a sublime faith that sees farther than sight. The ideal man—man poetic, that is, man as he ought to be—does really exist, but in an extremely distributed state. One, and one only, embodied all its precious elements in a single personality, the Son of

Man, and no lofty soul will ever find its ideal till it makes his acquaintance. Herein is he the richest boon to the world; for an unattainable ideal is an exquisite torment. Better never to have been capable of loving, than never to have found anything lovable.

OH, WIDELY in stature and years did they vary,
The circle that compassed that humble hearth-
stone,

There were Lizzie, and Jim, and Sally, and Mary,
In womanhood's, manhood's, and maidenhood's
zone,

While Bob, and Louisa, and bothersome Ben,
With Willie, and Henry, and Leavett, made ten.

Oh, many the years since that circle was broken,
By death, that assailed it in peace and in war;
Oh, many the wrinkles and signs which betoken,
Perchance, that reunion is not away far:—
There are father, and mother and four of the ten,
But what has become of that bothersome Ben?

BOOK REVIEWS.

A celebrated author said, in beginning one of his famous works, "I will write a book which no man can read and remain the same man that he was before." But this is true in some degree of any book, and its influence is felt in every department of our nature. Although books are generally aimed at the head, intended

for intellectual pabulum, most of them touch the heart for good or bad. It is a serious thought that every book we read makes us appreciably better or worse. This should be taken into account in selecting our own reading and that of our children, especially since the press is putting forth, by the million, in cheap form and with attractive embellishments, a most dangerous and corrupting class of books. Every form of immorality is inculcated and rendered fascinating by hired servants of Satan. This evil cannot be remedied by forbidding to read; nor by seeking to supplant these entertaining books by dry and dismal theological preachments. These, as a substitute, are about as taking to the quick and susceptible minds of young men and women as the proposition of the good deacon to satisfy his boy's craving for the circus by taking him to see the cemetery. The great need is for bright and entertaining books, which go directly to the moral health, purify the heart and quicken the conscience. The writer who would supply this need must not only speak from the abundance of the heart—the fulness of personal conviction and piety, but must also possess the genius to make it attractive, even fascinating. Comparatively few succeed in these attempts, and various have been the devices to render religious and moral instruction more palatable. The poet has a good field, and some excellent work is being done in it; but the harvest is great and laborers are necessarily few. The religious novel has always succeeded in competent hands, though the Devil has affected to sneer at it, and pronounce against it by the mouth of his servants, the critics. But one of the most unique and original methods of supplying this long felt need, is that adopted (we might say *invented*; for

these are in no sense ordinary "Bible Stories," or easy Scripture paraphrases) by the author of "Evenings with the Bible," a method which is being followed out, with the same felicity and in the same spirit, in the series of "Studies in the Old Testament," which we are now publishing from the same writer.

No one can read the book and remain the same, he will be made better; but what we desire now to impress upon Christians, young and old, is that to no one having read this book will *the Bible* be the same that it was. The author leads us along the way of revelation and history from Adam to Solomon, so choosing our points of view, so calling attention to hitherto unobserved features, and so grouping and shading them that the landscape seems almost new. We had passed over this familiar ground again and again with Bible classes in college, still, in traversing it with the writer of "Evenings with the Bible," we sometimes almost feel that we had never been over the road before. It is sometimes said that the Old Testament is a picture-gallery, where we see the patriarchs and prophets, and mighty men of old, just as God drew their portraits. But our author introduces us here to no picture-gallery; nor are there any stark statues, nor even automatic figures. We are introduced to a great company of living, loving, hating, ambitious, despairing, sinning, suffering, penitent, struggling, lovable, and hateable men and women. What a human lot they are, after all! The writer has prophesied upon that great valley of dry bones of Old Testament biography, and even the bone-dust of genealogy, until it has wakened to life and beauty and motion under his spell. We know of no other who has succeeded quite so well, in any department of history, as respects

this feature. Whoever reads this volume, and can say, "I count nothing that is human foreign to me," will feel that he has been greatly enlarged and enriched by the reading.

It is a handsome, well-printed volume, and the style is clear and simple; lucid as though it had been written by sunlight, instead of the artificial light of "Evenings." We wish all our readers happy "Evenings with the Bible" in the double sense, and, by and by, that they may crown the busy day of life with a golden evening with the Bible, the light which dims not in the valley and shadow of death.

CHANG FOO is the name of a little book of some three hundred pages, and also of an interesting and wonderful young Chinaman, who is the hero of the aforementioned, or rather after-named, book. The former is produced by the Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati; the latter by our old friend and colaborer, D. R. Dungan, of Drake University, Des Moines, Ia. In the creation of his hero Prof. Dungan set himself a hard task, or, rather he set his hero at a very hard task, but we must admit that he furnished him with such mental and moral equipments, and such opportunities and providential leadings, that he triumphantly and bravely accomplished it. Chang is a young Celestial of means, leisure, and social position, who starts out to see the world. He is no trifler, but a sincere, earnest soul. Sincerity and earnestness are the elements, or rather the atmosphere of religion, and Chang is religious. He directs his way to America, and about the same time his mind towards Christianity. Through many tribulations and much mist and darkness, he gropes his way

out of heathen prejudice ; through sectarian contradictions and confusion ; through the misrepresentations of Christianity by commerce, and the iniquities of professedly Christian governments in slavery and drink, to the truth as it is in Jesus. It is a very unusual experience, and yet it is true and consistent, well illustrating the saying that whosoever *seeketh* truth finds it. Even in this day of confusion and false teaching, any one can find the truth if he is really seeking for it. Too many only run against what little truth they can not avoid, and only accept so much of it as they are compelled to.

There is abundant room for just such a book as Chang Foo. Our boys and girls are growing up with the idea that we are just as good as "other churches," if we have as stylish society, as good preaching, and as artistic music. They seem to think these things more important than the question of truth and error. It was not so in the last generation, when debates were common, and "doctrinal" preaching, and exposition of "first principles," was the chief work of our pulpits. We are not likely soon to return to those methods, except in "protracted meetings;" and if we would have our children understand what this great battle which we have been fighting with sectarianism is all about, and why they should stand firmly for the truth as it is in Jesus, as against the traditions and commandments of men, there is no better way than the one Bro. Dungan has chosen. Chang Foo will be followed by many a boy and girl, all through his trials and triumphs, who would not follow a doctrinal sermon, however "sound," ten minutes ; nor the argument of a tract two pages. By the time the reader has finished with Chang he has grown into sympathy with the most foreign of foreign-

ers, and this is a great step ; he has become impressed with the fact that there are many defects and inconsistencies in our boasted "Christian" civilization ; and that Christendom is far from presenting the world-convincing unity for which Christ prayed.

Homer was said to have nodded, and whether that is true or not, all men are apt to make slips, except Ingersoll ; but it is mildly surprising to find even Prof. Dungan so far forgetting the eternal fitness of things, nay, the immortal and everlasting correspondencies of entities, as to make his hero come to the light in Washington City. That they who sat in darkness, in the regions of Zebulon and Nephthalim, saw great light, is credible ; but on the Potomac Flats ! That any body should find the truth about any matter in Washington ! Or was it that our author, with consummate art, was bringing us to the climateric of unfavorable conditions, to teach us that God may be found in any place ?

We sometimes hear of poetic justice, but what would you call that which has brought round to the feet of him, who brought Chang Foo to a knowledge of the truth and sent him a missionary among his people, the bright young Chinaman, Jeu Hauk, to be trained and sent forth upon that very mission ? May he succeed as well with Jeu as he did with Chang.

"NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD," is a book that every preacher should read, more for what it suggests than what it says ; more for its method than for the manner of its application. Yet in what it says, and in the manner of saying it, it is the work of a master. Better that the Preface had not been written.

It has the ring of an apology beforehand for a poor sermon; or is it an artful lowering of expectation in preparation for a greater surprise? Possibly it might be a sort of letter of introduction, written by one's self, to secure more favorable consideration than one's presence and bearing would command. In either case it is useless or insincere. Many a man can write a good book who utterly fails on the preface; indeed it is an open question whether an author who can write a preface could write a book at all. So, it may be to the credit of our author that he has so signally failed on the *post-face*—for that is what they all are.

The Introduction is better than the Preface, yet the book would be stronger, if not fatter, without it. It is a dangerous thing for an author to give the main term of his subject an artificial definition, which he is occasionally compelled to ignore, or even likely to forget, in dealing with it. This is just what Mr. Drummond has done in his Introduction with the term Law. On page 5 he says, "This impression of Law as order it is important to receive in its simplicity, for the idea is often corrupted by having attached to it erroneous views of cause and effect. In its true sense Natural Law predicates nothing of causes. Natural Laws originate nothing, sustain nothing." Yet on page 2, we have, "Analogous phenomena are not the *fruit of* parallel laws, but of the same laws." On page 39 he says, "In this chance world cause and effect were abolished. Law was annihilated;" yet on page 5 he had written, "That Natural Laws have any casual connection with the things around us is not to be conceived." On page 43 he declares that the laws of the inorganic world do not seem "to act" in the organic because

they are "overruled;" and the higher laws are not found operating in the lower sphere, because "there is nothing for them there *to act upon*." Page 44, "The accurate statement, therefore, would be that the biological laws would be continuous in the lower sphere were there anything there for them, *not to act upon, but to keep in order*." On the previous page it was "to act upon," but the "accurate statement" is to "keep in order." It is puzzling to know how we can keep things in order without acting upon them; or how we could do either without being something more than the order that is to be kept, as set forth on that fatal fifth page. Surely here is already enough of learned muddle and contradiction to entitle our author to a place among the philosophers, but, with a laudable ambition to be in the front rank, on page 46 he affirms, "At one end Law is *dealing with* matter, at the other with spirit," yet not *acting upon it*, as we are informed. On page 52 it is said that two phenomena are analagous when the laws "*governing them*" are identical; and again, page 53, "Phenomena are parallel, Laws which *make* them so are themselves one."

On that memorable fifth page we are told, "What these Laws are in themselves is not agreed. That they have any absolute existence even is far from certain; yet at page 47 our author has so far shaken off the spell of crass materialism as to say manfully and truthfully, "It is really easier to give up the phenomena than to give up the Law." On page 49 he has entirely recovered himself from the snare of the dirt devil, into which he fell on page 5 aforesaid, and writes, "We may lose sight of a substance, or of an energy, but it

is an abuse of language to talk of losing sight of Laws." On page 11 he said, "It is the want of the discerning faculty, the clairvoyant power of seeing the eternal in the temporal, rather than the failure of the reason, that begets the sceptic." Let us rejoice that this "clairvoyant power," the second-sight, came to him in time to contradict that fifth-page dictum, that Laws have any absolute existence is far from certain. This is the true Drummond light, by which we shall be guided in the interesting discussions to which this is a very lame "Introduction." All the trouble and contradiction came, as has been intimated, by trying to unravel from the binding, three-fold cord of Law, the strongest thread, Causation. Law is something more than order, sequence, or formula, but is power, authority, *will*; whether in the "Laws of Nature," or in the Word that is quick and powerful.

But the book is better than the Preface, or even the Introduction—the building superior to the portico, or vestibule. We reserve it for a future "Comment."

DECORATION DAY.

So it was, in that turbulent, long-vanished time,
When violence swelled like a flood,
When glory was sought upon oceans of crime,
And power by rivers of blood;
When men were all hopelessly wedded to toil
In slavery's cruelest thrall,
That the lash of the master, or lust of the spoil,
Impelled them to answer the call
To the camp, and the field, and the hardening life,
Whose welcome diversion was carnage and strife.

But not so with the patriot, free-born and brave,
Here asleep in the flower-decked tomb,
'Neath these emblems so fit of the life that he gave,
In its fullest and fragrantest bloom,
To the evergreen wreath of the great martyr-crown
Which has glorified Liberty's brow,
As she trampled the minions of tyranny down
From the despot of Babel till now;
For no master could bid him his service to give,
Nor derision compel in dishonor to live,
If he chose not to die; but with life in his hand
He surrendered it freely for Freedom's own land.

Then let us assemble in reverence deep,
And gratefully mingle our tears,
For our sanctified heroes who fell upon sleep
In those sorrowful, war-troubled years,



When the demon of war was abroad in his wrath,
Leaving ruin and death in his newly-found path
Over fields that were fair as the Garden of God,
Till his blood-trailing feet had polluted the sod.

O, sad, that on every land there should fall,
Though hidden away on earth's borders afar,
The curse of the slimiest, foulest of all
The dread serpents of hell—the fierce dragon of war!
O, pity, that Liberty, stung in the breast
By his venomous fangs, fleeing out of the nest
Of his brood-befouled Europe, no refuge, at last,
Should have found in Columbia's wilderness vast!
O, vain was her dream that this sheltering wild
Might forever remain by his breath undefiled!

Too long were we lulled by the spell of that dream;
Too blindly we cherished the thought
Of America safe from the blood-brimming stream,
With ruin and wreck overfraught,
Which, springing from Abel in rivulet source,
Has deluged the world in its broadening course.
And whilst we were dreaming, by mortals unseen,
It seemed that the demon of malice had been
Through the neighboring fields of our on-coming years,
To gather the bitterness, terror, and tears
From a hundred and crowd them all into the few
Which destiny soonest should hurry us through.

Black, black were the skies in the muttering hour
Which startled us out of that spell;
When Treason stood armed with the terrible power
And murderous spirit of hell.

'T was the hour of wrath, when the feet of the Lord
Should trample the vintage His vengeance had stored ;
For the fetter was still on the bond-servant's hand,
Whilst we lyingly boasted of Liberty's land.
Retribution, long scouted, confess it we must ;
For Ham *was* our brother, and God is All-just.

Yet as stroke followed stroke, and as woe followed woe,
We received not in meekness the rod ;
Though He called to us oft, " Let my bond-people go,"
We rejected the counsel of God ;
And we murmured, and blasphemed, and hardened
the heart,
Till we heeded nor crying nor pain ;
And we swore that the bondman should never depart
As we riveted tighter his chain ;
'Till our first-born were offered in agony up,
Neither humble nor haughty were spared,
And we drank of the bitterest dregs of the cup
Which the Lord in His anger prepared.
Yet His mercy was longing to lighten our grief
And His strong hand was ready to bring us relief,
When the measure was full of our penitent tears
In atonement for slavery's sin-laden years.

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But the storm in its fury has well gone by,
And we pray it may never turn back,
Though its fragments are still in the distant sky,
And ruin is yet in its track ;
And our hearts are yet grieving for those who to-night
Shall repose in these bloom-covered graves ;
And the loved and the lost who are hidden from sight
By the ocean's devouring waves ;

And the thousands who sleep in that far Southern land,
A sacrifice offered by cruelty's hand :
And the book of humanity, musty and old,
Where all stories are written that ever were told,
Which the record of every life receives,
Is fuller than ever of missing leaves.

Shall we tempt the Almighty to chastisement more?
Shall we follow the fugitive band,
Who now by the wilderness, weary and sore,
Are seeking the long-promised land,
Where in peace they may eat of the fruit of their toil,
And virtue and innocence count not for spoil?
Oh, let us have done with this tempting of God;
For Jehovah is just—kiss in meekness the rod!

B. J. RADFORD.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

NUMBER II.

On the return from the southern portion of the Upper Geyser Basin we passed the Giant, the Grotto, the Riverside and the Fan. The last two we were fortunate enough to see in eruption. It was but a short ride to the middle Basin, where is the Excelsior, the greatest of all the geysers. Here is a huge boiling chaldron three hundred feet long and two hundred wide, and about twenty feet below the surrounding area. The perpendicular banks are constantly caving. The steam which rises from its surface was occasionally blown to one side, and thus we were permitted to look down upon the scalding water. In places it boiled and surged furiously. The thought of falling down its steep banks into this fearful chaldron filled one with horror. It is appropriately called Hell's Half Acre. Col. Norris, a former superintendent of the Park, speaks of it as "elevating sufficient water to the height of from one hundred to three hundred feet to render the Firehole river, here nearly a hundred yards wide, a foaming torrent of steaming hot water, and hurling rocks of from one to one hundred pounds in weight over surrounding acres."

It has sent out a body of water sixty to seventy-five feet in diameter to the height of three hundred feet. The rumbling and roaring of its eruptions were heard by Mr. Norris six miles distant.

Just west of this is the grand Prismatic Spring, two hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, one of the largest and most beautifully colored of the pools and springs. The water was of an ultramarine in the center, toward the rim shaded into a greenish color; and then, because of sulphurous deposit on the bottom, to a bright yellow. On its edges were deposits colored orange, red, purple, brown and gray. We could also distinctly see in the rising steam the colors blue, green, red and yellow. This was probably caused by reflection from the water. A walk around this spring with its various colorings, will convince one that it is rightly called the Prismatic Spring. Near by is another pool, which from its color has received the name Turquoise.

It is difficult to describe the beauty of some of these pools. There is great variety, shape and coloring. By the roadside we came one day suddenly to one known as the Morning-Glory. It was nearly round, only about ten feet in diameter, and quite deep. Its form, which is like an inverted bell, and its blue color, suggests its name, Morning-Glory. Its sloping sides were of small, rough, beaded deposits, on each of which the light of the bright sun was refracted by the clear water into the rain-bow colors; so that mingling with the deep blue of the spring were a thousand trembling tints of red and violet and gold.

Passing northward through the Lower Basin, we turn to the east toward the Falls of the Yellowstone. The scenery along the road or trail often changes. In some places the forests have burned and only the blackened stumps of trees remain; in other places you are shut in by a dense mass of living pine. Now you climb the rough mountain by a tedious, winding road,

to descend on the other side by grassy slopes and clear brooks, or perhaps to find a lovely lake eight thousand feet above the sea, or a vast plateau stretching away like a prairie, on all sides fortified by gigantic rock walls, which are turreted by snow-capped peaks. Breathe long and deep of the pure air and make the horse gallop at full speed, and you will not wonder that the Indian loved his freedom and his mountain home.

Now we come to an alkali plain, dry, arid, and desolate; the fine dust sifts into the provisions and covers one's clothes and spoils them if they can be spoiled. On the trail we saw an occasional hot spring and passed the Sulphur Mountain, which emits an infernal odor. If one's views of future punishment were literal and material, a short visit to this mountain, and in fact to parts of this whole region, would furnish an inducement to lead a respectable life.

It was on a rainy Sunday morning that we came to the Yellowstone river and followed it to the front of hotel tents at the Falls. As you view the Upper Falls from a neighboring rock, they are shut in on each side by cliffs rising to the height of two or three hundred feet. Beyond and around is the dark green of the pines, and below, the rushing, foaming water, which falls a hundred and twelve feet. One can leave its wild and vernal beauty only because he knows there is something still grander in store. Crossing over Cascade creek near the beautiful crystal cascades, a half-mile brings you to Lower or Great Falls. Descending several hundred feet you stand at the very edge of the falls. The waters of the river, compressed to the width of a hundred feet, dash past you with tre-

mendous force. Large stones thrown into it are carried in an instant over the brink. Down, down it plunges to the dizzy depths of three hundred feet. But you will obtain a better view a mile below from Lookout Point, which projects far out into the *cañon* and from which you look back upon the full length of the falls. Yonder, pouring over between giant cliffs, is the column of over three hundred feet of foaming water. You see the spray and mist at the base, but the noise of its thunderings does not reach you. Here are the rough, steep sides of the *cañon* rising from twelve to fifteen hundred feet and carved into strange and fantastic forms, dome-roofed temples, cathedrals, castles, towers, and minarets. On a high pinnacle far below is an eagle's nest, in which are the young eaglets, and around it the old ones are sailing. Down in the depths is a small stream threading its way among the rocks. It seems only a few feet wide, yet we know that it is a great river. But more than this, these sheer, carved, rugged walls of fifteen hundred feet are literally ablaze with color. The back-ground is of yellow stone; here and there are patches of the bright green of trees and mosses. You see orange, red, from the lighter shades to the bright red of yonder dome cliff, white, drab, black, gray and brown, all wonderfully blended and interblended by the great artist, Nature. On the summit of it all she has placed a dark green fringe of pines, and above, the blue sky and floating clouds. One stands amazed, looking first at the foaming falls, then at the stream in the dizzy depths below, and then for miles down the awful gorge, and is bewildered by the brilliant colors, "rainbows and glowing sunsets in rock." It holds you for hours

as if in an enchantment. You wish for more eyes to see, more soul to feel, and more power to describe its wild, majestic loveliness. The words "grand," "sublime," "beautiful," are tame. Human language can never picture it; the artist can never paint it. Standing there on that Sunday forenoon, I could but wish my congregation present. In this *cañon* temple there would have been no need of preaching, but only to worship in silence the great God, who has taught us that we are His children.

On Monday morning for several miles we followed a trail along the side of the *cañon* and finally reluctantly turned away from it, toward Mt. Washburn. Adding to the wildness and sublimity of the mountains, storms of rain and snow raged during the day, while around us and just above us, the echoing thunders rolled. Leaving our horses a mile below, we walked to the summit of Mt. Washburn, the Pisgah of the Park, 10,388 feet above the sea. To the south, surrounded by its rocky guard, lay the Yellowstone Lake, twenty-two miles long and ten to fifteen wide. Its area is three hundred square miles, with a shore line of three hundred miles. This large body of water is 7,788 feet above the sea, 1,500 feet higher than the top of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. From this blue lake flowed the river until it disappeared in the brilliant *cañon*. Around us on every side were snow-capped ranges. On the frowning brows of many lofty peaks, the storm-king rested, while upon us the sun was for a moment shining. Below, the mountains sloped away in majestic curves of pine forests and grassy parks. Here and there out of the valleys far beneath us cloudlets arose and joined the storm-clouds.

The descent was by way of a long and deep snow-drift, near which flowers were blooming. After sheltering ourselves behind some bushes from a sudden and severe hail-storm, we again took the trail northward.

It was nearly dark when we dismounted at the lonely cabin of an old mountaineer named Yancey. A good warm fire and a supper of elk steak and mountain trout were fully appreciated. Notwithstanding our heavy clothing and overcoats, we had suffered from the cold in storms of snow and hail, while our friends at home were enduring one of the hottest and most sultry days of the season. Yancey was one of the old mountaineers who have led a simple, wild life, and are full of stories of prospecting, hunting and fishing. He felt highly honored that on the previous summer, Pres. Arthur had encamped by his cabin. At this point the wagon road meets the bridle trail, and it is said that a Government officer sent down an ambulance to relieve the President from horse-back riding, but that he preferred his horse. This pleased the hardy mountaineer, who was not learned in words, and who insisted that "the Government sent down an avalanche after the President and he would n't ride in it."

The following morning was still rainy and cold, the streams were swollen, the trail was slippery and in some places steep; and yet disagreeable as it seemed at the time, it was a rich experience; as one has not seen and felt the lonely, weird grandeur of these mountains who has not spent a day in their storms.

The Park is not entirely a paradise. The water is alkaline and may cause a painful sickness, as I can testify. It is wise to provide one's self with some acid to be mixed with the water. My friend was seriously in-

jured by his horse, yet courageously pushed on and enjoyed the trip. One must go prepared for roughing it and making the best of some unpleasant things. Generally the clothing worn is heavy and warm, but plain; for the men sometimes *a la* cowboy, and for some of the ladies *a la* Mrs. Bloomer. Only those who are poor in money or in brains try to dress finely and be snobbish. As is so often the case in the west, when a day is cold, hot, rainy or in any way disagreeable, they told us that the weather which we experienced was "*very* unusual, indeed not within the memory of anyone." It is safer to prepare for cold storms. Mosquitoes are sometimes troublesome, but disappear about the middle of August, which is probably the best time to visit the Park.

The old world is full of interest to those who wish to stand amid the ruins of ancient empires, to study man's development in society, government and art; but to those who desire to rest awhile with nature, or who love to read "in the manuscripts of God," this wonderland will become a veritable Mecca.

August 20, found us again on the cars, with faces eastward; riding over immense tracts of rolling prairie and the almost boundless wheat fields of Dakota, whose vastness, as also the vastness and possibilities of our great western territory, only the mind of the Infinite can fully comprehend.

HARRIS REID COOLEY.

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER IV.

GENESIS OF LIBERTY.

Singular to human understanding are the workings of Providence. The seed of the kingdom seems to ripen in eras as harvest time comes in summer or refreshing showers in time of need. Luther and Zwingli were strangers to each other till their established work attracted mutual attention. Such an era the nineteenth century has proved to be. We are still too close to those days to give them proper recognition and credit. Without knowledge of one another, in numerous quarters throughout Christendom, but especially in the western world, singly and in groups, men were breaking away from human creeds as from fences that kept up divisions and hemmed in growth, for freedom in Christ; and from the abridgment of divine ordinances, to that primitive intactness which alone can show implicit submission of the human will and wisdom to the divine. In so far as these movements will lie directly in the way of our tale and help to account for its origin and progress, it is perhaps best to notice them now. In Johnson's Cyclopædia, under the title of "Christian Connection," is the following paragraph:

"This body originated in three distinct movements, about the beginning of the present century, in three of the older denominations of the United States: (1) in the 'O'Kelly Secession' (1793) from the Methodist Episcopal Church. O'Kelly's followers were at first called 'Republican Methodists,' but afterwards chose the name of 'Christians,' and declared the Bible alone to be their rule of faith and church government. (2) Dr. Abner Jones, of Hartland, Vt., a Baptist, organized in 1800 a church which disavowed all creeds and sectarianism, and received the Bible as their only rule. They were joined by many ministers and others, chiefly of Baptist and Freewill Baptist denominations. (3) A body of Presbyterians of Kentucky and Tennessee, who seceded in 1801 from the parent church, and in 1803 took the name of Christians. The above three bodies were finally united into a 'general convention,' which meets quadrennially. The churches, however, are independent in church government. . . . The Christians are opposed to infant baptism, practice immersion in baptism, and are, as a general rule, Unitarian in their doctrines."

Further on it will come into our way to speak again of this general body, especially of the Stone branch thereof. At present we are only concerned with the Providence that seems to have been abroad, and so turn to other instances. In the Church of Disciples of New York City is a volume entitled, "The First Part of an Epistolary Correspondence between Christian Churches in America and Europe," published by that church in 1820. In it is a circular letter to the Churches of Christ scattered over the earth, that bears date of March 1, 1818, and speaks of having been organized over seven years before, that is, about 1811. Thus is brought to us the knowledge of many such independent churches, and at that early day.

It was in harmony with the general unrest, if we may so call these manifest strivings of God's Spirit, chiefly received directly and individually through the Word, that the three Marys of Somerset worked, unaware for some years that they were in so goodly a

company. But just as certainly as the general unrest of Europe in the sixteenth century, that gave us Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Knox, and others, had a divine significance, so surely these later, widespread, yet independent, movements were also of God, and we do well, by tracing the events, to read His message. "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." It is a new genesis.

The Redstone Association seems to have been "a kingdom divided against itself." It opposed the Bible-alone Brush Run Church and yet received it. In 1816, at Cross Creek, (now) West Virginia, Dr. Cox, of Somerset, being present, it heard Alexander Campbell's famous "Sermon on the Law,"* which was directly subversive of Article XII. of the Philadelphia "Declaration," and on the other hand they refused to receive into the Association the Pittsburgh church, because in its letter of application, presented by Thomas Campbell, it made no mention of subscribing to that confession. A few years later that Association received the Somerset church without the adoption of a human creed, and yet by 1823 the creed spirit had grown so strong that there was a secret movement afoot, under the leadership of Elder Brownfield, to expel Alexander Campbell because of his opposition to human creeds. This movement might have succeeded had not Campbell formed a new church at Wellsburg, Ohio, and gone into the more liberal Mahoning Association of Eastern Ohio, as Baptist usage gave him the privilege. Campbell's action had been so recent and so quiet that it was

*Text: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."—Rom. viii. 3.

unknown to the leaders of the opposition, who still believed him to be a member at Brush Run. When he, therefore, appeared at the meeting of the Redstone Association as spectator, they at once started the discussion of the propriety of receiving, or rather of rejecting, the messengers from Brush Run. The controversy ran high, the messengers from Somerset, through their leader, Isaac Husband, defending the Bible alone as a sufficient creed. The fact at length became known that Campbell was not a messenger from Brush Run, but belonged to another church and a different Association. This brought a sudden truce to all discussion. But thenceforth the interest of the Somerset church in that Association abated greatly, and the creed spirit grew apace. By 1826, matters had come to such a pass that at the meeting of the Association at Big Redstone (now Brownsville) the Somerset messengers were not even granted seats. Elder Brownfield, with his aids, had the night before fixed on a high-handed plan of action. Out of twenty-four churches, aggregating seventy-two messengers, they managed to secure ten churches, or thirty votes, in the following way: An article in the Constitution, which had long been a dead letter, required that the yearly letters of the churches to the Association should refer to the Philadelphia Confession of Faith. The ten churches that did this were declared to be the Association; these sat in judgment on the remaining fourteen churches, expelling them one by one, usually without even a hearing. The Washington church, after being called "Arian, Socinian, Arminian, Antinomian, and everything that is bad," was first expelled; next came the Maple Creek church, with its good Elder Henry Speers; then Pigeon Creek,

with the venerable Elder Luce ; and further down the list came Somerset.

The excommunicated churches met at a house half a mile or so distant, and asked Alexander Campbell, who had been sent by the Mahoning to the Redstone Association as corresponding messenger, to preach for them. After Campbell left, they agreed to go home to report to the churches that had sent them, and to propose to them to send messengers to Washington, Pennsylvania, on the Saturday preceding the second Lord's day in the following November, for the purpose of forming a new Association. This plan was carried out, and the new body was called the Washington Association. On the 7th, 8th and 9th of September, 1827, it met again at Washington, and Somerset was represented by Isaac Husband, Jonas Younkin, John Prinkey and Jacob Lichteleiter, who reported four baptized, seven dismissed by letter, and forty members. At that meeting Thomas Campbell and Williams were appointed as Evangelists for the Association, to travel among its churches and hold meetings. A meeting was appointed for Somerset on the second Lord's day in October following.

CHAPTER V.

FREEDOM BORN.

History is grandest and most valuable as it marks the growth of thought. The kingdom of mind is superior to the kingdom of matter, "As a man reckoneth within himself, so is he." "Out of the heart are the issues of life." And "those," said Colton, "who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves."

In order to an intelligent comprehension of the next important fact in the history of Somerset, it will be necessary to glance at the moral causes that produced it. To these, then, let us pay first attention.

Thomas Campbell was a highly accomplished Seceder (Presbyterian) minister of Northern Ireland. His heart had sickened at the havoc wrought by sectarianism in the old country. When, in quest of health, he came to this country in 1807 and was assigned work in Washington county, Pennsylvania, the pain grew deeper to find matters still worse in this "land of the free." In his prayerful casting about for a remedy, he uttered in writing this germinal truth:

The Church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally, and constitutionally one. . . . There ought to be no schisms, no uncharitable divisions among them. They ought to receive each other as Christ Jesus hath also received them, to the glory of God. And for this purpose they ought to walk by the same rule, to mind and speak the same thing; and to be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.

"In order to this, *nothing ought to be inculcated upon Christians as articles of faith; nor required of them as terms of communion, but what is expressly taught and enjoined upon them in the word of God.* Nor ought anything to be admitted, as of Divine obligation, in their church constitution and managements, but what is expressly enjoined by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles upon the New Testament Church; either *in express terms or by approved precedent.*"
—Life of Thomas Campbell, pp. 48, 49.

It was this principle, so manifestly true, that led him and his gifted son, Alexander, a few years after, to discard infant baptism as neither commanded by Christ nor practiced by His apostles, and compelled them, accredited Presbyterian ministers though they were, to be "buried with Christ in baptism."

Among the Baptists, with whom we have already seen they came into relation, Alexander Campbell was twice called on to defend believers' immersion in public debate with Presbyterians. His second work of the kind was with Dr. W. L. McCalla, at Washington, Kentucky, Oct. 15-23, 1823, when he uttered the following:

"I know it will be said that I have affirmed that baptism '*saves us,*' that it '*washes away sins.*' Well, Peter and Paul have said so before me. If it was not criminal in them to say so, it can not be criminal in me. When Ananias said unto Paul, '*arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord,*' I suppose Paul believed him, and arose, and was baptized, and washed away his sins. When he was baptized he must have believed that his sins were *now* washed away, in some sense, that they were not before. For if his sins had been already in every sense washed away, Ananias' address

would have led him into a mistaken view of himself; both before, and after baptism. Now we confess that the blood of Jesus Christ alone *cleanses* us from all sins. Even this, however, is a metaphorical expression. The efficacy of His blood springs from His own *dignity*, and from the *appointment* of His Father. The blood of Christ, then, *really* cleanses us who believe from all sins. Behold the goodness of God in giving us a *formal* proof and token of it, by ordaining a baptism expressly '*for the remission of sins*'! The water of baptism, then, *formally* washes away our sins. The blood of Christ *really* washes away our sins. Paul's sins were *really* pardoned when he believed, yet he had no solemn *pledge* of the fact, no *formal* acquittal, no *formal* purgation of his sins, until he washes them away in the water of baptism.

"To every believer therefore, baptism is a *formal* and *personal* *remission*, or purgation of sins. The believer never has his sins formally washed away or remitted until he is baptized. The water has no efficacy but what God's appointment gives it, and He has made it sufficient for this purpose. The value and importance of baptism appears from this view of it. It also accounts for baptism being called the *washing of regeneration*. It shows us a good and valid reason for the dispatch with which this ordinance was administered in the primitive church. The believers did not lose a moment in obtaining the remission of their sins. Paul tarried three days after he believed, which was the longest delay recorded in the New Testament. The reason of this delay was the wonderful accompaniments of his conversion and preparation for the apostolic office. He was blind three days, scales fell from his eyes, he arose then forthwith and was baptized. The three thousand who first believed, on the selfsame day were baptized for the remission of their sins. Yea, even the Jailer and his house would not wait till daylight, but the '*same hour of the night, in which he believed, he and all his were baptized.*' I say, this view of baptism accounts for all these otherwise unaccountable circumstances. It was this view of baptism *misapplied* that originated infant baptism. The first errorists on this subject argued that if baptism was so necessary for the remission of sins, it should be administered to infants whom they represented as in great need of it on account of their '*original sin.*' Affectionate parents, believing their children to be guilty of '*original sin,*' were easily persuaded to have their infants baptized for the remission of '*original sin,*' not for washing away *sins* actually committed."—Pp. 134-136.

"My Baptist brethren, as well as the Paido-baptist brotherhood, I humbly conceive, require to be admonished on this point. You have

been, some of you no doubt, too diffident in asserting this grand import of baptism, in urging an immediate submission to this sacred and gracious ordinance, lest your brethren should say that you make everything of baptism; that you make it essential to salvation. Tell them you make nothing essential to Salvation but the blood of Christ, but that had made baptism essential to their *formal* forgiveness in this life, to their admission into His kingdom on earth. Tell them that God has made it essential to their happiness, that they should have a pledge on His part, in this life, an *assurance* in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, of their actual pardon, of the remission of their sins, and that this assurance is baptism. Tell the disciples to rise in haste and be baptized, and 'wash away their sins, calling on the name of the Lord.'—P. 144.

With respect to the test to which candidates for baptism were subjected in apostolic times, Alexander Campbell wrote in the *Christian Baptist* for March 1825, p. 140, as follows:

"When any person desired admission into the kingdom, he was only asked what he thought of the King. 'Do you believe in your heart that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, the Lord of all?' was the whole of apostolic requirement. If the candidate for admission replied in the affirmative—if he declared his hearty conviction of this fact—no other interrogation was proposed. They took him on his solemn declaration of this belief, whether Jew or Gentile, without a single demur. He was forthwith naturalized, and formally declared to be a citizen of the kingdom of the Messiah. In the act of naturalization which was performed by means of water, he abjured or renounced spiritual allegiance to any other prince, potentate, pontiff, or prophet, than Jesus the Lord."

A Scotchman, born about the time Somerset county was organized, thoroughly educated at Edinburgh University, came to this country and was immersed at Pittsburgh about the time the Somerset Baptist Church was constituted. The Mahoning Association, meeting in 1827 at New Lisbon, Ohio, called this man to be its traveling Evangelist. Walter Scott, for this was his

name, had been an interested reader of Campbell, and firmly believed the foregoing extracts to be God's truth. Such a turning to the Lord as blessed His work on the Western Reserve had never been seen in modern days. Instead of the usual long pleading with God to "come and bless these *waiting* souls," as though He who gave His divine Son to die for transgressors were less willing to bless than sinners were ready to be blessed, men rejoiced in the new-found readiness of God and crowded to His throne of open mercy by the score. Even whole churches threw their man-made methods to the dogs and planted themselves on this Pentecostal method with its Pentecostal results. It was the dawn of a new era—the birth of a nation in a day. When the Campbells heard of it, they were not only astonished beyond measure at the strange news, but they arranged that Thomas Campbell and his son Archibald should go and investigate the matter lest some new heresy should be propagated. With all possible dispatch and anxious forebodings, father and son hastened to the scene of action. When they saw the work, it happened unto them as unto the newly anointed Saul of old as he met "a band of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a timbrel, and a pipe, and a harp;" it was the music of heaven, and the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon them, and they too prophesied with them for two months. It was a wonderful work of God. In it was swallowed up not only the Mahoning Association from the Ohio to Lake Erie, but it has since spread over nearly all the civilized world, and is now successfully "seeking the heathen for an inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for its possession."

Enthused with this spirit, Thomas and Archibald Campbell, in the following year, after a mid-summer tour through the Reserve, turned their faces eastward. Their course is thus briefly noted in the Life of Thomas Campbell, pages 139 and 140:

“In the fall of 1828, they also made a preaching excursion as far as Somerset County, Pennsylvania; visited a few churches on the way in the counties of Washington, Fayette, and Westmoreland. Found also a small church in the town of Somerset, mostly composed of sisters, who were remarkable for their intelligence and zeal in the gospel. During their stay of some three weeks, some thirty of the most intelligent of its citizens, most of the members of the bar, a physician and other literary gentlemen became obedient to the faith. The town was indeed remarkable for the general intelligence, candor, and urbanity of its citizens, and as unusually free from that strong religious prejudice that always opposes what is not in accordance with one's church. Hence the readiness with which they received the gospel.”

THE GREATEST POLITICAL STRUGGLES OF PROTESTANTISM.

NO. IV.—OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, England, April 25, 1599. When Lord Bacon was a boy, Elizabeth asked his age, and was delighted with his response, "Two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign." Cromwell could claim one year in advance of his century. Before his death, however, he showed himself to be far in advance of his day and generation. Robert Cromwell, the father of Oliver, was the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, who, on account of his munificence, was called The Golden Knight. Oliver, on his father's side, was related to Thomas Cromwell, who became noted during the reign of Henry VIII. He was a great statesman, a zealous reformer, and the principal man in bringing out an early translation of the Bible, yet known as Cromwell's Bible. This is the man to whom Shakespeare makes Wolsey speak :

"Cromwell, I charge thee: Fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels.
O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

The mother of Cromwell was Elizabeth Stewart, and

was related to the royal family of Scotland. So Oliver Cromwell was related to Charles I.

Although the Cromwell family was noted for its wealth, the father of Oliver was quite poor. His brother Oliver, for whom the great Oliver was named, had inherited, according to English law, all the paternal possessions. He lived at Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, in great splendor, and was prepared to entertain the greatest nobles. In fact he had entertained three of the English monarchs. Young Oliver spent much of his time with his uncle, and there are many interesting anecdotes told of his childhood. It is claimed that when he was a babe, a monkey carried him from his cradle to the roof of the house; but brought him down, and placed him back as gently in the cradle as could his mother. Charles I., when a child, was brought by his father to the residence of Sir Oliver Cromwell, and the boy Oliver was told to kiss the hand of the young prince. He immediately replied that he would not kiss that boy's hand. The boys, while playing together, got into a fight, and Oliver got the better of the young prince, and made his nose bleed copiously. His uncle was thoroughly ashamed of him, but Oliver Cromwell even in his boyhood days did not have much respect for royalty. In some way he was impressed with his future political destiny, and nothing could get it out of his mind. When he was at the height of his glory, he often averred that, on a certain night in his childhood, a great figure came and opened the curtains of his bed, and told him that he would become the greatest man in the kingdom. When he first related it, his father had him flogged by Dr. Beard.

The early education of Oliver Cromwell was commit-

ted to Dr. Thomas Beard, who was principal of a grammar school at Huntingdon. Dr. Beard is said to have been unusually severe with the boy. What thoughts passed in the mind of our future hero at that early day, we can not say ; but the boy was evidently greatly influenced by the events and the spirit of his age. He was six years old when the Popish Gunpowder Plot occurred ; and the news of it evidently developed his combativeness. When eleven, the assassination of Henry of Navarre, the defender of Protestantism, must have had upon him the same effect. He never could forget the martyrdom of Sir Walter Raleigh, procured by Spanish gold and Spanish influence. At the age of seventeen, Oliver entered Cambridge University, and remained there about one year. On account of his father's death, he was compelled to leave the University. He then went to London to study law, but so far as we know, he never practiced it.

At the age of twenty-one, Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bourchier, a woman of a very amiable and prudent character, and her gentle virtues sweetened his domestic life during the most stormy days that England ever had. During the great civil conflict, when Cromwell was in the midst of bloody strife, he wrote the most affectionate letters to his wife. But few men are more devoted to their families than was Oliver Cromwell. In his oldest son, Oliver, he took special pride ; and this son is said to have been more like his father than any of the rest. When he was killed in battle, it went like a dagger to his father's heart. The Protector, on his death bed, alluded to Oliver's death : " It went to my heart like a dagger, indeed it did." Cromwell's life, after his marriage,

was spent upon a farm until 1628, when he entered Parliament. He was a zealous Puritan, and while on his farm, his house was a favorite place of resort for the godly men of that sect.

In 1628, Cromwell was elected to Parliament as a member from Huntingdon. Charles had summoned this Parliament to help him get money; but, when it met, it soon determined that there were more important things to attend to than simply granting the king money. It was a short Parliament, but a memorable one, and contained in it some of the greatest men of the English nation. During his first year in Parliament, Cromwell was silent and observing. He had not attracted much attention, unless it was on account of his personal appearance. He is described as clownish in gait, his dress ill-made and slovenly, his manners coarse and abrupt, his nose large and red, his cheeks coarse, warted and wrinkled; but beneath his shaggy eyebrows, there glistened eyes full of depth and meaning, and above these was a noble forehead, which indicated the greatness alluded to by the poet Dryden:

"It did imprint an awe,
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth glow."

In 1629, Cromwell made his first speech in Parliament, which was short, and as follows: "Dr. Alabaster preached flat popery at Paul's Cross, for which he was commended, and granted a living by the bishop." He then stopped, and asked the following question: "If these are steps to church preferment, what are we to expect?" Charles, being unable to manage this Parliament, dissolved it; and for eleven

years England was without a Parliament. Cromwell returned to his farm, and quietly awaited the coming struggle. During that time, Gustavus Adolphus, the Defender of Protestantism, fell upon the field of Lutzen. It was a sad blow to the Protestant cause in Europe, and it could not fail to attract universal attention. It must have added fuel to the smoldering fire that was already burning in the bosom of Cromwell. The great Englishman continued to work faithfully upon his farm, until summoned to duty by the authority of his country.

The necessities of the king compelled him to call another Parliament in 1640; but this Parliament so displeased him, that he sent the members home in three weeks. To this Parliament also, Cromwell belonged. In a few months another was called, which became noted in history as the Long Parliament. Cromwell represented Cambridge in this Parliament, and was elected by only one vote. His opponent is represented as saying that that one vote ruined both Church and State. John Hampden, Cromwell's cousin, was the leader of this Parliament. He was a man noted for piety and patriotism, and one, says Macaulay, who neither sought greatness nor shunned it. In his "Saint's Rest," Baxter says that one of the pleasures he hoped to enjoy in heaven was the society of Hampden. By this time Cromwell had attracted some attention in Parliament; and one said to Hampden, pointing to Cromwell: "Who is that sloven?" Hampden replied: "That sloven, should we come to a breach with the king, will be the greatest man in England." Parliament, by this time, had become too powerful for the king. It would neither do as he liked, nor be dissolved

by him. The breach had become irreparable. For a number of years the king had been going one way and the people another. They were now so far apart that their troubles could not be amicably adjusted ; so both parties appealed to the sword. Carlyle thinks that this was the most confused time England ever saw.

On the 12th of January, 1642, Charles II. left Whitehall, to return there no more until the day of his execution. Both parties made vigorous preparations for war. At the age of forty-three, Oliver Cromwell girded on his sword, and with his oldest son, Oliver, left his quiet home and farm to fight in the defense of England's liberty. He had had no military education ; but he had a conscience in everything he did. He wanted an army with the same spirit as himself. He trained what are known as the Ironsides, and they never were defeated in battle. They were free from profanity and drunkenness, and prepared for battle by reading the Bible and prayer as much as by military drill. In the early part of the civil war, the Cavaliers appeared to be gaining ground rapidly on the Parliamentarians. Had it not been for Cromwell and his Ironsides, civil and religious liberty would have been crushed in England for centuries. It was on the field of Marston Moor that the genius of Cromwell first blazed out conspicuously. Fairfax commanded the right wing of the Puritan army, and Cromwell the left. The Cavaliers were commanded by Prince Rupert, the most fiery general of his day. In the early part of the battle Fairfax was driven off the field. Then came Cromwell and his Ironsides. They charged in the name of the Most High, and nothing could stand before them. They nearly annihilated the Royalist army.

Not quite one year from this time the battle of Naseby was fought, with similar results, only on a larger scale. The king was furious, and offered a great reward for the head of Cromwell. The king's cause was ruined. A few more battles were fought, but the Puritans were always victorious. Thus ended the first civil war.

Cromwell spent much time in negotiating with the king, but finally concluded that England had a king whom no one could trust. Parliament decided that all negotiations should be broken off with a monarch so treacherous. Cromwell has been greatly blamed for the part he took in the execution of Charles. It is claimed that even his own family implored him to save the king. It was with Cromwell a matter of self-defense. Had Charles II. been restored to his kingdom, whatever promises he might have made, he evidently would have executed Oliver Cromwell. Oliver had had dealings enough with the unprincipled king to fully understand this. No candid historian can doubt the fact that the Puritans fully believed that they were doing the best thing that could be done for their country in the execution of Charles II. Charles had shown himself unworthy of the title of king, and had been a traitor to his people ; so by the authority of Parliament, he was executed January 30th, 1649.

In March, 1649, Cromwell was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The whole country was in rebellion against the Commonwealth, and Protestants were being massacred at a fearful rate. The proper man was selected to strike terror to that country. He shed much blood, but it was in order that no more blood might be shed. He was kind to the citizens, and never put to death a man who was not in arms. When Crom-

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well took Tredah, the brave O'Neal is said to have remarked that Cromwell could take hell, if he could storm it. Matters were settled in Ireland, and Cromwell returned to London with the highest honors of his nation. Some one called his attention to the great crowd that had come out to see him. He remarked that many more would come to see him hung. Cromwell did not reach London any too soon. Charles the Second had taken the Covenant, and a large army was being raised in Scotland for the purpose of invading England. Cromwell was soon prepared to meet it; and the contending hosts entered into deadly conflict at Dunbar. Leslie commanded the Scottish army and it numbered nearly three times as many as the English. Of course, it had not the discipline of Cromwell's Ironsides. The night before the battle was spent by the English army in prayer. Cromwell told his soldiers to pray to God, and keep their powder dry. The Ironsides went into the battle, singing the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm. During the battle, Cromwell was heard to say, "The Lord has delivered them into our hands, and now let God arise, let his enemies be scattered." The battle resulted in the destruction of Leslie's army. Three thousand were slain, and ten thousand made prisoners. The Ironsides did not lose more than thirty men. Scotland was now prostrate at the feet of Cromwell; and the Puritans were triumphant everywhere. So ended what is sometimes called the second civil war.

As a civil ruler, Cromwell was fully as successful as were the Ironsides on the field of battle. He has been blamed for dissolving the Long Parliament, which did so much good before the civil war. It must be remembered that Hampden, Pym, and the great men that

had belonged to it, were dead when Cromwell dissolved it. It had become so weak that it was called in derision the Rump Parliament. As it could be no help to Cromwell, he thought it best to send its members home, and he says that not even a dog barked after them. Then came the Little Parliament, called in history Bare-bones Parliament, from the name of one of its members, who was nicknamed "Praise-God Bare-bones." Cromwell soon became ashamed of this Parliament, and dissolved it. He now became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. He was frequently offered the crown; but did not think it God's will for him to accept it. Lord Macaulay claims that as Lord Protector he did not have as much power as the President of the United States.

No true Englishman can fail to take great pride in the foreign policy of Cromwell. He had two objects in view. One was to defend the persecuted Protestants in Europe; and the other to make the name of Englishmen as great as was that of Roman in the palmy days of Rome. All students of history know how well he accomplished these objects. He would not sign a treaty with the king of France until persecution was interdicted within the dominions of the French king. The crafty Mazarin is said to have been more afraid of Oliver Cromwell than he was of the devil himself. When the French king did not want to use that respect to Oliver that was due a king, he said to Mazarin, "Shall I call that usurper my brother?" "Yes," says Mazarin, "and your father, too, if it will accomplish your purposes." Mazarin understood Cromwell, and told Louis that the rough-shod Puritan would soon be

before the gates of Paris, if they did not comply with his wishes. The Puritans were as successful upon the sea as upon the land. Admiral Blake became king of the sea. After he was more than fifty years of age, he commenced this new method of warfare; and soon made England mistress of the sea. He annihilated the Spanish navy, and swept all pirates from the sea. This brave admiral, who prepared the way for Lord Nelson, died upon his ship of war, while looking upon the shores of his native land. Cromwell's foreign policy was a complete success; and the British Empire would not have been what she is to-day had it not been for the career of Oliver Cromwell.

The many burthens resting upon the shoulders of the Great Protector broke down his health. A number of plots against his life had been discovered. Charles II. had offered a great reward to the man who would assassinate Cromwell. The mother of the Protector was now dying at Whitehall. Soon after this his favorite daughter died, and these things were too much for the affectionate son and loving father. He died September 3, 1658, on the anniversary of his famous battles of Dunbar and Worcester.

The character of Cromwell is better understood now than it was fifty years ago. The age of Bolingbroke and Hume could not understand Puritanism; and until Carlyle and Macaulay presented the truth in reference to this mysterious people, historians followed the sensualistic age of Charles II. in their descriptions of Cromwell. His prediction that God would vindicate his character has been fulfilled. English historians are now proud of the achievements of their great countryman. They love to speak of the man who humbled

the pride of bloody Spain, the land of the Inquisition and of every superstition. Cromwell crushed tyranny at home and abroad, and was one of the greatest defenders of the rights of man.

“Cromwell, the prince of men,
Was ever ready human rights to defend;
A true hero was he upon the battle's field,
To him all England's foes were forced to yield:
Charles Stuart soon did cease to reign,
And was by Cromwell's order slain.”

When a portrait painter was trying to conceal an ugly wart on Cromwell's face, the great man said: “Paint me as I am, or I will not give you a shilling.” This language is significant, and it gives us some conception of the character of the man. He despised hypocrisy in all things, and was thoroughly honest in all his political and religious measures. He was far in advance of his Puritan brethren on the question of toleration. If he proscribed Catholic or Episcopalian, it was for political and not for religious reasons. Cromwell's mind was too great and his motives too pure to force a man to worship otherwise than according to his highest convictions.

In conclusion, we may state that Cromwell was the most illustrious example of the reaction against feudal tyranny. The great middle-class in England rose up against the king and his nobles. With Cromwell as leader, this class was entirely triumphant; and that cursed myth, the divine right of kings, was forever banished from English soil. England owes much of her present constitutional glory to the mission of Oliver Cromwell.

J. W. LOWBER.

CAN THE VOLITION OF MAN AFFECT HIS FAITH?

Old Robert Owen, in his debate with A. Campbell, took the position that "belief in no case depends upon the will."

While we wish not to deny that we are sometimes compelled to believe much against our will, yet such is not always the case. For there are conditions in which we can withhold belief by an effort of the will. But while we cheerfully admit that faith is sometimes independent of our volitions, it is here intended to be shown that it is not always so.

1. Men resist the belief of unpleasant doctrine, by a willful inattention to the evidence of its truth. Or by a willful prejudice they determine to misrepresent the position they wish to discard. And the vice of misrepresentation is so naturally an element of bigotry, that it easily begets self-deception.

2. The will makes successful efforts at resisting credence, whenever the mind is dazed as to the proper understanding of the thing to be believed. Not every mathematical demonstration can be trusted by those who are confused over the process of its evidence, or by one too listless to care for the problem. Many a careless boy has resisted the instruction of his teacher, with the same nonchalance that Robert Owen and his followers reject the evidences of Christianity. And the dignified stupidity of such a boy is just as respect-

able as the learned skepticism of Agnosties, or ignorance of heedless philosophers.

But to make this matter still plainer, let us define faith to be a decision of the judgment upon the truthfulness of something we have heard. If the hearer is not prejudiced against the reporter, he is very apt to interpose no barrier of incredulity, but will believe the report, just as he hears it, deeming the evidence amply sufficient to justify his faith. But if he has an antipathy to either the hero or the reporter, he begins to excuse himself for rejecting the testimony, and so determines to think no more about it.

3. The passion of anger, malice, or hatred, affects the equilibrium of the judgment, and acts as a leverage upon the will, and leads men to reject all evidence which would bear adversely upon their passions.

The Jews rejected Christ through malice and hatred. The oppression of the Romans had driven them to desperation, and their last hope of deliverance from that cruel tyranny was in the long promised Messiah. And when they saw Christ's miraculous power, they were sure He could conquer their hated enemies. But when they could neither persuade nor compel Him to undertake such an enterprise, they hated Him as a traitor to His country. All His miraculous works, however satisfactory they would appear from our standpoint, passed for nothing with them, because he refused to subjugate the Romans. And it was all the more provoking to them because they could see that His failure to do so was not from lack of power.

So they determined to reject the most overwhelming evidence of His divine mission that could possibly be given. Nor need any unbeliever of to-day think he

would have believed had he been an eye witness of these wonderful works. For they rejected Christ because they preferred worldly politics to the eternal kingdom He came to establish. And the same preference is yet potent with men of this world.

4. It will be asked: Can any sane man, by the stress of his own will, believe without evidence? That depends upon the species and degree of insanity of which such person may be possessed. No sinner is perfectly sane, or he could hardly believe it is safe to continue in sin. Hence Theodore Beza translates Acts ii. 38, "*come to your senses*, and every one of you be baptized," etc. So if a sinner be insane when he believes without evidence, the case is an instance of faith being the result of will power. A refutation of Owen's position, that "belief in *no* case depends upon the will."

But if the sinner be looked upon as perfectly *compos mentis*, it but strengthens the argument against Owen's theory. For it makes this kind of belief one of the most common of mental phenomena.

5. It is true that faith comes by hearing, for faith can come in no other way. Men may gain confidence, more or less, by surmise and conjecture. But such confidence is only presumption, not faith. Nothing short of *evidence* ought to produce anything worthy of the name. Even the hearing of a report is not always evidence of truth. So he who believes all he hears will find himself believing absurdly.

Men are apt to believe what they hear earnestly reiterated, with small regard to the character of the speaker. Indeed, they have been known to originate a lie, and repeat it until they believe it themselves.

And so the deception they intended for others recoils upon themselves.

This phenomenon of deception can be thus explained: The deceiver assumed an earnestness consistent with truth. And to do this with the greater effect, he compels himself to feel as if the story he is telling were really true. This desire to be believed powerfully excites his *will* to make his assertions credible. So by this will power he comes eventually to set the example in the credulity he seeks to inspire. But this deception would be impossible, did "belief in no case depend upon the will." Nor would the sin of such act be so patent, nor its retribution so well deserved.

The faith required by the gospel is belief in a *person*, which differs from assent to a proposition in this: Propositions are believed on the principle of a truism which carries in itself its own evidence. But faith in Christ implies trust in One who will not, and can not, deceive us. Belief in an aphorism may leave the heart untouched, but in a person it always involves the heart. We may believe what a man says without believing in him. But if we believe in him, we not only believe and trust all he says, but we feel such a sentiment of uniting affection as seems too hard to sever.

But it must be understood that this faith in Christ excludes no proposition connected with the Apostolic testimony. Yet it is even possible to assent to every truism of the gospel without that belief in the heart which constitutes faith in Christ. But this faith of personality includes the possibility of personal aversion, for the spirit of fallen humanity lusteth to envy. And the extreme selfishness of man is reluctant to acknowledge any being superior to himself, and this absurd egotism

leads such men to hate Jesus because of His transcendent goodness. And such hatred excludes the possibility of that love for Christ which is an essential element in the faith which saves the soul, for faith with love makes worship possible. But those who have no faith in Christ can have no love for Him, hence can not worship Him; so to gratify the demands of their religious nature they believe in and worship themselves. One of their magnates gave it as the creed of infidels that they "believe in themselves."

But seventh and lastly. The volitionality of faith is to be found in the reception and rejection of evidence; for when gospel faith gets a firm hold on the heart, life, and character of a man, it is hard to be dislodged. In such case it is almost, if not quite, involuntary. Every true believer feels that unbelief with him is an impossibility. Yet this unyielding faith is the effect of the will with which he examined the proper evidence. So every real unbeliever who has performed the exploit of unbelief, and comes out "magnanimously wrong," feels that he can not believe. But all of this inability on his part is but the effect of the perverted will by means of which he determined to believe that which is not true. Strong desire, seconded by will power, has driven many a man to ruin, both for this world and for that which is to come.

So every uncommitted man can believe if he will, or withhold his faith if he pleases. On no other hypothesis could faith be made a condition of salvation.

B. U. WATKINS.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

It is not of the toiling, struggling ones, who, from necessity, are forced to a daily conflict with the world, just to live, that I would write; but of the merry, light-hearted girls to be seen everywhere, who, while not able to enjoy all the luxuries of life, are yet not deprived of its comforts.

What shall be done, that they may grow up earnest, self-reliant, helpful women?

"Educate them," says one.

"But," says another, "that is what we do. Are not our schools crowded with just such girls as those of whom you speak? What more can we do?"

Well, suppose we investigate a little. Look at the contents of this book-bag, the property of a girl of fourteen—Arithmetic, Algebra, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, English Literature, and of course French and German. Quite a goodly collection, is it not? That is where the trouble lies. The book-bag may be able to hold so many volumes, but not the head, for the benefit of which they are supplied.

Herein is the great error in the education of our girls—this effort to do too much. Much of this has been done away with since the advent of graded schools in our cities, but the "Ladies' Seminary" is still too often conducted on the plan of "get as much as you can in as short a time as you can."

The result is, a smattering of many things—real knowledge of nothing. That the parents are largely to blame for this evil, is undoubtedly true. They look upon the education of their girls as a very different thing from that of their boys, and neither demand, nor train their daughters to expect a higher degree of excellence on the part of those who undertake the office of teacher.

A youth at college is given three or four studies to pursue. A girl of the same age undertakes twice as many, and it is safe to say that under such circumstances she will generally learn about half as much. A boy does not expect to graduate with high honors from a first-class college, at eighteen. A girl of that age has, very often, laid books on the shelf, and is ready for the more exciting school of society. That there are exceptions to this rule does not do away with its truth.

The first requirement, then, in the education of our girls, should be thoroughness. The lack of this is the greatest drawback to the success of women, who, from force of circumstances, are often called to face the world on their own responsibility. The world is not looking for apprentices. In this bustling, busy age, only those who can do what they claim, and do it well, meet with any recognition.

Next to the requirement of thoroughness, comes the demand that the education of our girls should be practical. A girl has been grievously wronged who arrives at womanhood without any practical knowledge by which she can support herself, if necessary. If she is blessed with strong ones to fight life's hardest battles for her, she is none the worse for her capacity to fight

them for herself; and if, on the contrary, there is no one to stand between her and the world, who can calculate the inestimable benefit to be derived from a thorough, self-reliant, practical course of training?

The world is ever seeking to gather up and utilize what would otherwise be waste force. God creates—it rests with the individual to develop.

Let a girl seek to find out what she is best adapted to, and then resolve that there shall be no waste of time and talent, but both shall be devoted to her own greatest good.

Parents, often from a foolish pride, insist that their daughters shall devote themselves to some particular study, because, forsooth, such is *fashionable*, without at all considering the adaptability of the student to the study. Thus often we find a girl wasting hour after hour at the piano, for which she has neither taste nor talent, when the same time devoted to something else might be profitably spent.

Let a girl be taught at least some one thing so thoroughly that she can turn the knowledge to practical account. The old and degrading idea that it is unnecessary to give a girl any such training, from the fact that the end and aim of her life is to marry, is fast being consigned to oblivion. That it ever prevailed was a slur upon true womanhood. A girl may find her greatest happiness as well as usefulness in merging her life into that of the man she loves, but the true home spirit is not created by marriage being considered a refuge from the responsibilities of life. She who marries for a home, a support, or aught else save the motives which alone sanctify such a union, sells herself as truly as ever Circassian was sold in the slave market.

Such a training as would lead to such a result can only be fruitful of unhappy homes and wrecked lives. If, on the contrary, a girl is educated to be self-supporting, there no longer exists the same reason or temptation to marry for a home; consequently she need only take upon herself the office and responsibility of wife, if her life happiness is thereby best promoted. Who can doubt the beneficial influence on society which would emanate from homes where the wife and mother was not a mere cipher, but an earnest, self-reliant, disciplined woman?

The false idea that labor is degrading—that a woman ceases to be a lady when she enters the list as one of the world's workers—is fast disappearing. The opportunities for women to secure remunerative employment are increasing year by year. As fast as they prove their fitness for positions of trust the world shows a willingness to acknowledge and reward it.

How much more worthy of admiration is the girl who with brain and hands seeks to lighten a father's burden, than she who selfishly appropriates the fruit of his toil for her own enjoyment, living a life of indolence! Ah, the talents that are hidden under the napkin of false pride and selfish ease!

Not the least item in the practical training of girls, should be a knowledge of the value of money. Reckless extravagance even in those endowed with great wealth is sinful, but for the woman of moderate means it is often the direct cause of crime. If the circumstances of the parents will permit, a regular allowance should be given the daughter as soon as she is old enough at all to begin to cultivate a dependence on her own judgment. Out of this she should be required to

furnish herself with everything necessary to her individual use; and if the mother be a sensible woman, the daughter will soon learn to avoid a foolish expenditure of money. If she be inclined to waste what is thus put into her hands, a little wholesome experience in having to do without something she might have reasonably obtained, will generally serve as a check.

Fathers are negligent in that they do not give their daughters, as well as their sons, the benefit of their business knowledge and experience. Ignorance on some very simple point pertaining to a business transaction, often puts a woman entirely at the mercy of those with whom she may be dealing.

A girl should be instructed on such legal items as pertain to the recognition of her own rights, whether personal or relating to property. She can never be the worse for this knowledge, while ignorance may be the cause of lasting misfortune. Some may object to this, as encouraging a tendency to "strong-mindedness." So be it. There are too many weak-minded women. One great need of the day is women of strong mind and vigorous individuality.

Just a word to mothers. Would you have your daughters develop a symmetrical character, in which the intellectual qualities are well balanced by the moral? Well, then, upon you rests the heaviest responsibility. A mother should seek to be regarded by her daughter as her best friend and counselor. How many quicksands would be thus avoided—how many perils the young and innocent escape.

Mother, do you seek your daughter's confidence, or do you alienate it forever by deeming the trifles which engage the heart and mind of the child, as beneath

your notice? The young are naturally confiding, and if a mother turns a deaf ear to the childish confidence, some other, and probably some very injudicious one, will be found to listen. And confidence alienated in childhood is rarely ever fully established in after years.

Let your daughters feel that you are interested in whatever interests them. See that they form no associations calculated to injure them. Make it a point to become thoroughly acquainted with those who seek your children's society, that you may be able to judge as to the desirability of such association.

Keep yourself young that you may be a congenial companion to your girls. Enter into their joys and sorrows—sympathize, counsel and direct, and reap your reward in their love and gratitude, which can only grow stronger as the years demonstrate the fullness of their obligation.

ALLIE B. LEWIS.

MAY DAY IN THE CITY.

You look on me, dear friend, with pity,
That in this time of bloom,
My home should be a crowded city,
Where flowers find scanty room.
You think my month's sweet charms and graces
Shut out on every side;
But May seeks out the darkest places,
And they are glorified.

The breeze is just as gently blowing
As in the years before;
A few brave spears of grass are growing
In nooks about the door;
And here a tree with blossoms flushes;
A violet is there;
And now and then, in sudden hushes,
A bird-note thrills the air.

To me these hints have all the meaning
Of country bloom and green,
Of fields with meadows intervening,
Of hills with brooks between.
The kindly grace of nature hovers,
As always, over me;
For May will come to all her lovers.
Wherever they shall be.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

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POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THEATER.

"I have noticed that of late the secular and religious newspapers, especially the latter, have had much to say on the subject of popular amusements. Many ministers, in their pulpit teachings and in their ministerial gatherings, have uttered their minds with great freedom and plainness on this subject, and there seems to be a growing desire among the thoughtful and earnest citizens of our happy nation to try to curb the headlong rush of the multitude into anything and everything which promises what the world calls *fun*."

Such were the remarks made by Deacon Wise, at a social gathering held at the residence of Esquire Easy. Several persons were attracted by the speech of Deacon Wise, although his words were part of a conversation between himself and the host.

"I have also noticed that to which you refer," said Esquire Easy, "and greatly regret the existence of the evident tendency to which you now call my attention. Indeed, I fear that the ultimate result will be that all our young people will be driven away from the church by the

extreme views the ministers and others hold as to amusements."

Deacon W.—"I was not aware that any such extreme views as those to which you seem opposed are held, or advocated, by the leaders of religious thought in this day of light and knowledge."

Esquire E.—"As I understand it, an effort is to be made to prohibit games of all kinds; dancing parties of any and every sort; attendance upon the opera, theater, and, in short, everything but church-going and psalm-singing. Such a course might have succeeded in the generations past, but will not do at all now."

Deacon W.—"I have never been impressed that such extreme and unreasonable grounds were occupied on this important subject. On the contrary it has seemed to me that on every hand there is a disposition to view the whole question in all its phases, and, recognizing the desire and necessity for amusements among the young people, to endeavor to exclude only those which are hurtful to morals or manners, body or soul. In fact, at no time in the history of the church have there been so many large-hearted men whose attention has been given to such a question."

"I think Deacon Wise is right," interposed Sister Faithful, "and the agitation is none too early in our history, I am sure, since even the present Congress is obliged to give attention to the gambling habit as it exists in the army, and will probably make some effort to suppress it, as doubtless you have noticed in the daily papers."

Esquire E.—"Yes, Mrs. Faithful, I have noticed the exposure which has been made of the gambling habit in the army, and have been both surprised and

pained at its extent and wickedness. But it seems to me that such extreme cases, and the phases of the question with which churches have to deal, are the poles apart. The attendance upon the opera, or the theater, for instance,—why condemn these amusements?"

Here Dr. Trueblood asked the privilege of a word, and spoke as follows:

"There has been less opposition to the opera and the theater than has been made to any other worldly pleasure. Yet, as a Christian and a physician, I am compelled to believe that this class of amusements is about as injurious to morals, and as ruinous to physical health, as any of the others which have been condemned."

Deacon W.—"Your indictment is new to me, Doctor, and I for one would be glad to hear your reasons, so far as you feel free to give them."

"Yes, yes," joined in several others, "let us have them, please;" whereupon the Doctor said:

"To view the theater and the opera from a Christian standpoint, we find that they are useless as aids to Christian character. No person has ever been made purer, or holier, as a Christian, by attendance upon them. On the other hand, by the voluntary confessions of star actors and singers, which have been published from time to time, the profession—the stage—is dangerous to the morals of its members. No man will call in question the statement,—not at least while he retains any regard for his character for observation and intelligence,—that the devotees of the opera and the theater, in proportion to their love of these amusements, lose their devotion to Christ, their piety and

godliness, and eventually either backslide or fall into mere lukewarm formalism, which requires no sacrifices for the Church of God, or for needy humanity; because they are unwilling and selfish."

"You are altogether too severe, I think, Doctor," said Esquire Easy, "for some of the best people I have had the good fortune to know have been in the habit of attending the theater and the opera."

Doctor T.—"There are, I am happy in knowing, exceptions to the rule, and yet, the good people to whom our excellent host refers have been but occasional attendants upon opera or theater, and, doubtless only when an exceptionally good actor or good play was to be enjoyed, they attended for the sake of the enjoyment of the artistic rendition and to be in some sense benefited by it."

Esquire E.—"What possible harm can come of such a sensible, and I think, reasonable use of the modern stage? Why not teach our young people to distinguish between that which is hurtful and that which is good?"

Deacon W.—"It occurs to me that if it were not for the undeniable fact that the example is pernicious, because those who desire to go to unreasonable extremes will quote the example of the Christian, and leave out of sight his reasonable distinctions and his rare use of the theater and opera, there could be no objection to such '*a reasonable use*' of these amusements, as our host has it."

Esquire E.—"But, Deacon, to be ever on the lookout for such unfair use of one's example, and to fear to do this or that because some unjust mind will use it as an excuse for sinning, is but to subject the best element

of society to the worse, and to make one a slave to those who are governed by impulse and sensual desires, rather than by principle, in matters of social pleasures and pastimes."

"There is much every way in what you say," replied Deacon W. ; "but it remains true that the follower of the Lord is required to have a care as to his example. *'Judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way.'* Thus teaches the Apostle to the Gentiles in his Epistle to the Romans, xiv. chapter and 15th verse ; and to the same effect in I. Cor., vii. chapter, 9th verse: *"But take heed, lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak."* Although this instruction is given with reference to the worship of idols, the principle is the same when applied to the idolatry of pleasure. And although I can go to an occasional play, in opera or theater, without danger to myself, nevertheless, if I know that my going will cause some weaker one to go to far greater lengths in this idolatry, I must refrain."

"There is yet another feature of this question to which I wish to call attention," said Dr. Trueblood at this point; "the fact which has so often been mentioned, viz: The immodest, if not immoral, lives or practices of actresses, if well advertised, serve to draw a large patronage from people who would esteem themselves contaminated by social contact with such characters elsewhere. Indeed, so well-known is this that the recent most disgraceful fight between two English noblemen over the so-called 'Jersey Lily' has become a matter of speculation as to how far it will go toward restoring that woman's waning popularity on the stage.

This, it seems to me, speaks in thunder tones the demoralizing influence of this class of popular pastimes."

"I can not fully agree with the Doctor's conclusion," said Esquire Easy, "although facts are true; but they operate the same in other cases than those of actresses; for we can think of at least one prominent preacher whose popularity was increased by the scandal attached to him."

"*Dr. T.*— "As a physician, I am disposed to denounce both the opera and theater, because of the late hours and unreasonable exposure of person which fashion, in regulating dress and attendance, has imposed on habitues of these resorts of pleasure. I speak especially of the injury to the morals and the health of the ladies who are given to this sort of pleasure, for, with the exception of contact of person, the tendency is much the same as the round dance."

"Upon what evidence do you base so fearful an accusation?" queried Deacon Wise.

"*Dr. T.*—"First, upon my personal knowledge as a practitioner of medicine, and also upon current report. Take, for instance, this which I have just clipped from the *Boston Gazette*:

"UNDRESS AT THE OPERA.—Society is very much aroused over the appearance of a certain well-known lady at her box at the Metropolitan Opera House the other night. She wore her dress very low in the neck and with simple straps across the shoulders, and the color of her waist material she got as near a flesh tint as could be found, so that at a little distance it was impossible to see any dividing line. As she sat in her box the effect was startling, and every opera-glass in the house was leveled at her, while the men in the audience who knew her hastened, between the acts, as a committee of investigation, to see what it was she had on or had off. The effect produced by her dressing was exactly what she wanted, and yet she is a young woman, a married woman, a mother and not an immodest woman. If a man should accidentally see

her with the waist of her dress off, though she wore a high-necked under-waist, she would be ready to faint ; and yet she would sit in her box at the opera showing as much of her flesh as she dared, and with the avowed intention of looking as though she was undressed. I do not know what it is that makes women do these things, unless it is the love for social notoriety. They seem to want to do something to break the monotony of ordinary social life, and rack their poor brains for some novelty in dress or some eccentricity that will make them more talked about than their friends.

“Now, however much we may be disposed to apologize for such things, they are injurious to morals and ruinous to the health of those who practice them.”

As the hour was now late, and nearly all the company present had been drawn as listeners to this conversation, the parties who could no longer stay, by their movements to retire, broke up the circle, and all prepared for leave-taking, whereupon Esquire Easy said :

“Ladies and gentlemen : We are happy in that we have enjoyed your presence and society to-night. I feel that, as your host, I owe to some of you an apology for allowing myself to become so absorbed in the conversation on amusements as to have taken the greater part of the evening thus. It may compensate somewhat if I state that I have come, by this investigation, to look at the opera and the theater in a new light. As you know, I have heretofore been a *quasi* advocate of the right and privilege of Christians to attend them, but now I am resolved to ‘touch not the unclean thing,’ for the following reasons :

“A.—There is nothing in either the opera or the theater to advance a Christian in the divine life.

“B.—The tendency of all plays, whether high or low, is to give those who love them visionary and impractical views of human life.

“*C.*—There is possibility of becoming a lover of these things, and to their devotees there is danger of injury to morals and to health.

“*D.*—No prominent man in the history of our nation is known to have had a mother who was a lover of the opera or theater; so that the love of such amusements is destructive of high hopes and bright prospects for our children.

“*E.*—The tendency to extravagance in dress, and equipage, fostered by fashion, which governs these popular amusements, is destructive of Christian love, and contrary to the law of the Lord.

“*F.*—No person has ever been made wiser, better or holier by the influence of opera or theater, but there have been thousands led to their present and eternal destruction by them.

“Now, others may do as they will, but as for my voice, and influence, and example, they are henceforth against both opera and theater.”

“Amen! and amen!” came from a number of voices, and it was noticed that there was an unusual warmth in the farewell handshaking.

J. C. TULLY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JEU HAU.

Jeu Hau was born January 13, 1867, in the province of Kwangtung, Canton District, town of Goo-chen. Hence, he is what is popularly called a Cantonese. His father, at home, was a linen-weaver. He came to America four years ago, bringing Jeu Hau with him, having left a wife and three younger children at home. They are of the working class; yet his father, Yuo Sing, is regarded as the most intelligent man of his class in this city. His fine face is almost Caucasian in its cast. Because of his good judgment and known courage in advising his hard-working but less intelligent countrymen against paying tribute to the powerful "Ye Hing" blackmailing society, members of that society, by a conspiracy, secured his arrest last summer. He is still in jail, from which I will secure his release in due time. I have every reason to know the father of Jeu to be an honest, innocent man, and one possessed of moral courage of the highest order; the evidence of which, when "the law's delay" is ended, I will give to the public.

Immediately upon coming to St. Louis, three years ago, Jeu Hau entered the Chinese Sunday-school connected with the Y. M. C. A., conducted by Mr. Ford. Miss Sue A. Robinson, a member of the Central Christian Church, became his teacher, and he her only pupil. He had attended the primary schools of China six years, but at the time he entered Sunday-school he was unable to speak or understand a word in English. With Christ in her heart, and Paganism in his, they sat down together. Every Sunday for two and a half years she went through sunshine and storm, with prayer and patience, to work at what others thought an impossibility—the conversion of that Pagan heart to Christ. Each week she found him in possession of a few more English words; for he was apt, retentive, and anxious to learn. His youth was in his favor in learning our language, and not having to unlearn all the error of his people. He attended night schools, and learned to write as well as the average public-school-boy of fifteen. Miss Robinson taught him something of music, of which he is very fond. He soon learned to sing and translate gospel hymns. From the first, the story of Jesus had a charm for him. The simplicity of it took hold upon his heart, as he is endowed with a cheerful disposition and a



THE STANDARD-PUB-CO.

CINCINNATI-O.

Joe Hawk

devout mould of mind. For a year past he had been giving evidences of his faith. Through his teacher, I formed his acquaintance, and strove to direct his mind to the simple fundamentals of the gospel. Carefully and deliberately he made up his mind to confess his faith in Christ and put Him on in baptism, which he did in July last. Thus, "the patience of hope and the labor of love" of a consecrated young lady, bore fruit according to His unfailing promise.

Shortly after his baptism, he expressed a desire to secure an English education and return to his country to assist in mission work. To accomplish this educational end, I proposed through the papers that ten of us pay \$25 per annum, for three years; and was joined by Dr. C. W. Seeber, B. O. Aylesworth, Lucius Leavitt, C. J. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, Joseph Coop, C. F. Reaves, J. F. Davis, the Ladies' Missionary Society (New York), and the S. S., Drake University.

Jeu Hauk was detained in St. Louis until March 1, 1886, when he began his school work in Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. Of course, he will have to be placed under private instruction for some time, as he will be unable to enter the College classes. He is receiving this personal training. Letters from him indicate that he is pleased and happy in his new life.

It is said that self-interest and ingratitude are the dominant motives in the Chinese heart. It is certain that, as yet, these elements are not manifest in this young man. Too much should not be expected of him. His father is a low-caste man; but it is chiefly among this class that all missionaries work. Jeu speaks the native dialect of one of the most important and populous districts of China. Canton is the very heart of the Empire. Besides, he has seventeen thousand cousins in his own town!

CALVIN S. BLACKWELL

(Selected.)

MAY DAY.

This morn the young May-queen was crowned
With coronal of flowers,
And merry children gathered round
To laugh with all the hours.
The fair-faced queen, with stately mien,
Went forth incarnate May,
And little care or thought was there
Of how time sped away.

But now when sober eve has come
With train of lagging hours,
The weary children turn them home,
Nor bring their faded flowers.
Thus in life's morn fond hopes are born
Which fade ere eve has come ;
And life's long day, though fair as May,
Brings many a sigh for home.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE MORNING COMETH.

Winter closed in earlier than usual on Rising Branch; but, throughout its short, dark days, even in the stormiest weather, the work on the new railroad went steadily on. When the cold became severe for a few weeks, the work on the grade was set aside, only that all hands might find employment in getting out ties, several farmers having taken large contracts to furnish the same to the railroad company. Much labor was expended in hauling stone to build culverts, and in this Jake Conway was engaged.

The village store not only doubled its sales, but became nightly the headquarters for a motley assemblage of laborers. There were a dozen or more jolly Irishmen, as many sinister-looking Italians, together with a few men and boys from the neighboring farms. These crowded around the stove in the back of the store-room, sat on the counter, blew clouds of smoke from clay pipes, and rendered the place almost a Bedlam with their songs. Of course, all this was unpleasant to Mr. Dill, the storekeeper; but then, there was money in it. As long as there was such an unusual sale for

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pipes and tobacco, he would not complain. Many of the customers of the store, however, sought it in day-time only. Especially was this true of the female portion. A number of rough board shanties had been built along the line of road, and in these some of the laborers lived, with their families. But the greater number, including all the Italians, occupied a large frame boarding-house, which had been temporarily erected by Mr. Sarcott, near the edge of the village. At the head of this establishment, he had succeeded in putting Jeff Stormer and his wife Mollie, who had left their little farm near Craggy Hill, allured by the glowing representations of the great magnate.

"Tut, tut, Brother Stormer! what does all this mean?" had been Uncle Joe's exclamation early in the winter, when, riding by the little home, he saw unmistakable signs of a removal.

"I know it is rather sudden, Brother Sales," replied Jeff; "but the truth of the matter is that Mollie and me has had a little streak of luck. Jim Sarcott has give us the chance to board some of his hands this winter, and on such terms as is goin' to make us a little money. I tell you, Brother Sales, now is our chance. There's nothin' in farmin', and our little place is not paid off yet. Mollie and me is in good health, and can get more in one year at the village than we can here in three."

Uncle Joe rode on, but he shook his head, and talked in a low tone to himself.

The holiday season had arrived; the jingle of sleigh-bells made the air merry, and Mr. Dill had decked out the village store in a manner unknown before to the oldest inhabitant.

"Well, old fellow, what do you think of it by this time?" was Mr. Sarcott's inquiry, as he entered the store, on the day before Christmas.

"Never saw the beat of it before, sir," replied Mr. Dill, glancing complacently around at his large stock of holiday goods. "The trade never was a fourth as great as it is now."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Sarcott; "there was never anything here to call out trade; but I tell you, Dill, where there's labor plenty, there's money plenty. And now, by the way, Dill, my man, we'll have all this here—yes, sir, right here—another winter. We can have it all, just as well as Carterville or Hanaford can."

As Mr. Sarcott made this remark, he made a sweeping movement with his hand, indicating the handbills that filled the store, advertising holiday pleasures in the two towns.

There was a flaming announcement of a "Grand Holiday Ball," to be given under the auspices of the K. L. D. of Hanaford; an "Exciting Bicycle Race" at Simpson's Hall, in Carterville; "A Magnificent Carnival and New Year's Masquerade," for the benefit of the "Sons of Liberty," etc.

"None of these organizations here, Sarcott," said Mr. Dill.

"Never mind, Dill; we'll have them here, or branches of them, never fear. And another thing; you know the boys are all off to-day?" Mr. Dill nodded. "All off, of course, and will be for a week. Most of them have gone over to Hanaford, or down to Carterville. No need of it, Dill—none whatever. This money could all be kept at home."

Mr. Dill said nothing, but looked mystified.

"You understand?" said Mr. Sarcott, knowingly. He made a motion with his hand toward his lips.

"Oh, ah, yes, I see," said Mr. Dill; "exactly so."

"There's an excellent place, right there," said Mr. Sarcott, pointing to a door that opened into a side room.

Mr. Dill nodded again, this time with a look of great satisfaction upon his face.

"Do n't let another month go by, Dill, but lay in a stock. The boys come here through the week, I know; but Saturday nights, Dill, Saturday nights—pay-day nights, you understand—*you lose them*. These Irish will have it; and, as far as I can see, they work just as well, if not better. We might as well profit by it as any one."

Mr. Dill rubbed his hands and nodded again. At the same time, he handed Mr. Sarcott a box of cigars. The latter took one, and, lighting it, continued the conversation:

"Well, Dill, the new mill is a fixed fact. I let the contract yesterday. Work will begin upon it as soon as spring opens. Lots are going off fast, too. A number of people from the country are sure to build in the spring. They are considerably stirred up down about Craggy Hill. I am afraid"—and here Mr. Sarcott indulged in a hearty laugh—"that there wont be a corporal's guard left down there to listen to old Daddy Gaines preach. My gracious! how the prospect of a few shiners stirs up the saints!"

Mr. Dill nodded and laughed.

"By the way," continued Mr. Sarcott, "I sold that corner lot to Jack Dover, of Hanaford, the other day. I guess I know what he wants with it, too. Do n't let

him get ahead of you, Dill. There 'll be business enough for two of you, no doubt; but the one that gets the first hold has the best show, you see."

Mr. Dill replied with his usual nod, while Mr. Sarcott threw the stub of his cigar into the stove, and turned to go out.

"Come here, Dill, come here," he called, just as he reached the door. Mr. Dill responded at once. "Look at that! There is business for you. What did I tell you?"

Two teams hauling immense saw-logs were passing by.

"What! is that Colby Haines?" asked Mr. Dill.

"That is just who it is," answered Mr. Sarcott. "Colby has rented his farm, and is going to build here. He is getting out timber for his new house already, and I sold him a lot only last week."

Mr. Dill looked very much surprised, yet perfectly gratified.

"He is going to build a nice one, too, I can tell you," added Mr. Sarcott.

"Craggy Hill Church will miss him," said Mr. Dill, slowly; "he is a strong member."

"Oh, well," replied Mr. Sarcott, carelessly, "the saints can stand it to take a little extra trouble in getting to church, if they are making money, you know. The fact is, Dill, I have been down to Craggy Hill lately. I have been holding a little revival down there. In other words, I have been showing the folks how necessary it is to make good provision for the body, and where to make it, too. Old Joe Sales wants to follow them up, and keep the church under their noses. We 'll trip him up on that, though."

Mr. Dill nodded. Mr. Sarcott said no more, but walked toward his home.

The storekeeper returned inside, and immediately entered the little room indicated by Mr. Sarcott. It began at about the middle of the storeroom, and ran parallel with it to the end of the building. It had been used as a weighing and ware-room, and was partially filled with barrels and boxes.

"Do n't know why I did n't think of it myself," was the soliloquy of Mr. Dill. "It can be done like a top. Good place for the stove right here. Counter right across the end. 'T will keep the boys out of the main room a good deal, too." He rubbed his hands and nodded vigorously, as if assenting to some proposition that he had made to himself.

The holidays came and went. Though Mr. Dill did a good business, nevertheless the pleasure-seekers of Rising Branch found their chief attractions in the two large towns.

Thus matters stood in the village, when, about two weeks after these events, at the close of a pleasant winter day, Eurilda Conway, who had been out making some calls, returned to the cottage. She found her mother preparing tea. Jake had not come from his work. It was a little past his usual time, and Mrs. Conway inquired of Eurilda if she had seen him.

"No, mamma," replied the girl; "I have not been farther than the store. I saw some of the hands around the boarding-house, though, and I thought they had just come from work. They quit now at half-past four."

Eurilda did not notice the troubled expression that crossed her mother's face; for her eye had caught sight

of Jake through the window. "There he is now," she exclaimed, straining her eyes to see through the dusk. She hastened to assist her mother with the tea.

After some delay, Jake came in.

"Are you not later than usual, my son?" asked the widow.

"Later!" answered Jake, "how much later? I am sure it is not much later than it was last evening. Do you expect a fellow to get home every time just as the clock strikes, mother?"

There was something so unusual in Jake's manner that Eurilda exclaimed:

"Why, Jake, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" replied Jake, "why, what's the matter with you and mother? I am all right. Here it is just a little later than my usual time, and you both pounce upon me as though I had been into some mischief. I can't always get home at the same minute."

Tears mounted to Eurilda's eyes. Jake had never been so abrupt before. Mrs. Conway said nothing, but the troubled look on her face grew deeper. Jake saw it, and, as if ashamed of his ill-humor, sought to excuse it. "O never mind, 'Rilda. I declare I did not mean to be so short. I felt a little tired, too, mother, that's all. Those Italian fellows are enough to vex the life out of me. They pile upon the sled every night and want me to haul them up to the boarding house. It is too much for the old horse after a hard day's work."

Eurilda's cheerfulness immediately asserted itself. Naturally sympathetic, and always trusting her brother implicitly, she did not notice the equivocation that the more experienced mother did. A consciousness of his mother's distrust made Jake hang his head. For once

the manly look with which he had been accustomed to face her was missing.

But no word of reproof passed the widow's lips. She was silent, and her silence oppressed Jake like a sultry day.

The family sat down to tea. Eurilda attributed her mother's silence to weariness. Mrs. Conway herself was troubled. She had compromised with sin in letting Jake go upon the railroad. The excuse she had made, and with which she had satisfied her conscience, seemed somehow to-night to be very trifling. The family were poor, it was true, but how little had she manifested her Christian faith! Trembling at the shadow of adversity, she had exposed Jake to temptation and probably turned away his eyes from the waiting harvest fields of the Master. For a moment the resolution entered her heart to forbid him to return to his work. But then came the thought, what could he do? It was midwinter, and teaming for the road was the only industry that offered any remuneration. Fear triumphed over faith, and the widow remained silent.

"Oh, what a Quaker meeting!" exclaimed Eurilda, when the silence was no longer endurable. "This does not seem like tea-time at all. You must not let the Italians vex you, Jake, for when you do not feel well it makes mother so blue."

Mrs. Conway now spoke: "I ought not to feel so, children, I know; but you, Jake, can see how important you are to the well being of our household. You are the head of the family, and it's no wonder I should feel a little bad when anything is wrong in a direction so vital." There was something forced in the widow's remark, as if she spoke more to restore cheerfulness

than from a conviction that her sadness was without cause. Jake perceived this, but Eurilda did not.

"O Jake!" exclaimed she, anxious, perhaps, to turn the thoughts of the family into more pleasant channels, "I was in Mr. Dill's store this afternoon, and do you know that he is fixing up that little side room? He is painting it and putting in a counter at the back part. He is arranging new shelves back of the counter, and has made a doorway to the cellar. What is he going to keep in there?"

An expression as if a vague fear had been suddenly realized crossed Mrs. Conway's face.

Jake looked up surprised, and for a moment he blushed. "Oh," said he—and if Eurilda did not, Mrs. Conway certainly did detect an effort at evasion in the remark—"I guess Mr. Dill has to have more room, his business is increasing so. Rising Branch is growing, you know. The morning cometh, mother."

"Yes, Jacob," said the widow, in a tone so solemn that Eurilda was startled, "and, I fear, also the night."

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS OPPONENTS IN JAPAN.

For some time past there has been strong opposition to Christianity on the part of certain people calling themselves the "Yaso Taiji," or "Jesus Opposers." They have been giving lectures all over the country, and have drawn together large crowds of people to hear what they have to say. Some of the speakers have been renegade Greeks and Catholics, and said, "We have tried this religion and have found it a deception and fraud. It is a subtle and wicked scheme to get possession of the country. As Christ taught His followers to love one another, so if any Christian nation makes war upon Japan the Japanese Christians would not fight but yield at once to their enemies. Then, too, Jesus said upon the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Now this is a proof that He was a bad man, and not a God, as the missionaries teach."

Of course such persons have never known the power of the Holy Spirit in their hearts, and were probably influenced to become Christians by the hope of gain. The result has been a desire on the part of a great many to know more about this religion, and it has led to just the spirit of inquiry that eventually leads to conversion.

As examples of this, it is stated that a priest living near Kishiwada not only preached against Christianity,

but also wrote a tract on the same subject and circulated it among the people. As he made some statements that were found to be untrue, those who read the tract turned against the priest and in favor of Christianity.

At a recent lecture in Tokio against Christianity a colporteur sold many copies of the Scriptures and sixty copies of a small work entitled "Buddhism Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting."

Two priests recently came to Kochi in the province of Tosa and began to preach the doctrine of their sect. One of them was educated in the Greek Church and had only been in the priesthood about three years. At first the people did not care to hear them, as but few in that section are believers in Buddhism. But when one of them spoke very eloquently against Christianity, a considerable excitement was created, and all who hated the gospel flocked to hear him.

The priests were very much elated, and thinking to make their victory complete, went to one of the theaters and held forth in a similar strain. More than two thousand persons were said to have been present at these lectures. But they knew very little about the Bible and the Christian religion, and their statements were often untrue and showed great bitterness and want of candor. The ignorant class were much pleased, and made their boasts that Buddhism had conquered. But the educated and thoughtful portion of the community looked with derision upon the priests because they had shown such ignorance and unfairness in their statements. Many of them went to the Christian services and began to inquire about the truths of the gospel.

About a week later the Christians had a series of

lectures in the same theater. About two thousand persons were present, and all expected to hear some reply to the priests and a tirade against Buddhism. About twenty priests were scattered in the audience in disguise and tried to break up the meeting by loud noise and cries of "No, No." But they failed in their efforts, and the second night all was quiet and the people listened very attentively. No effort was made to reply to the Buddhists, and there was only a simple presentation of Christian doctrine in one place and another.

The priests seemed to think they could not be answered, and so followed at the same place with more lectures. But the pupils in the schools began to ask them questions, and the first was: "Why does Buddhism teach people to worship idols?"

One priest replied that it was useless for educated people to do so, and such teachings were for the ignorant and foolish class. Then said the young men, "It is not right to thus impose on the ignorance of your followers and teach them what you know is not good and true."

Another priest said his companion was mistaken, and it was right for all to worship idols.

Then they were asked about the character of the priests, and they admitted they were corrupt, but said an attempt was now being made to effect a reformation. It was claimed that the doctrines of Buddhism were good, but the priests were bad. If they were only reformed it would be the best religion in the world.

After this the priests were unwilling to hear or answer any more questions.

Then two prominent men in the town, who were not

Christians, but who were quite indignant at what the priests had said, rented the theater, and delivered two addresses, to show from a political stand-point that Buddhism was an injury to the country and opposed to civilization and progress. These men had belonged to the Liberal party and had a large and attentive hearing.

Then the priests came again to the theater and advertised their lectures. By way of reply one of them said, "The Liberal party is the instrument of Christianity." At these words there was a great cry of "No, No," and the speaker was unable to proceed. The next one had to stop also, and thus the meeting ended. After this they did not dare to speak except in their own temple, and but few cared for them any longer. Their influence was entirely gone with the mass of the people, and they left the town in disgrace.

But the attendance at the Christian services increased, and the result has been very helpful to the work.

A Christian physician recently went to Yokosuka, and when his belief was made known his companions said he must renounce his religion or become an out-cast from their society. He was much troubled at this, and shut himself up for two days in order that he might give himself to the study of the Bible and prayer.

Then he said to his friends, "Let come what will, I shall not deny my Master;" and he went about his duties with a firm trust in God.

He has continued to live as a Christian; and to his great joy his companions do not oppose as he expected, but some of them are now attending religious services and are apparently sincere inquirers. The effect of his

exemplary character and joyful life has been to lead those who once opposed to realize their error and seek for the same precious hope and experience.

It is announced that the government has forbidden the further use of the word "Taiji," which means to expel the Christians, and lectures by persons of the Yaso Taiji will no longer be permitted. Even before the promulgation of this decree the officials in some places had forbidden further meetings of the kind on account of the excitement and angry discussions which so frequently followed. Thus the government has put itself on record as being ready to tolerate all religions, and especially Christianity.

H. LOOMIS, Agent A. B. S.

YOKOHAMA, Dec. 5, 1885.

P. S.—It has been published in various religious and other papers, that of the Christians in Japan only one-fourth were females. I have compared the most recent statistics in which the sexes are divided and the figures are as follows: Males, 3,156; Females, 2,335, or more than two-fifths are females. It is also observed that as the membership increases the proportion becomes more and more equal, and in this respect is not unlike that of other lands.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

JONAH AND THE NINEVITES.

How long Jonah continued to preach to the Ninevites, we do not know. We are told of but one day's preaching. Whether he went the "three days' journey" necessary to compass the entire city, preaching as he went; or, produced such a universal impression the first day that no farther preaching was necessary; no one can now tell. But, the more we study his character, the more unlovely does it appear. He was not only a preacher of wrath, for which he had no responsibility, since his message was given to him from the Lord; but he was a wrathful preacher—and here he *had* responsibility, for he was under no instructions to deliver his message in a hateful spirit. It seems to us impossible to imagine a spirit more utterly divorced from the duty laid upon it.

1. He hates to go on this mission. He determines not to go. He seeks to run away from duty and from God.

2. He goes, at last, only because he is compelled to go. There is no escape from it. Like a galley-slave scourged to his task, his unwilling feet go on this hateful mission.

3. He merely obeys the letter of his instructions, without an effort to enter into the spirit of his mission. He was well aware that Jehovah's purpose was to bring the Ninevites to repentance and save them from the

impending doom (chap. iv. 2) ; and had he sympathized with this gracious purpose, there would have been tenderness in his heart and an exquisite pathos in his pleadings. But, without one spark of sympathy for this guilty population, over which was brooding a dire vengeance, he thundered the message of doom in their ears in a spirit of wrath that added to its terrors. He was indeed a *foreign* missionary—a missionary foreign in every thought, in every heart-beat, in every prejudice and passion of his nature, in every tone of his voice, in every look of his eye, to the interests and sympathies of the people to whom he was sent.

4. One would have thought that when he witnessed the quick and hearty response of the whole city to his preaching—when he saw the entire population, from the king to the beggar, turning from their sins, and humbling themselves in the dust, and heard their piteous cries for mercy—his stubborn heart would melt, and he would join his prayers to theirs that the threatened wrath might be averted. It seems impossible that any human heart could remain unmoved by this startling spectacle of a great city of half a million of souls sitting in ashes, covered with sackcloth, and, in penitence and shame, crying out of the dust for the mercy of God. But we are not authorized to believe, from any hint given to us in the Scriptures, that so much as one kind look or word went forth from this preacher to any one of this city full of broken hearts. On the contrary, as soon as he had fulfilled the letter of his commission, he “went out of the city”—separated himself from all these penitent throngs, as if dreading the least contact with them—“and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in

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the shadow, till"—till what? till he might learn whether this universal humiliation and repentance was a mere gust of emotion to last only for a day? till he could ascertain whether, in the event of the repentance proving sincere and permanent, there was farther work for him to do in instructing and encouraging these benighted heathen souls, and in transforming this capital of earth's greatest empire into a City of God, a habitation of Jehovah's praise? O, no: "till he might see what would become of the city!" Waiting for the forty days to expire, that he might see thunderbolts red with uncommon wrath descend on palace and temple, with crashing vengeance, and feel the earth rock with earthquake violence under the city's walls and towers, and look upon the smoke and blaze of a mighty conflagration, and listen to the shrieks of half a million of fellow-beings perishing in the flames! And then, after "treading the ashes of the wicked under the soles of his feet," and walking with exultant step over the charred ruins of earth's mightiest city, he could return cheerily to his own beloved land and tell God's elect people—faithless and corrupt as they were—how Jehovah had spread death and ruin among the uncircumcised! Was ever piety perverted and disgraced by a more heartless bigotry than this?

We are drawing no fancy picture. Although the story is told in few words, there is no need to mistake its meaning. Jonah found shelter from the oppressive heat in the shade of a rapidly growing tree—perhaps the *Palma Christi*, or Castor-oil plant—which growing and unfolding its broad leaves rapidly during the forty days of his waiting, became to him a grateful retreat, to which, in the absence of all human associations and

sympathies, he became greatly attached. With a prophet's limited wants and self-denying habits, it was to him equal to a royal palace—nay, far superior: for, while the forked lightnings should descend on the battlements of the royal mansions, and the thunders should crash over the whole doomed city, not even a rough wind should visit the leafy bower where dwelt the prophet of Jehovah! So here he dwelt for one full moon and more, nursing his wrath and counting the days until the day of Nineveh's doom should come. The forty days came and went. We can well imagine that no eye was closed in Nineveh on the night of that fortieth day. With sleepless anxiety they waited to learn whether their repentance had availed to turn aside the threatened destruction. Nor is it likely that Jonah closed his eyes. Doubtless he watched the heavens for some token of the approaching tempest of wrath. He waited with unsleeping vigilance to know if Jehovah would set the seal of truth to his ministry by fulfilling the threat which, by divine authority, he had published. What were the lives of five hundred thousand heathen dogs, and all the glory of Nineveh, compared with the honor of a circumcised prophet of Jehovah? But the fortieth night and the forty-first day came and went, and the heavens were calm and bright, and the earth was beautiful and fragrant. The birds sang, and the waters babbled gaily along, and the soft breezes came laden with the breath of flowers, and the sun shone on Nineveh in all its brightness, and the sackcloth was laid aside, and over the walls of the great city came hymns of thanksgiving and anthems of praise that drowned the wails of anguish which for forty days had filled the air—for God had repented of the evil that he had pro-

nounced against the wicked, but now repentant, city. Everybody was happy but Jonah! He was "very angry"—angry because Jehovah had been merciful to repenting sinners! He broke out in a strain of mortified pride and disappointed hate—in what the writer of this book calls a prayer. Such a prayer!—a piety of gall and wormwood, of mean selfishness and unmerciful hate. Well it is for us that God is so much better than our prayers! "I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. Therefore, now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live." Is this *praying*? Or is it not rather mere *fuming*? It is a petulant and insulting arraignment alike of the justice and mercy of God—and all because this selfish, ill-natured bigot felt that his reputation was at stake! He had no objections to proclaiming wrath, if only the wrath would come and sustain his reputation as a prophet. But to utter words of warning that might lead Gentiles to repentance, so that mercy might rejoice against judgment—never! Better that all Nineveh should perish, than that Jonah's wrathful prophecy should be unfulfilled! Better, far, to die than to have any one saved contrary to his narrow creed. "Take, I beseech thee, my life from me, for it is better to die than to live." There are, alas! many Jonahs, even yet.

"Dost thou well to be angry?" is the gentle inquiry of the patient Jehovah; and then, for a time, he left the wrathful prophet to his own reflections. But the next morning Jonah awoke to find that his beauti-

ful, shady bower was all withered; and when an oppressive east wind came, and the intolerable heat of the sun beat upon his unsheltered head, he again cried out for death. "Doest thou well to be angry for the *kikayon*?"—the gourd, or the Palma Christi bower. "Yes," said the wretched man, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." The way is now open to expose and rebuke his mean selfishness and bigotry. "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither made it grow; which came up in a night and perished in a night; * and should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?" Whether Jonah answered, and if so, what his answer was, we are not informed. The narrative breaks off abruptly here. Let us hope that he went home, if a sadder, yet a wiser, man.

Let us suggest some of the lessons taught in this singular narrative, by which we may profit:

1. Jonah is a typical Jew. His narrowness and bigotry were those of the Jews at large. The conceit that they alone were the favorites of heaven, has been the conceit and the curse of sectarian bigots in every age. There is, in the Old Testament, a gradual unfolding of God's gracious purposes in behalf of the Gentiles. "The inspiration of the Gentile world," says Dean Stanley, "is acknowledged in the prophecy of Balaam, its nobleness in the Book of Job, its greatness in the reign of Solomon. But its distinct claims

* There is no need to press these words to an exact literalness; it was probably a proverbial expression to express speedy growth and speedy decay—just as we speak of short-lived pleasures as "the pleasures of an hour."

on the justice and mercy of God are first recognized in the Book of Jonah." We may add that it was a hundred years after Jonah's time before Isaiah and Micah received their glorious visions of "all nations" flowing unto the mountain of the Lord. Looking back now, from the summit of God's mountain, we can see how the way was prepared, through the ages, for the salvation of all peoples, and that the Jewish nation was simply God's agent to bring about this glorious consummation. Yet there are many, even now, who think that for four thousand years all outside of the Old Testament covenants perished; and many reject the Old Testament because they regard it as teaching that for ages God doomed all the human race to destruction, except a handful of His covenant people on a little patch of land in Palestine! To all such, this Book of Jonah ought to be a great revelation. It is a book of sublime import, as intimating the scope of God's mercy.

2. Closely akin to this is the lesson, that so eternal and unalterable is the purpose of God to forgive the penitent ("His mercy endureth for ever"), that even when unexpressed, it is always implied. It was unexpressed in Jonah's preaching; the proclamation of destruction was apparently unconditional; yet no sooner did the Ninevites repent than the doom was withdrawn. See Jer. xviii. 1-10. The only sin that hath never forgiveness is the sin unrepented of.

3. "Take we heed that we place not our felicity in the enjoyment, or please ourselves too much in the confidence, or allow ourselves overmuch freedom in the use, of any creature; but as Jonah was overjoyed when the gourd sprang up, and overvexed when it withered,

so the loss of what we overvalued when we had it, overwhelms us with grief and impatience when we must part from it."—*Bishop Sanderson*.

4. Let us beware how we exalt our thoughts and ways against the thoughts and ways of God. "Are we not disposed to murmur at God's dispensations, and in a hasty spirit wish ourselves out of the world? Is there no gourd, no earthly comfort, on which we have foolishly placed our affections, and for the loss of which we are inconsolable? Are we not ready to say, 'What good shall my life do me, since the desire of my eyes is removed?' We ask again, 'Dost thou well to be angry?' O vindicate not such pride and petulance, but confess your guilt and implore forgiveness."—*Thos. Robinson*.

5. Let us cherish a *philanthropic* spirit. Love of family, of friends, of country, of race, of those of kindred faith: all these may be virtuous. But if we stop at any of these, and fail to reach the love of man *as man*, we dwarf our nature, and fail to conform to the image of God. A man may be honest and pious, and yet, from the narrow range of his sympathies and fellowships, have an unlovely character. Jonah was honest and pious, but his character is exceedingly deformed by his narrowness of sympathy, his fierce bigotry, his intense hate of all outside the little circle of Judaism. A thoroughly genuine Christianity will never be seen until an uncompromising devotion to truth and a universal philanthropy shall be superior to creed, sect, or nationality.

6. Not the least important lesson to be learned is, our obligation, in view of our superior advantages, to give heed to the word of God. "The men of Nineveh,"

said Jesus, "shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here." Think of these Ninevites: raised in heathenish darkness; hearing a preacher who hated them, who preached but one sermon, and that sermon full of wrath; who saw no miracle, heard no argument or exhortation, received no encouragement, had no promise of pardon—yet they repented and turned to God. Yet how many—perhaps even among those who read these pages—in a land full of Bibles, with all religious surroundings in their favor, with voices of pleading from home and Sunday-school and church, and from the graves of beloved ones, sounding in their ears, beseeching them to be reconciled to God; who have heard hundreds of earnest sermons, and listened to numberless private entreaties, and whose hearts and consciences have been touched many times by the lessons of Providence and the invitations of God's grace—still fail to repent and turn to God! Yes, the men of Nineveh will condemn you; and, what is worse than this, you will stand self-condemned before the judgment-seat, if you do not repent.

After all, this little Book of Jonah is a wonderful book.

A RIDE FROM BETHANY, W. VA., TO DUTCH FORK, PA.

We but half realize the beauty of our every day surroundings. The bright and inspiring scenes all about us we are too busy to admire.

"Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstocked mankind enjoy but half her stores."

Ofttimes she spreads in vain her glory-covered table, and on listless ears pours forth her sweet and sublime melodies. To the careless and unresponsive observer her precious secrets lie close-hidden, and the revelation of her treasury comes only to her ardent lovers. The majestic music of the spheres is discord to ears unattuned; and the "still small voice" of nature's wonder-working laws is, to many, like the sport of chance. She demands our minds, our whole hearts, ere to us she reveals and grants her own.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language."

From kindly intercourse like this he comes away "rich with the spoils of nature." His own soul is quieter and sweeter from her benign influence. Our every changing mood finds quick response in her, and glad or sad she plays the part of friend. In our weary and troubled hours "Nature can sooth if she can not satisfy," and, neighbor like, into our wounds pour oil and wine. Or, if in gay and sprightly mood we ap-

proach her, then, "all nature wears one universal grin," and laughs as loud as we. To her lovers she is wondrous kind, filling their souls with food and gladness. Now she surprises and charms them by her gentle, winsome ways; now bids them stand in silent awe before her tremendous power. And in this blending of the mild and violent consists her greatest charm. We love her varied, shifting scenes, her nobly mixed extremes.

"Wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her sphere, as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud noon,
With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull."

It was the Lord's day. Bright and calm it was as angel's dream. The air, mild and balmy for the 14th of February, was strangely still. The sun shone meekly from out the perfect blue, with scarcely a cloud in sight. The birds sang lustily from branch of tree or top of fence, as if they thought glad spring had come. It was early day, and nature seemed just risen from her morning prayer, with the holy spell still o'er her. It was a delightful morn, and all things within, around, above, seemed moving for man's joy. My own heart was buoyant, and beat in unison with the scene about me. Some eight miles from hill-girt Bethany I had to ride that day. The sun had lately left his gold-embroidered chamber and was now baptizing the earth in a flood of glory. Astride a pony, which once, perchance, roamed wild the Texan plains, I left Bethany, "blest with each grace of nature," but strangely forsaken by assisting art, behind me. Everything had for me a new interest that morning. The old iron bridge spanning the Buffalo just at the village limits, revealed

its substantial nature as never before. Just beyond, the long rows of ancient locusts, now almost dead, looked like grim sentinels beside the dead Past's grave. As I rode beneath their bare branches I reproved myself for following the example of others, riding on what once was a nicely kept sidewalk leading from "the dear old consecrated Bethany Mansion" to the town. And so I left this better, dryer way, before I came in sight of the sacred study, which, like earth and heaven, is built on the plan of a circle. I saw the single window in the top, through which then, "*lux descendit e celo*" upon the mighty man, and thence on all the world. But the old study now looks sadly neglected, all within desolate and lifeless, like a body from which the animating soul has flown. A few rods below, among the evergreens, stands the historic mansion, now fittingly painted in purest white, as if in imitation of him who long since left it for a mansion in his Father's house. The foot-path leading from the house to the study pleasantly recalls the times when Mother Campbell, late at night, would go to call the busy man from work to needful rest. We see him go with her, with one arm about his wife, the other holding aloft a torch of blazing paper, back to the house. These are precious memories, and I trust they may never lose their charm for any Bethany boy. The neat and solid iron bridge which now we cross is doubly beautiful because a large plate on either end tells us it is, like most good men and things, from the great Buckeye State. Scarcely has the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the bridge died away, when the softly warbled note of a roadside songster meets my ear. Turning my eyes that way, the glorious view of "the precious

hill" from this point breaks full upon my admiring sight. The gently sloping hill, dotted with grave-stones, is indeed delightful for situation. We do not wonder in the least that Mr. Owen said he "had not seen a more beautiful place in his travels in this country or Scotland." We rejoice, too, that to Bethany College belongs this "precious hill" where sleeps the dust of her immortal founder. May the turf lie gently above his sacred grave.

But our nimble-footed pony bears us away from this hallowed spot, unmindful of its fascination. Not very fast, however, for the recent thaw and rains have made the roads almost bottomless. The streamlets, too, are greatly swollen, and water pours down the hillsides everywhere. This has made numerous "landslides," some of them precipitating large masses of rock and earth plump into the road—one of nature's ugly tricks. But you can not think of this, for the bold and massive grandeur of much of the roadside scenery claims your attention. In places it is truly grand. Here a stream, swollen by recent thaws and rains, pours noisily down the almost perpendicular hillside; its channel, so narrow that the sun could see its bottom only at high noon, is bounded by rugged, jutting hills, rising hundreds of feet straight almost toward heaven. A little beyond, lies a small island, where several cows lazily chew their cuds, little caring for the swift waters of the Buffalo rushing madly by on either side. The angry streams throw up large blocks of loosened ice on the islet, which lie glistening in the sun like so many pieces of glass. Now the road, leaving a little the Buffalo's banks, passes through a fertile valley, stretching away on either hand to hills, almost mountains, too steep for

cultivation, but thickly covered with evergreen and low-growing timber. Here the happy birds sing with all their might, as if in rivalry, wisely thoughtless of the snow that may come on the morrow. Soon we come to a ridge, from which the landscape, extending, unbroken except by forests now and then, for many miles, shows a country rich for tillage and fitted for pasturage. On sloping hillside and rounded summit, dotted by neat, substantial farm-houses, you might see the sheep and cattle feeding on a thousand hills. Passing on, we cross several times the "winding Buffalo" on strong, old-fashioned bridges, containing enough timber to make a barn to-day (relics of a by-gone age, which made up in rude common-sense what it lacked in art and science). As we cross these massive structures, we can but wish they had been less prodigal in bridging the few places, that they might have kindly bridged the many left to wade. But one hardly thinks of the little discomfort attending these wet crossings, as he rides on past last year's corn-fields, which now bear evidence of last year's bounteous crop only by the great fodder shocks which thickly dot their surface, and note the touching wistfulness of the sheep browsing on the hillside opposite. Now he passes broad fields of growing wheat, its green, healthy appearance telling us that it has been warmly cared for by its thick snowy blanket. But the crooked drill-marks proclaim too plainly of shiftless, careless driver, and of consequent loss to next summer's harvest by his crookedness. We have not finished moralizing thus, when we plunge into the muddy, angry current of the "Big Buffalo," one hundred and fifty feet in width. Emerging safely, we cross again, but this time on a good covered bridge,

beyond which the road leaves the creek directly behind, and leads close beside the little church, delightfully situated in a clump of pines, and guarded on two sides by rugged, timber-covered hills. A neat and tasteful paling fence surrounds the church, and within are rough seats, carved by thoughtless boys into all kinds of fantastic figures. The aisle, broad and uncarpeted, extends from the single door straight down the center of the building to a rickety old pulpit, crowned with a leaf-loose, well-worn Bible. The Lord's table, covered with snowy linen, bearing the precious emblems of Christ's redeeming work, stands beautiful amidst it all. The moment you enter the pulpit a mystic spell comes over you, and you can only think of this old church, made forever sacred to every one of us by its being so near the birth scenes of the mighty Reformation which is fast permeating the religious thought of the age. We recall with awe and reverence the fact that the great and sainted Campbells—father and son—have stood in the self-same pulpit, and once held membership in this church. Standing in the midst of thoughts like these, one feels like taking the shoes from off his feet, in honor of the holy ground on which he stands. It is worth much to have breathed the air of Bethany, and to have mingled a little in scenes which must ever be dear from association with the Luther of the nineteenth century.

S. T. MARTIN.

(Nineteenth Century.)

THE PROEM TO GENESIS.

I distinguish, then, in the broadest manner, between Professor Huxley's exposition of certain facts of science, and his treatment of the Book of Genesis. I accept the first, with the reverence due to a great teacher from the meanest of his hearers, as a needed correction to myself, and a valuable instruction for the world. But, subject to that correction, I adhere to my proposition respecting the fourfold succession in the Proem ; which further I extend to a fivefold succession respecting life, and to the great stages of the cosmogony to boot. The five origins, or first appearances of plants, fishes, birds, mammals and man, are given to us in Genesis in the order of succession in which they are also given by the latest geological authorities.

It is, therefore, by attaching to words a sense they were never meant to bear, and by this only, that Mr. Huxley establishes the parallel (so to speak), from which he works his heavy artillery. Land-population is a phrase meant by me to describe the idea of the Mosaic writer, which I conceive to be that of the animals familiarly known to early man. But, by treating this as a scientific phrase, it is made to include extinct reptiles, which I understand Mr. Huxley to treat as being land animals ; as, by taking birds of a very high formation, it may be held that mammal forms existed before such birds were produced. These are

artificial contradictions, set up by altering in its essence one of the two things which it is sought to compare.

If I am asked whether I contend for the absolute accordance of the Mosaic writer, as interpreted by me, with the facts and presumptions of science, as I have endeavored to extract them from the best authorities, I answer that I have not endeavored to show either that any accordance has been demonstrated, or that more than a substantial accordance—an accordance in principal relevant particulars—is to be accepted as shown by probable evidence.

In the cosmogony of the Proem, which stands on a distinct footing as lying wholly beyond the experience of primitive man, I am not aware that any serious flaw is alleged; but the nebular hypothesis with which it is compared appears to be, perhaps from the necessity of the case, no more than a theory; a theory, however, long discussed, much favored, and widely accepted in the scientific world.

In the geological part, we are liable to those modifications or displacements of testimony which the future progress of the science may produce. In this view its testimony does not in strictness pass, I suppose, out of the category of probable into that of demonstrative evidence. Yet it can hardly be supposed that careful researches, and reasonings strictly adjusted to method, both continued through some generations, have not in a large measure produced what has the character of real knowledge. With that real knowledge the reader will now have seen how far I claim for the Proem to Genesis, fairly tried, to be in real and most striking accordance.

And this brings me to the point at which I have to

observe that Mr. Huxley, I think, has not mastered, and probably has not tried to master, the idea of his opponent as to what it is that is essentially embraced in the idea of a Divine revelation to man.

So far as I am aware, there is no definition, properly so called, of revelation either contained in Scripture or established by the general and permanent consent of Christians. In a word polemically used, of indeterminate or variable sense, Professor Huxley has no title to impute to his opponent, without inquiry, anything more than it must of necessity convey.

But he seems to assume that revelation is to be conceived of as if it were a lawyer's parchment, or a sum in arithmetic, wherein a flaw discovered at a particular point is *ipso facto* fatal to the whole. Very little reflection would show Professor Huxley that there may be those who find evidences of the communication of Divine knowledge in the Proem to Genesis as they read it in their Bibles, without approaching to any such conception. There is the uncertainty of translation; translators are not inspired. There is the difficulty of transcription; transcribers are not inspired, and an element of error is inseparable from the work of a series of copyists. How this works in the long courses of time we see in the varying texts of the Old Testament, with rival claims not easy to adjust. Thus the authors of the recent Revision have had to choose in the Massoretic text itself between different readings, and "in exceptional cases" have given a preference to the Ancient Versions. Thus, upon practical grounds quite apart from the higher questions concerning the original composition, we seem at once to find a human element in the sacred text. That there is a further and larger

question, not shut out from the view even of the most convinced and sincere believers, Mr. Huxley may perceive by reading, for example, Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit." The question whether this Proem bears witness to a Divine communication, to a working beyond that of merely human faculties in the composition of the Scriptures, is essentially one for the disciples of Bishop Butler; a question, not of demonstrative, but of probable evidence. I am not prepared to abandon, but rather to defend, the following proposition. It is perfectly conceivable that a document penned by the human hand, and transmitted by human means, may contain matter questionable, uncertain, or even mistaken, and yet may by its contents as a whole present such *πίστεις*, such moral proofs of truth Divinely imparted, as ought irrefragably *pro tanto* to command assent and govern practice. A man may possibly admit something not reconciled, and yet may be what Mr. Huxley denounces as a Reconciler.

I do not suppose it would be feasible, even for Professor Huxley, taking the nebular hypothesis and geological discovery for his guides, to give, in the compass of the first twenty-seven verses of Genesis, an account of the cosmogony, and of the succession of life in the stratification of the earth, which would combine scientific precision of statement with the majesty, the simplicity, the intelligibility, and the impressiveness of the record before us. Let me modestly call it, for argument's sake, an approximation to the present presumptions and conclusions of science. Let me assume that the statement in the text as to plants, and the statement of verses 24, 25 as to reptiles, can not in all points be sustained; and yet still there remain great

unshaken facts to be weighed. First, the fact that such a record should have been made at all. Secondly, the fact that, instead of dwelling in generalities, it has placed itself under the severe conditions of a chronological order, reaching from the first *nisus* of chaotic matter to the consummated production of a fair and goodly, a furnished and a peopled world. Thirdly, the fact that its cosmogony seems, in the light of the nineteenth century, to draw more and more of countenance from the best natural philosophy; and fourthly, that it has described the successive origins of the five great categories of present life, with which human experience was and is conversant, in that order which geological authority confirms. How came these things to be? How came they to be, not among Acadians, or Assyrians, or Egyptians, who monopolized the stores of human knowledge when this wonderful tradition was born; but among the obscure records of a people who, dwelling in Palestine for twelve hundred years from their sojourn in the valley of the Nile, hardly had force to stamp even so much as their name upon the history of the world at large, and only then began to be admitted to the general communion of mankind when their Scriptures assumed the dress which a Gentile tongue was needed to supply? It is more rational, I contend, to say that these astonishing anticipations were a God-given supply, than to suppose that a race, who fell uniformly and entirely short of the great intellectual development* of antiquity, should here not only have equalled and outstripped it, but have entirely

* I write thus bearing fully in mind the unsurpassed sublimity of much that is to be found in the Old Testament. The consideration of this subject would open a wholly new line of argument, which the present article does not allow me to attempt.

transcended, in kind even more than in degree, all known exercise of human faculties.

Whether this was knowledge conveyed to the mind of the Mosaic author, I do not presume to determine. There has been, in the belief of Christians, a profound providential purpose, little or variously visible to us, which presided, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, over the formation of the marvelous compound which we term the Holy Scriptures. This we wonderingly embrace without being much perplexed by the questions which are raised on them; for instance, by the question, In what exact relation the books of the Apocrypha, sometimes termed deuterocanonical, stand to the books of the Hebrew Canon. Difficulties of detail, such as may (or ultimately may not) be found to exist in the Proem to Genesis, have much the same relation to the evidence of revealed knowledge in this record, as the spots in the sun to his all-unfolding and sufficing light. But as to the Mosaic writer himself, all I presume to accept is the fact that he put upon undying record, in this portion of his work, a series of particulars which, interpreted in the growing light of modern knowledge, require from us, on the whole, as reasonable men, the admission that we do not see how he could have written them, and that in all likelihood he did not write them, without aid from the guidance of a more than human power. It is in this guidance, and not necessarily or uniformly in the consciousness of the writer, that, according to my poor conception, the idea of Revelation mainly lies.

And now one word on the subject of Evolution. I can not follow Mr. Huxley in his minute acquaintance with Indian sages, and I am not aware that Evolution

has a place in the greater number of the schools of Greek philosophy. Nor can I comprehend the rapidity with which persons of authority have come to treat the Darwinian hypothesis as having reached the final stage of demonstration. To the eye of a looker-on their pace and method seem rather too much like a steeplechase. But this may very well be due to their want of appropriate knowledge and habits of thought. For myself, in my loose and uninformed way of looking at Evolution, I feel only too much biased in its favor, by what I conceive to be its relation to the great argument of design.

Not that I share the horror with which some men of science appear to contemplate a multitude of what they term "sudden" acts of creation. All things considered, a singular expression: but one, I suppose, meaning the act which produces, in the region of nature, something not related by an unbroken succession of measured and equable stages to what has gone before it. But what has equality or brevity of stage to do with the question how far the act is creative? I fail to see, or indeed am somewhat disposed to deny, that the short stage is less creative than the long, the single than the manifold, the equable than the jointed or graduated stage. Evolution is, to me, series with development. And like series in mathematics, whether arithmetical or geometrical, it establishes in things an unbroken progression; it places each thing (if only it stand the test of ability to live) in a distinct relation to every other thing, and makes each a witness to all that have preceded it, a prophecy of all that are to follow it. It gives to the argument of design, now called the teleological argument, at once a wider expansion, and

an augmented tenacity and solidity of tissue. But I must proceed.

I find Mr. Huxley asserting that the things of science, with which he is so splendidly conversant, are "susceptible of clear intellectual comprehension." Is this rhetoric, or is it a formula of philosophy? If the latter, will it bear examination? He preëminently understands the relations between those things which Nature offers to his view; but does he understand each thing in itself, or *how* the last term but one in an evolutionary series passes into and becomes the last? The seed may produce the tree, the tree the branch, the branch the twig, the twig the leaf or flower; but can we understand the slightest mutation or growth of Nature in itself? can we tell *how* the twig passes into leaf or flower, one jot more than if the flower or leaf, instead of coming from the twig, came directly from the tree or from the seed?

I can not but trace some signs of haste in Professor Huxley's assertion that, outside the province of science, we have only imagination, hope, and ignorance. Not, as we shall presently see, that he is one of those who rob mankind of the best and highest of their inheritance, by denying the reality of all but material objects. But the statement is surely open to objection, as omitting, or seeming to omit from view the vast fields of knowledge only probable, which are not of mere hope, nor of mere imagination, nor of mere ignorance; which include alike the inward and the outward life of man; within which lie the real instruments of his training, and where he is to learn how to think, to act, to be.

I will now proceed to notice briefly the last page of Professor Huxley's paper, in which he drops the scien-

tist, and becomes simply the man. I read it with deep interest, and with no small sympathy. In touching upon it, I shall make no reference (let him forgive me the expression) to his "damnatory clauses," or to his harmless menace, so deftly conveyed through the prophet Micah, to the public peace.

The exaltation of Religion as against Theology is at the present day not only so fashionable, but usually so domineering and contemptuous, that I am grateful to Professor Huxley for his frank statement (p. 458) that Theology is a branch of science; nor do I in the smallest degree quarrel with his contention that Religion and Theology ought not to be confounded. We may have a great deal of Religion with very little Theology; and a great deal of Theology with very little Religion. I feel sure that Professor Huxley must observe with pleasure how strongly practical, ethical and social is the general tenor of the three synoptic Gospels; and how the appearance in the world of the great doctrinal Gospel was reserved to a later stage, as if to meet a later need, when men had been toned anew by the morality, and, above all, by the life of our Lord.

I am not, therefore, writing against him, when I remark upon the habit of treating Theology with an affectation of contempt. It is nothing better, I believe, than a mere fashion; having no more reference to permanent principle than the mass of ephemeral fashions that come from Paris have with the immovable types of Beauty. Those who take for the burden of their song, "Respect Religion, but despise Theology," seem to me just as rational as if a person were to say, "Admire the trees, the plants, the flowers, the sun, the moon, or stars, but despise Botany, and despise Astronomy."

Theology is ordered knowledge; representing in the region of the intellect what religion represents in the heart and life of man. And this religion, Mr. Huxley says a little further on, is summed up in the terms of the prophet Micah (vi. 8): "Do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I forbear to inquire whether every addition to this—such, for instance, as the Beatitudes—is to be proscribed. But I will not dispute that in these words is conveyed the true ideal of religious discipline and attainment. They really import that identification of the will which is set out with such wonderful force in the very simple words of the "Paradiso".—

In la sua volontade è nostra pace,

and which no one has more beautifully described than (I think) Charles Lamb: "He gave his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Will that governs the universe." It may be we shall find that Christianity itself is in some sort a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect theism: when* the kingdom shall be "delivered up to God," "that God may be all in all." Still, I can not help being struck with an impression that Mr. Huxley appears to cite these terms of Micah, as if they reduced the work of religion from a difficult to a very easy performance. But look at them again. Examine them well. They are, in truth, in Cowper's words—

Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath.

Do justly, that is to say, extinguish self; love mercy, cut utterly away all the pride and wrath, and all the

* I. Cor. xv. 24-28.

cupidity, that make this fair world a wilderness ; walk humbly with thy God, take His will and set it in the place where thine own was used to rule. "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Pluck down the tyrant from his place ; set up the true Master on His lawful throne.

There are certainly human beings, of happy composition, who mount these airy heights with elastic step, and with unabated breath.

*Sponte sua, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat.**

This comparative refinement of nature in some may even lead them to undervalue the stores of that rich armory, which Christianity has provided to equip us for our great life-battle. The text of the prophet Micah, developed into all the breadth of St. Paul and St. Augustine, is not too much—is it not often all too little?—for the needs of ordinary men.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* Ovid, "Metam." i. 90.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE word "skeptical" has such a wide range of meaning, and its use is often so purely relative, that it may with some propriety be applied to thought of any kind ; but, to bring the subject within manageable limits, and upon the ground of living issues, let us define skeptical thought to be that which busies itself in, and confines itself to the fields of observation and experience, refusing to trust itself beyond the limits of sight. Christian thought, on the other hand, subsists in the domain of revealed truth, lying chiefly beyond the range of sight, and explored by faith.

That these two phases of thought have often been in conflict is matter of history, as well as the fact that the triumph of the one results in atheism, and social disintegration ; while the triumph of the other results in superstition and ecclesiastical despotism. The fruit of the one may be seen in the French Revolution ; of the other, in the Spanish Inquisition ; in the light of which it becomes an even question whether the world would be worse off under the dominion of bald atheism, or of an unreasoning faith. Since then only evil may be expected from the conquest of either phase of thought by the other, it is a foolish thing for scientific

and religious teachers to array themselves in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and strive for mastery. It is not room and mastery that is needed, but acquaintanceship, adjustment and coöperation. Nothing is gained by affirming that faith is better than skepticism. Oxygen may seem better than the deadly carbonic acid, but who so crazy as to espouse the cause of oxygen and drive the carbonic acid from the air? You may say that Christian thought is the oxygen of our moral atmosphere; and skeptical thought the equally important carbonic acid; while there must be, besides, a large component of the nitrogen of unconcern—the safe vehicle and diluter of the other more active and dangerous elements. Let us have faith, skepticism and indifference in proper proportion. That skepticism is a valuable religious element, will be received with extreme caution, and this is right; for doctrines once received often necessitate the acceptance of awkward and unforeseen corollaries. But this prudent caution is the product of the very element in question—skepticism; and when we remember what a flood of delusions and superstitions have deluged the Church in all ages; we see there has been, and still is, large need of its influence. Man is more complex in his constitution than many suppose. In both his physical and moral nature he is a highly organized compound, and a disproportion of elements produces corruption and disease. Moral disease, called sin, results from the excess of moral elements good and useful in themselves. Undue self-love, becomes selfishness; overgrown acquisitiveness becomes avarice, and the excess of any mental or moral element is hurtful. Faith, to inspire to earnest and patient endeavor; doubt suffi-

cient to prevent self-deception and imposture ; and indifference enough to smother intolerance, and prevent the making of little things matters of life and death, is a healthy moral condition.

It is not desirable, therefore, that faith should prevail to the exclusion of skepticism ; nor that there should be antagonism ; but rather a cessation of hostilities, cultivation of friendly relations and exchange of products. They would thus find their domains to be conterminous, their interests identical, and their ways lying in the same, not in opposite, directions. But it is the great afterthought of men and nations, that rivals and enemies can be made helpers and friends. Yet, "Love your enemies," rests as much upon economic and philosophic, as upon divine authority. The Englishman, or Frenchman, five centuries ago supposed the glory and prosperity of his country to depend upon the humiliation and destruction of what he termed rival nations and natural enemies. These were not only the sentiments of the ignorant and obscure, but of kings and statesmen. Under whatever form this notion was entertained it was about as philosophic as that of the boy who wished that everybody would die so that he could take all the things and go peddling. The Church for centuries seemed to think if she could destroy all heretics and unbelievers she could take her religious wares and go peddling without opposition. This idea is a compound of ignorance and envy, and characterizes all those of whatsoever party or profession, who think if rivals and competitors were out of the way they would have plain sailing. But the world is awaking to the afterthought. The enlightened Englishman, or Frenchman of to-day sees that the two nations are not neces-

sary enemies; that their interests do not conflict, but are rather identical, and that they should be mutual helpers in the great march of civilization. This change is the result of travel and intercourse, which has led to better understanding of each other, larger views, and fuller appreciation of the relations of men and nations. The Englishman who talks French, has commercial intercourse with Lyons and Marseilles, and friends and relatives in Paris, though none the less an Englishman, knows how utterly absurd and ruinous to the interests of both is warfare between France and England, whilst the untraveled and unlettered rustic knows nothing of the sort. Faith or skepticism confining itself to its own sphere and refusing to look beyond, is the untravelled rustic, full of prejudice and shallow self-conceit; but the Christian teacher who learns the language of careful, plodding science; who enriches himself with the products of her patient toil and travels much in her luxuriant domains, knows how wicked and ruinous is the perpetual warfare between religion and science. While on the other hand many a skeptical Thomas, who was "not there," and *never has been there* when the disciples have assembled themselves, would suddenly abandon his search for nail-prints, and other experimental proofs, if he should once fairly mingle with the saints and come face to face with the Great Teacher. To promote friendly relations between skeptical thought and Christian thought, by showing how much they have in common; that their ways are parallel, and their interest identical, is a work of real philanthropy.

For the matter, scope and compass of Christian thought, or that which concerns itself with truth

revealed by inspiration, we should look to the Holy Scriptures; while for skeptical thought, or that which concerns itself with truth gleaned by experiment and induction, we should look to the whole body of accepted science. The one gleans from the Bible, and the other from Nature, and if these have the same author we expect them to agree. But we should not forget that the Bible and Nature may be in perfect agreement and yet the dependent phases of thought be discordant, and the establishment of their agreement is often a more complex and difficult process than is generally supposed. We believe the Bible and Nature to be chapters by the same author; portions of a fabric woven by the same hand. Should you demand proof that two pieces of paper are parts of the same whole, it might be given by putting edge to edge, showing their perfect agreement. But we can not set the Bible edge to edge with Nature, as pieces of paper, *except in so far as they traverse the domain of our own consciousness.* Within these limits, what was objective divine truth becomes subjective truth, the Word made flesh; and within the same limits objective nature becomes human nature. It is here, then, within the field of our own consciousness that the divine nature begotten by the Word of God, and the human, which is ours by natural generation, are brought upon the same plane and coincidence demonstrated by actual contact. The outlines of our human nature have been sadly marred, but the restoring and adjusting them to the complementary outlines of the divine nature is the wondrous work of regeneration after the glorious model, Jesus of Nazareth, in whom the human and divine, never having been torn asunder, present the perfectness of a

whole, of which his own seamless coat is the fittest symbol. As the work progresses we are more and more impressed with the wonderful harmonies developed, until, at last, when the two natures are brought into practical adjustment, we "know of the doctrine." Here is the surest ground of the Christian's faith, and one from which the opposer instinctively withdraws, covering it with the *odium scientificum* of "metaphysics," choosing the more out-lying realms of nature, pertaining to geology and astronomy for fields of warfare. Here agreements between the Bible and Nature are more difficult of proof, and seeming discrepancies harder to reconcile. They can not be brought border to border as they traverse these broad regions, as within the domain of consciousness. Here our comparisons are not of the actual boundaries, but of our own surveys, full of inaccuracies and miscalculations. In comparisons of things which can not be brought into actual contact, we must resort to standards of measurement, and the *correctness of standards is of the first importance*. If the standard is correct and but one is used the chances of error are slight; but if two are used, belonging to different systems, which must be reduced to a common one, or translated into terms of each other, chances of error are multiplied. We measure one half a building by standards in the common system of feet and inches, and the other by standards of the metric system, reducing them to common terms, and we have much reason to fear that the work will not come together exactly. No architect would risk such chances of error. In the Bible and Geology the standards of measure are our interpretations. We lay the Creed along side Theory and Hy-

pothesis, and proceed to translate them into terms of each other. They do not agree. There may be miscalculation in the reduction. Try again. We do try again, and here is the ground of figuring and dispute. But hold ! Are you sure of the correctness of your standards ? Have you interpreted the Bible aright ; and have you interpreted geologic facts aright ? In New York, Mr. Huxley compared Milton's *interpretation* of the creation as given in the Bible, with his own *interpretation* of the facts of geology bearing on the same event. Before discarding the Bible or Geology because of their alleged non-agreement, it would be well to remember that Milton's interpretation used by Huxley is regarded by intelligent Christians as absurd and puerile, and that not a few scientific men dissent from his own interpretation of geologic facts. It is of the first importance that our interpretations be correct. The history of scientific progress has largely been that of improvement in the accuracy and delicacy of standards of weights and measures. The old and inaccurate are constantly replaced by the new and improved ; and the same holds true in the matter of opinions, doctrines, theories, hypotheses. But here is the rub. Men cling to old opinions and creeds with all the tenacity of habit and prejudice. Their lifeless forms are thick about us, and we must stand still or trample upon their sacred dust. He who would progress must put his unhallowed feet upon them, and towering pyramids of prejudice are heaped above to protect them from the sacrilege. Bring them to the light and air of investigation and they will crumble as readily as a mummy from an ancient catacomb. We cling to the old and reject the new ; worship Moses and crucify the greater

Christ, and our idea of heaven is a great revolving swing of eternal monotony. Notwithstanding the horror of the priests who are burning incense upon the altars of the dead past, the religious world needs, not the improvement of the old interpretations, the revision of old creeds, but *a new system of interpretation*. What our advanced and complex material civilization demands, is not greater accuracy in the old standards of pounds and ounces, and feet and inches and yards; but a new and more rational system. Such a system has already surely begun its conquest of prejudice. It does not require much exploration of the best creeds and commentaries to impress us with the need of a new system of doctrinal standards, based, not upon tradition and slavish assent to authority, but upon fact and philosophy. The Bible bears the true impress of greatness and genius—it grows according to the need. He who can write only for his own generation does not rise above its level, and Hallam's verdict upon Shakespeare, "the greatest name in all literature," must meet its final test upon this ground. But in every age men have been enabled to read into the Bible more science, as they have become more scientific; more philosophy, as they have become more philosophic; more spirituality, as they have become more spiritual; and those who have read it in the newest light of the living present, have always gathered from it the deepest wisdom. We must throw back over it the strong oxy-hydrogen light of science and philosophy, even to the dim and shadowy realms of Genesis. What if old notions and beliefs shall vanish? Let them go. This *looks* like destroying the faith, and you will be accused of infidelity. When Jesus sat upon the mount and

took up, one by one, the items of the old creed and discarded them, the enraged doctors accused Him of destroying the law. He repelled the accusation. He was but giving to the law the interpretation demanded by the present, discarding that of the "old time." The time had come to read into it a fuller and more spiritual meaning; and so now the time has come to read into the Bible more exact and scientific meaning—which shall satisfy the minds, and check the alarming spread of infidelity, in the world's intellectual centers. This is far from saying that the old interpretations were useless in their day. They served their purpose better, perhaps, than the more philosophic ones of to-day would have done. The strict and purer interpretation of the law of divorce which Christ gave, would have been illy understood by the sensual hardness of heart in Moses' day. Both men and doctrines have their place in the progress of the world; both grow old and die, and both alike should be buried out of sight. Not hastily, as though they had been a burden from which we seek relief; not in the fierce and heartless fires of cremation, as though too foul and offensive to give to the loving bosom of Mother Earth; but decently and lovingly, with many tears and tokens of affection. But let us beware; it is one thing to bury the dead, and another to destroy the living. It is a righteous thing to build and beautify the tombs of the prophets, but this can never atone for stoning them to death. Things will come in their natural order and the violent should not take any kingdom by force. The disposition to *force* interpretation, or *make* the Bible fit nicely into scientific theories, by clipping it here and there, can not be too strongly condemned. Do not

conclude this part to be "uncanonical," or that part "apocryphal," or "spurious," because it does not square with your scientific notions. If there be such portions it is proper to search them out, but the work should only be done by the most competent hands and with extreme caution. In a matter of great moment the judge summons his associates, and the decision is reached only in the full bench. In view of a dangerous operation, the skillful and prudent surgeon calls in his professional brethren to aid in deciding upon its necessity, or assist in its performance. He who neglects this wisdom is full of conceit, or disregardful of his patient. Many a victim has been compelled to sacrifice limb, or even life, to the fame of some Big Medicine. Humanity cries out against this, but Christian sentiment is as much outraged by uncalled for and butcherly attempts at Scripture amputation. The Bible is as sacred as life or limb, and we are bound to deal with it as cautiously and reverently.

THE accomplishment of every really great thing has been preceded and heralded by a series of disheartening failures. It is only little things that can be done easily and upon the first trial. How many experiments in navigation ended in smoke before they ended in steam! How many disastrous and "decisive" failures are marking the way to the navigation of the air! Liberty has ever marched on to victory over lost battlefields, and has gained her conquests through the discipline of a thousand defeats. What is often condemned as a "premature attempt," is a necessary preliminary to a great undertaking, what the soldier calls a reconnaissance in force; not so much to test the

strength of the enemy as our own preparation and discipline. Great conquests require labor, patience, courage, faith, and this is as true of self-conquest, and of the conquest of the world for Christ, as of any other undertaking. Moreover, success is often more disastrous to a man, an army, or a political party, than defeat. It brings the temptation of the spoil. How many Achans there are who see nothing in victory but plunder! Politicians, as they go, care little for the triumph of principle, the victory of right, but a great deal for the Babylonish toga of official position, and the gold that is *wedged* into hands itching for bribes. How superhuman the wisdom that condemned the Jericho spoil to destruction! The philosophic Greeks bestowed upon the Olympic victor a prize which had no value except as an emblem of victory. Victory for spoil is simple robbery, and it matters not whether it is sought on the field of war, or of municipal politics, or of the board of trade, or of the prize-ring, the billiard-room, the ball-ground, or the race-track. Everywhere, even in professional and business life, success sought simply for money, is nothing but victory for spoil; this is the chief purpose of all this wide-spread gambling, and it is all robbery. The only legitimate victories are those of right over wrong, truth over error, Christ over Satan, and these are of such infinite value that the incidental spoil can neither increase nor diminish it.

A great success befools one with the idea that all is done. One is not apt to think while intoxicated with a great victory that "one swallow does not make a summer;" one song, a poet; one speech, an orator; one battle, a hero; one victory, a conquest. No single act is great enough to entitle a man to greatness. If he

can not do it again he is a spent match ; if he will not he is a wet one, and as incapable of striking fire. See to it that your first great triumph is only the beginning of triumphs. Conversion is Jericho, not Jerusalem. It was five hundred years from Jericho to Jerusalem, though it seems to be but a few hours. Then a great success brings over-self-confidence, and this leads to defeat ; or, if not prevented by defeat, to degeneration of powers. It took the defeat of Ai to take the conceit out of Israel, after the fall of Jericho. How often has this happened in our own experiences !

The destruction of Jericho was *thorough*—the first stronghold must be blotted out. Let your first work be thorough ; for it will be the pattern of your after work—in it is the inspiration of the further conquest. All conflicts worth the fighting are irrepressible, and it is a mistake and calamity to begin with half-work. The spirit of compromise would always save much of Jericho, and especially the spoil, but the utter ruin of Jericho, and the curse upon its rebuilder, is one of the most valuable lessons of history. A half-dismantled stronghold in the rear of an invading army is the rallying point of inimical forces, the center of second-thought rebellion. In the conquest of your own soul let every stronghold of sin be utterly destroyed ; and in the conquest of the world by the Church, let there be no sparing of the fortresses of Satan. Here is the Jericho of the saloon, walled about by legal safeguards and defended by popular prejudice. Why compromise for a small tribute ? It will be losing all the victory and receiving only a portion of the ill-gotten spoil. It will be leaving a dangerous enemy in the rear as we go on to attack the interior strongholds of political corrup-

tion and lustful crime. The church is beginning to find that this half-conquered tribute-paying Jericho behind is in league with all the enemies in front, and ready to rebel at any moment, and throw off the light yoke of taxation. Let Jericho be destroyed.—*Delenda Jericho est.*

THE first mention of Sabbath observance is found in the sixteenth chapter of Exodus. On the sixth day the people gathered double portions of manna, but on the seventh day there was none. On this day was "the rest of the holy Sabbath of the Lord." Whether the Hebrews observed the Sabbath before this time, or whether other nations had similar observances, we need not now inquire. Sabbath-keeping was soon incorporated in the Ten Commandments, and became a permanent and important part of the Hebrew economy. What was its design? First of all it was a memorial of the fact *that creation was finished*. Since the seventh day, when God rested, there has been no *creative* power put forth "in heaven and earth, and sea, and all that in them is." There have been no new beginnings, secondary causes have reigned, and things have produced after their kind. This is the testimony of the Sabbath. The testimony was contradicted by the alleged fact of spontaneous generation recently proclaimed by Dr. Bastian and others. The facts were disproved by Tyndall, Pasteur, and others, and the theory broke down. Creative power, which once endowed the waters and the earth with the "potency of all forms of life," has been withdrawn since the sixth day. But creation culminated in man—there shall be no higher product. Man is last, most perfect, and

sovereign. So the Sabbath is for man—a testimonial to his dignity. Idolatry shows how constantly man needed to be reminded of this fact.

The Sabbath was a memorial of God's *rest*. But His rest from labor was not relief from pain, recuperation from exhaustion, or respite from a grievous burden. It was gratification and delight in the contemplation of His finished work. It was good; it was *very* good, and the Lord rejoiced in all the works of His hands. This was His rest, His Sabbath-keeping, and to enter into His rest is an everlasting joy. This idea was always uppermost in the Hebrew observance of the Sabbath. It was a day of feasting and rejoicing; of freedom from care, and a day of innocent delights. The gloomy "Sabbatarianism" which seized upon the first day of the week and made it a day of penance and self-humiliation, of sadness and spiritual sulking, was utterly unknown to Israel, as well as to the early Church. It was a product of the extravagant asceticism of the fourth century. But to the laboring man, and weary beast, the Sabbath had an added charm, a glorious ministry. It was the day of "virtuous liberty" which compensated for the six of bondage. This feature of it is emphasized in Deut. v. 14: "*That thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou. And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt.*" Naturally, with its leisure and joyous gatherings, the Sabbath became a day of religious observance and teaching, extended and formalized somewhat after the introduction of the synagogue. Such was the Hebrew Sabbath,—but it was for the Hebrew, and has never been enjoined upon any one else. Its observance was abrogated once for all in Christ. Whatever its purpose,

it had fulfilled its mission. The reason of its discontinuance may be found in the fact that creative power had taken up its work again in a new sphere, that is, in the spiritual nature of man, *creating* him anew, and by a new model.

What relation has the Hebrew Sabbath to the Lord's day, the first day of the week—our Sunday? Logically and legitimately none, other than the general relation of Judaism to Christianity. The Lord's day was an absolutely new institution, a memorial of an absolutely new fact, which was the very basis of the new church, namely, *the resurrection of Jesus*. From the first, there were those who would not understand that Jesus did not pour the new wine of His teaching into the old bottles of Jewish forms. They first insisted that Christians should observe the seventh day. Failing in this, the Sabbath-idea was thrust into the first day. But by this time asceticism was uppermost, and from the fourth century the Lord's day has been generally misnamed the "Sabbath," and "Sabbatarianism" became a most artificial asceticism, destroying the memorial character, and perverting the proper observance, of the first day of the week.

For the first three centuries there was no secular observance of the Lord's day. Business went on as usual, but faithful Christians assembled themselves to worship and celebrate the Lord's Supper. In 321, Constantine ordered that secular employments in cities should cease on the first day of the week, that Christians, who now had become numerous and influential, might have leisure for religious observances. In 720, the Emperor Leo extended the law to the rural districts and agricultural pursuits. Since that time, in

Christendom, Sunday has generally been observed as a day of cessation from secular business. So it really became a secular Sabbath, ordained by secular authority, and the transition in the public mind is easy, and often unconscious, to the idea that it is a reappearing of the Jewish Sabbath, and that, too, by Gospel authority. Upon this mistaken idea, forgetting its true purpose and proper observance, it is no wonder that professed Christians have differed in their methods of "Sabbath-keeping" from the extreme of merriment and pleasure-seeking to the extreme of penitential self-humiliation. But the proper meaning and observance of the first day of the week is to be learned from the New Testament, and its most characteristic feature is the celebration of the Lord's Supper. This stone so long *neglected* of the builders is the head of the corner.

What attitude shall Christians assume as to its *secular* observance? Shall we insist upon the policy of Constantine and Leo? Shall Sunday be a secular Sabbath for all the people? We must answer not as sectaries, but as citizens. Our appeal must be to the State and not to the Church, and our reasons must be political, not ecclesiastical. We say, from this standpoint, and in the interest of human rights and human welfare, *Yes*, let Sunday be a day of rest for all the people. It is the one day of liberty for the laboring man from the service of Mammon, his release from the monotonous round of the treadmill of daily toil. In the interest of domestic happiness we say, *Yes*. Let the laborer have this day with his family. Deny it to him at the peril of the State. Both physiological and social science demand it.

Who are its opposers? Mammon and Atheism;

the chief enemy of man, and the chief enemy of God ; these are the Herod and the Pilate, who are working in interested friendship to destroy it ; one because it is a day of rest, the other because it is a day of worship. Who are their helpers ? Many of the laboring poor, to whom this day is the greatest possible boon. Many lazy Christians, who, by continual neglect of duty, say to the world that the first day of the week has no sanctity to them. It is a day of visiting or vagabondizing. Then why should not unbelievers open places of amusement, including the race-track and the ball-ground ? Religious Sunday excursions ; camp-meeting picnics, with gate-fees and sale of confections, and Sunday processions with bands and banners, are dangerous lessons, and give aid and comfort to the enemies of the secular Sabbath as well as the Christian Sunday.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

NOW that the "Junius" mystery of our generation, the authorship of "The Buntling Ball," has been unveiled, and each person who guessed the secret correctly has received his microscopic share of the prize offered, the world can breathe easier ; while the enterprising publishers will have occupation for some time to come in devising another and equally effective plan for advertising their next venture in this line.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES contemplates sum-
mering in Europe. This will be his first visit to the Old World since he pursued his medical studies on

the other side of the water. We are glad to see the announcement that he and Mr. Lowell are not to cross the ocean in the same vessel, for since the loss of the Oregon, Americans are a little distrustful of all crafts, and would naturally feel that they could not afford to risk so much of their country's intellectual wealth at once.

THE story of a great author's literary beginnings is always attractive reading. We have all smiled over the account of how Dr. Holland, on seeing his first printed poem in the *Youth's Companion*, "walked on air;" and all those who have ever been afflicted with even the mildest form of that disease which Dr. Holland has characterized as "typomania," have slyly hugged their mental selves on remembering how similar their own experiences have been.

Dr. Samuel Longfellow relates the history of his brother's first venture into print. The boy-poet had told no one save his sister of the verses he had sent out into the world, but the night before the publication of the paper in which he hoped they might appear he went and stood before the printing-office, looking at the windows, but afraid to venture in. The next morning the two eager children watched their father, as he unfolded the paper and slowly read it through. When he had finished with it, they looked for the poem, and, sure enough, there it was! "Inexpressible was the boy's delight," writes his biographer, "and innumerable the times he read and re-read his performance, each time with increasing satisfaction." That evening, when he was visiting at the house of a friend, the friend's father took up the paper, and spoke of the

poem. "Very stiff," he pronounced it, "remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." The sensitive nature of the boy was keenly hurt. He hurried home, determined not to betray himself, and it is not strange that the future author of "Evangeline" shed some bitter tears over the wound which had been so unconsciously given. "It was," says his brother, "his first encounter with 'the critic,' from whom he was destined to hear much, not always complimentary, and of whom he had more than once something not very complimentary to say."

ALL school-boys are familiar with the poem of "Sheridan's Ride," and many of them have exercised their maiden efforts at elocution upon its spirited lines. But the memory of their author, the artist-poet Thomas Buchanan Read, does not depend for its perpetuation on school-boy elocution. He has a large following among the lovers of genuine poetry of all ages. The story of his life is full of interest. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. He studied art abroad, and it was in England, in 1851, that he met Mary Howitt, who gives a charming picture of the young author and painter as he appeared at that time. He visited the home of the Howitts, in company with other friends of theirs, and, though he had already sent his first volume of poems to his entertainers, and now brought them the second, Mrs. Howitt says of him: "He was such a timid little nonentity that I had continually to jog my memory to prevent his suffering from neglect." Soon after this, William Allingham, the young Irish poet, spoke to Dante Rossetti and Holman Hunt, the great foundation-build-

ers of pre-Raphaelitism, of some Americans whom he had met on the occasion of which Mrs. Howitt has thus written. "By-the-bye," said Rossetti, "some of those Americans write glorious things." He then went on to talk of some fine lyrics which he had found in the Philadelphia *Courier*, and which so interested him that he had sent at once to Philadelphia for all the papers containing poems by the same author, whose name he did not know, but was anxious to discover. Allingham hereupon offered to call upon "a little American" whom he had met at the Howitts', and try to find out something concerning the unknown. The "little American" was Buchanan Read; and when Allingham called upon him, explaining the object of his visit, the face of the young Pennsylvanian flushed, and with tears in his eyes and with an agitated voice, he exclaimed, "I am the author of those poems!" This was the beginning of a great jubilee. The pre-Raphaelites took Read to their hearts at once, and he was made cordially welcome among them. Such were their demonstrations over him, that, when a farewell gathering of the clan was held in his honor previous to his departure for Dusseldorf, the entertainment continuing until a late hour, it was reported that the pre-Raphaelites had carried Read off in a chariot of fire.

A large share of Read's time from this on until his death, which occurred in 1872, was spent in Italy, where he enjoyed the advantages offered for the pursuit of his twin arts, painting and poetry. One of his finest paintings is a translation into color of his splendid verse-picture, "Sheridan's Ride."

SPEAKING of a visit to the Howitt home recalls the fact that the lives of William and Mary Howitt furnish one of the few instances of the association of a literary man and a literary woman in the closest of human relationships. Perhaps the best illustration of the possibilities of such a companionship is found in the case of the Brownings; and though we may wonder how the author of "Aurora Leigh" and "Casa Guidi Windows" could have loved the writer of such disjointed verse as that produced by her husband, still we can not be sorry that she did so, when we remember her exquisite "Sonnets from the Portuguese," where not even the guise of a translation can veil from sympathetic readers the history of her own loving heart.

Another instance of such companionship is found in the short married life of James Russell and Maria White Lowell. Mrs. Lowell was a lady of fine poetic feeling, and is said to have been exceedingly beautiful in character and appearance. The most of her poems are not widely known; but many a mother who has lost a little child, has found comfort in some unpretentious verses of hers which bear the title of "Morning-Glory," and which commemorate a flower-like life that closed while the dews of the early morning were still upon it.

POT-POURRI.

SCIENCE is Common-sense hard at work in the great factories and warehouses of Nature, History & Co.; Philosophy is Common Sense dressed up and

keeping holiday. It is on holidays that mischief is most likely to be done.

ANY bit of real flesh and blood, a child, a dog, a bird, is the most effectual charm against ghosts; but there are many breeds of ghosts, and each has its own specific antidote. There are ghost-enemies,—imaginary enemies,—and there is nothing like a real, live one to put them to flight; and he is far preferable, and more vulnerable, however formidable. The same is true of ghost-afflictions and real afflictions, and many other things to which this bit of philosophic gum-elastic may be stretched without breaking.

WHEN the “logic of events” goes hobbling along on the single left leg of minor premise, as it often does, it is not a safe guide.

AWAY in the depths of the woodland I found it,
With ivy and moss overgrown;
Great kings of the forest like sentries stood round it,
But still it seemed silent and lone —
A great rock, which contained in its unopened pages
The cipher-writ secrets of pre-human ages;
But a legend, plain-writ, on the title-page said,
“How few are the living; how many the dead!”

WHAT shall we eat? is, in one sense, a very proper question, or rather, What shall we *not* eat? Ceremonially that which enters into a man does not defile him, but physiologically, or morally, it may. As to the matter of drink, we see this very plainly, but this question has been so agitated and emphasized as almost

to thrust out of sight the equally important one of eating. Much is said about it by the doctors, but very little by the preachers — it is thought to be a question of hygiene instead of morals. Yet sour temper is usually but another name for a sour stomach. Meats, and pastries, and confections, in excess, beget lust, as surely as much alcohol begets violence. The supper-table is a mare's-nest, out of which is hatched not only the hideous *nightmare*, but many a daylight hobby equally vicious. A pennyweight of paregoric is better than a pound of punishment for a crying baby, and pure mother's milk makes sweeter smiles for slumbering infants than all the angel whispers imaginable. Keep thy stomach with all diligence. Moderate and wholesome diet is a means of grace.

IF the earth had not been meant for all,
It would have been made exceeding small;
For the smallest things are the selfish few
Who think that nothing was meant for you.

PROFESSOR PENNYWEIGHT declared
To those who oft his wisdom shared:
"To know a thing beyond a doubt,
You need to turn it wrongside out;
And fabrics of the mental loom
Are shoddy, and not worth shelf-room,
Unless they fairly can abide
Inspection on the other side.
Some samples take we from the books
And show you how the wrong side looks: —
A little wisdom now and then
Is relished by the worst of men;

With bad intentions heaven is paved —
The worse the man, the easier saved ;
Though error tower to the skies,
It still must fall, no more to rise ;
But meanwhile everything is tried
By looking on the other side."

THE difference between a scapegoat and a scapegrace is, that while the one carries sin and shame *away* into the wilderness of oblivion, the other brings it *into* the home and the church and the light of publicity ; though at the last day, when there is no longer any 'scape, he too will be found to be a goat.

A PERSON who appears, on first acquaintance, to be cold and unsympathetic, may be like a home where winter's snows have covered the roofs and window-ledges, and drifted thickly about the doors. If you have courage to push open the gate, plough through the unbroken path, and knock for admission, you may find a warm welcome to a cheerful interior whose rooms are bright and spacious, whose walls are hung with pictures, and on whose hearthstone the fire burns with a ruddy and constant glow.

WE GRIEVE because the clouds above us
Shut out the blue and sunny sky,
And wonder if the angels love us,
If God is really watching nigh.

But oftentimes the shades of sorrow
Are mists arising from below ;
And through them, on some fairer morrow,
The Father's love will surely show.

For when the clouds have grown the deepest,
Above these unproductive plains,
Thou, watchful God who never sleepest,
Wilt turn the mists to welcome rains!

WHAT a self-satisfying thing it would be if we could keep up to our own moral best all the while! If we could be as good all the time as we can be sometimes, we might be able to maintain a moderate degree of self-respect. But our better natures rise and touch high-water-mark, only to ebb away and leave a barren waste of sand.

THE PRESENT is the mountain range that divides three beautiful countries, two of them lying on the east, and one on the west; and standing upon its crowning eminence, one can survey them all. Far away toward the sunrise side of us, reaches the fair, calm Land of Used to Be. We have traversed its roads and climbed its hills, and the journey has often seemed rough and cheerless; but the storms that then rent the sky have spent their wrath, and the backward look is upon sunny slopes and peaceful valleys. In the west lies another and still fairer land—the Land of Yet May Be. It is crossed by streams whose sources we do not know, and whose directions we can not tell. Its vine-clad hills, its stretches of orchard and woodland, its fields of unharvested grain, seem to invite us to earnest, endless quest. Who shall say what joys, what friendships, what rewards for toil, await us in the Land of Yet May Be?

But there is still another land. Its summits are shrouded in mist, and we catch only faint glimpses of

marble walls, of shining spires and dazzling palaces. Between the foot of the mountain where we stand and this radiant country runs a broad and rapid river. A bridge once spanned its current, but now there is no way to cross it; and we gaze upon its half-veiled glories with tearful eyes, and with unutterable longing in our hearts. Once we could have entered and possessed the land, but now it is too late—too late! We shall press through the Land of Yet May Be, onward and away, and never, while the limitations of this life are upon us, shall we explore the Land of Might Have Been.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OF the making of books that are neither good nor bad there is no end. Many a man's life furnishes no special reason for his existence, yet his conduct affords no excuse for denying him life or liberty, and as for the pursuit of happiness, he never pursues anything. We grant him a little room in which to have his being; for he scarcely lives or moves. He answers no discoverable purpose. So of many a book, and the sensible, practical question we put to each newcomer, whether book or man, is, "What are you good for?" Waiting for the world to feel a want is tiresome business, and the best advice to either books or men who have no immediate place or purpose is, *not to be born just yet.*

These bits and shreds of philosophy tumbled about kaleidoscope-fashion in our mind, as we beheld, on that

part of the great ocean of literature, known as *Mare Theologicum*, troubled and sail-crowded though it is, a neat new craft embellished to larboard and astern with the "sign," "The Text and The Canon." *Sinking* the figure of the ship, it was a new book on Evidences of Christianity, by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, and the question naturally came up as to the need of it. Whoever writes a book on this theme worthy of attention must not only have learning, ability, and industry, but must also have some new and more economic way of turning to account the vast store of material at hand. The world does not specially need a new creation of materials; nor philosophers who, like Newton and Spencer, shall set forth the principles and *rationale* of the universe; but, these having been sufficiently provided, for the present, the real benefactors are the inventors, who, like Fulton, and Morse, and Edison, shall teach us how best to combine these materials and principles for practical ends. So in the field of "Evidences," with its vast materials and established principles, we need the genius of Invention. Prof. McGarvey has seen this very plainly. He makes no pretension to the discovery of new material, or the elaboration of new principles of interpretation and criticism, as some affect to do; but he has taken the resources at hand, selected the material with the judgment of an expert; arranged it in the most economic and usable manner, with the skill of a master, and given us a *new* book in the most practical sense.

The book is the first volume of a proposed work covering the topics: 1. The Integrity of the New Testament Books; 2. Their Genuineness; 3. Their Authenticity; 4. The Inspiration of their Writers; 5.

Other Evidences of the Divine Origin of Christianity; 6. The Integrity, Genuineness, Authenticity, and Inspiration of the Old Testament Books. In this volume of nearly two hundred pages the first and second topics are discussed, with such evident success, that we venture the suggestion that the Professor turn his attention chiefly to the completion of the work, even if other work must be resigned to other hands or even neglected.

THE third volume of the lectures and addresses delivered before the society known as "The Missouri Christian Lectureship" is at hand. It is a well-printed book of 354 pages, published by J. H. Smart, Kansas City, Mo., and sold at \$1.50. It contains thirteen lectures delivered before that body at Columbia, Mo., 1884, and Brownsville, Mo., 1885; two by D. R. Duncan, three by G. W. Longan, and one each by M. M. Goode, I. B. Grubbs, J. A. Lord, O. A. Carr, C. A. Hedrick, J. A. Brooks, O. S. Reid, and Alex. Procter. The range of subjects is broad and varied, as follows: The Resurrection, The New Testament Kingdom of God, Liberalism and Intolerance, How shall We Sustain the Gospel in the Cities? Importance of Special Biblical Instruction in Ministerial Education, Freedom in Christ, The Spirit of the Age, The Function of the Understanding in Matters of Religious Belief, The Philosophy of the Remission of Sins, The Church in Its Relation to the State, The Fourth Gospel, The Scoffer in Prophecy, Reasons why the Bible will Retain its Hold on Thoughtful Minds. On each topic the author seems to have given us the best there was in him; not only so, but (in most of them) the best ac-

cessible, and the result is a volume very creditable to us, and profitable to its readers. It should meet with ready-sale and a patronage broader than the State of Missouri.

It would be well if there were a similar lectureship established in each State where we are tolerably strong; because it would stimulate and compel our ablest and leading men to extend their studies into new fields and recent phases of thought, and likewise to present their thoughts in such literary finish, carefully considered statement, and exhaustive elaboration, as to greatly exalt the culture of our ministry and people, not only in the estimation of the world, but *in fact*. To put a man upon such a program is to require of him investigation and reflection which the average preacher will not bestow without such stimulus. Too many of our preachers are satisfied with mediocrity, partly because it is easy of attainment, and partly because their constituency are too easily pleased. Sometimes a preacher is complimented and flattered and supported *because* he does not go beyond the attainments and practices of the local congregation. He does not trouble them with new thought and stir them up to higher life; does not insist on their shaking off error, and prejudice, and sinful practice. He who has been thus spoiled is not fit to address the larger and more critical audience of the Lectureship, however great his native talent or his acquired self-conceit. To be prepared for larger work, broader fields, greater occasions, is a noble ambition, and it is just this ambition that such enterprises as the Missouri Lectureship inspires.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW for April, 1886,

has been received. It seems up to the average in make up and contents. The contributions to this number are The Shiloh of Genesis xlix. 10 and Messianic Prophecy, by W. H. Woolery; Messianic Prophecies, by D. R. Dungan; Our Position, by R. Moffett; Things Hard to be Understood, by B. F. Manire; Expediency, by E. W. Herndon; Correlation of Creation and Salvation, by B. U. Watkins; Evolution in Human History, by B. J. Radford. These scribes occupy one hundred and eighteen broad pages, and seem to have investigated to some purpose, and really to have had something to say. Some twenty-six pages are given to "Editorial," which, while not lacking in either interest or ability, is perhaps too controversial, and just a little too *hortatory* for this department of a Quarterly Review. The Book Reviews occupy 14 pages.

To him who would be well acquainted with the dominant tendencies in present religious thought, and their relationship to the religious thought of the past, there is no more profitable study than a little book published last year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., entitled "The Continuity of Christian Thought: A Study of Modern Theology in the Light of its History." It is the work of Prof. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological School, in Cambridge. While there is much in his pages to criticise, or even to condemn, there is much to be learned. He sees in the past two great antagonistic systems of Theology, the Greek and the Latin. He points out their differences clearly, and maintains that the Latin theology came in as a sort of parenthesis, and was, so to speak, Christianity adapting itself to its lower environment among the Western barbarians. He

argues that this temporary purpose has been answered, and now Theology is going back to the more elevated Greek form of the first centuries. In going back so far and to ground so long unfamiliar it is no wonder that our author comes dangerously near to pantheism, gnosticism, and mysticism. In truth he seems hopelessly bewildered by them, and can only be delivered by going beyond the Greek fathers to the Apostles themselves. In escaping from the authority of Rome he has only made a change of masters, and readily enthrones Reason in place of Faith. He is another example of a man whom much learning has sent daft, but he illustrates the tendency now of many over-cultured and under-exercised minds.

THE TENNESSEE EVANGELIST. A Series of Ten Sermons; by Ashley S. Johnson; Cincinnati, Standard Publishing Company. 1886.

The ten sermons which comprise this trim little volume have the following titles: I. The Bible its own Interpreter; II. The Revelation of God; III. The Fall and Restoration; IV. The Regeneration; V. The Word of Reconciliation; VI. The New Birth; VII. Conversion; VIII. The Likeness and Image of God; IX. Disobedience; X. God Is, and our Relation to Him.

These sermons are earnest, practical presentations of Scripture truth, and justify the title of the book—"The Evangelist"—for they seem rather like a series of protracted meeting sermons than like a set of written discourses. The arguments are, for the most part, arranged in the form of personal appeals to the individual mind and conscience, and each point is carefully sustained by Scripture references. A portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece for the volume.

ADAM HEPBURN'S VOW : A Tale of Kirk and Covenant ; by Annie S. Swan ; New York, Charles Cassell & Co. 1886.

The very spirit of the old Scottish covenanters seems to live again in this little story, whose simple, straightforward style fittingly sets forth the earnest lives and sturdy characters with which it has to deal. There is something singularly pleasing about the quiet manner in which the most stirring events are narrated. One *feels*, rather than reads of, the resolute courage with which these strong souls went out to battle "for God and the Covenant,"—a courage which was born of their faith in the God for whom they fought and who was able to deliver them.

Adam Hepburn is a warm-hearted, sunny-tempered man, who becomes so changed and maddened on learning of the death of his beautiful young wife at the hand of a dragoon, that his one thought is to avenge the deed.

We do not commend this book to professional novel-readers, for it is not a novel, in the accepted sense of that term. But among those who would quicken their interest in an important period of history, and who would learn the story of brave and loyal hearts that believed in God and were not afraid of men, "Adam Hepburn's Vow" will find a warm welcome and a careful reading.

FULFILLMENT.

Only a few short months ago,
Something less than a year,
Together we sat while the twilight fell
And the moon rose full and clear.

We spoke of the time when first we met,
Of our friendship tried and true,
And together we planned for the years to come
The things we hoped to do.

The moonlight played through the swaying vine,
And fancy bolder grew ;
We sketched a future fanciful,
Unreal, for dreamers two.

You, as the younger, favored one,
Should set your bonny sail
And speed away to the fairest shore
E'er touched by softest gale,

In quest of the loveliest place to dwell
In a city by the sea,
Whose people are leal and true, and there
You should watch and wait for me,

Till I should come in my shallop shell,
And then together we



Should dwell ever more with the leal and true
In the far and fair countree.

In merry mood you spoke. The note
Of the night-bird stirred the air.
I mind the hue of the dress you wore,
The scent of the flowers in your hair.

And now—alas! was it for you
They broke the wintry sod?
The heart that beat so high—henceforth
Is it but valley clod?

Is nothing left but a memory
Of our summer evening, dear,
Shut away as a faded flower
In the closed book of the year?

Not so; for our wildest dreams that night
Is the real now to you,
And you have gone a-voyaging
To the land of the leal and true.

Your port is gained, your bark is moored
Beside the Crystal Sea;
In the fairest city ever reared,
You watch and wait for me.

And I am coming, though storm betide,
I am nearing day by day
The beautiful city. Heaven guide
And speed me on the way.

E. E. C. GLASIER.

HOW SHALL WE PREACH?

If the salvation of the world is a matter of any importance, then it must be owned that preaching, which is the divinely chosen method of achieving that result, is a work of transcendent moment and thrilling interest to every member of the fallen race for whose benefit the message of grace and life was ordained. The institution of preaching is a peculiarity of Christianity. The prophets and seers of the olden time delivered the message of God, expounded the law, and gave instruction to the people by means of oral speech. The orators, rhetoricians, and philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome harangued the multitudes, disputed in the forum, and propagated knowledge by means of the lyceum and the lectureship; but anything like the formal consecration of public speech as an instrument for the inculcation of religious truth, for the moral elevation and social improvement of the human family at large, was unknown before the dawn of the Christian era. Preaching was instituted and practiced as the only method of communicating the peculiar knowledge, and of producing those peculiar moral convictions, which it is the special mission of the gospel to inculcate. It was the aim of Christ from first to last, not only to illuminate and expand the intellectual powers—there had been no use for the ordinance of preaching if that were all—but to quicken the moral nature into life, to touch the heart, to arouse the sensibilities, to awaken the

conscience, to revolutionize the whole fabric of the inner life, and thereby to bring the world into personal submission to Himself. Words when written are fraught with a certain measure of power, especially of enlightening and convincing power, but when they leap fresh and burning from the heart—when they are vitalized by a living presence—when they come winged with the thrilling influence of living emotions, they have a power to convict and pierce the heart unknown to any form of written speech. There is something in the flash of the eye, in the intonation of the voice, in the force and fire of earnest address that electrifies and moves—especially when freighted with the message of eternal truth—that makes the institution of preaching the most effective and fitting vehicle through which to communicate and enforce the good news of life and salvation. The pulpit is, therefore, of divine origin, and its philosophy lies in the power of personal influence and personal contact with the living heart of the sinner. Every earnest preacher must keenly feel that the moral growth and destiny of mankind depend in a large measure upon the efficiency with which the sacred obligation of preaching is performed. The problem of infinite moment, for whose practical solution the humble minister of reconciliation most devoutly yearns, is: *How shall I preach so as to discharge my whole duty in the matter of saving the world? How shall I preach so as to save myself and those that hear? How shall I present the truth in such a manner as to produce conviction—as to bring right home to men their lost condition, their alienation from God, and their need of a Saviour; so that broken, penitent, and humbled to the*

very dust of contrition on account of their many sins, they may be heartily and eagerly adopt the lines:

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
In Christ's dear arms I fall?”

Of the extreme difficulty of achieving these results every preacher must be fully and painfully conscious. The immense disparity between the amount of preaching done, and the actual good accomplished in the way of bringing sinners to Christ, can not have escaped our observation, and furnishes food for much earnest reflection, for some discouragement; and we find ourselves pausing to ask, “Why is it so?” To the thousands of sermons preached every week is there any adequate response in the way of conversions, or even in the impartation of scriptural knowledge, the administration of comfort, or in the stimulation and development of spiritual life in the believer? If there were any means of an accurate computation it would be found that there is scarcely one volunteer to the Lord's army for every ten sermons delivered, and this, perhaps, is rather a liberal estimate than otherwise. Why is it so? How shall the ministry of the word become more fruitful, more productive of abundant and lasting good? How shall the ambassador of the Cross so present the message of eternal life as to apply to himself in all good conscience the declaration of Paul, “I am free from the blood of all men?” This is a theme worthy of much thought and of increasing prayer. We can not do more in the present article than to offer a few suggestions in the hope that the earnest attention of our preaching brethren may be directed to the subject, and that an interchange of thought may be provoked that will prove beneficial to us all. Assuming that the

preacher has the requisite natural educational and moral qualifications for his high calling, and that he is in the habit of presenting and emphasizing those particular themes which are calculated in their nature to win sinners to Christ, the following thoughts may be suggested as a contribution towards the practical solution of the difficulties we have named :

1. **PREPARE** the matter of your discourses. Habits of industry and reflection are positively necessary to sustained and growing usefulness in the ministerial calling. Neither agreeableness of manner, nor glibness of tongue, nor brilliancy of talent, will answer as a substitute for the most thorough and conscientious preparation of which the speaker is capable. The man who is twice born to preach—and no other should undertake it—who combines in a high degree both natural and spiritual qualifications for the efficient proclamation of the word, has a certain amount of impulsive and spontaneous inspiration, which springs alike from the constitution of his mind and the fervor of his convictions ; but he who is thus highly equipped of heaven will be the last to depend on natural genius, or to neglect the utmost thoroughness of preparation which time and circumstances will allow. We can not too strongly reprobate the habit of indolence, or conceit of brilliant gifts, that puts off the sermon till Saturday night or Sunday afternoon, and then hastily snatches from the shelf a book of skeletons and a commentary, out of which to filch a miserable apology for a discourse, and in response to the people's cry for bread coolly gives them a stone. If a man wishes to reduce his own brain to a skeleton he could not adopt a more certain method of doing it. The possession of a certain fund

of general knowledge on the elementary themes of the gospel may enable a man with ordinary powers of language to construct a few sermons without much thought, and if he is constantly changing his field of labor he may get on very well; but if called on to minister to the same congregation for a number of years, he will find his "keg" too small, and himself running in a circle, unless his fund is constantly replenished by fresh acquisitions from habits of reading and reflection. Wordiness is often a sheer misfortune to its possessor. It implies superficiality. Copiousness of speech is not often found in connection with profundity of thought; and worst of all, exceeding verbosity not only implies, but it *promotes* infertility of thought. The fluent speaker gets on so well without preparation that he neglects to cultivate habits of reflection. In seeming unconsciousness that volubility is generally the offspring of mental vacuity, he prides himself in his power to talk, and talks on, floundering in a sea of verbiage, supposing that words are an acceptable substitute for ideas. There can be no mental growth in men of this kind. They would preach no better at the end of fifty years' experience than at the beginning. Industry of mind is indispensable to growth in intellectual power. In all ages men who have won distinction in the pulpit have been noted for their studious habits. "The fire that will burn in the pulpit must be kindled in the study," said Channing. "Baptize your spirit," said Julius Müller, "in the deep, still stream of God's word, with all your thoughts and perceptions, that being therein born again you may be able to speak words of life to the congregation." And a greater than either exhorted his spiritual son: "*Study* to show thyself approved

unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." "Till I come give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all." In this age of thought and culture and abundant literature, when facilities for the acquisition of knowledge have been multiplied a thousandfold, when helps of every kind can be easily obtained, there is no decent reason why any man of average ability may not become a respectable preacher, so far, at least, as the elements of scriptural knowledge and general information are concerned. Clerical indolence and mental sterility are the unpardonable sins of the ministry in the nineteenth century.

2. BE IN EARNEST.—The necessity of earnestness in preaching can not be too strongly insisted upon. St. Augustine says: "It is more by the Christian fervor of his sermons than by any endowment of his intellect that the minister must hope to inform the understanding, reach the affections, and bend the will of his hearers." No amount of preparation, no completeness of intellectual equipment, no freeness of utterance or exhibition of scholarship will suffice to render a sermon truly effective without this "Christian fervor." The body of a discourse is the ideas that compose it, the soul is the earnestness of life—the spirit that breathes life, animation and power into the words spoken. An ounce of real heart-power will convert more sinners than a ton of abstract ideas without soul. Bishop Simpson in his Yale Lectures on preaching has a very pertinent observation on the value of earnestness. He says: "In various ages men have appeared, who,

by their earnestness, have aroused whole cities, and even nations, to activity. This earnestness must appear in every step of the sermon—earnestness in reading, earnestness in writing, earnestness in prayer, earnestness in clearness and distinctness and force of enunciation in managing the vocal organs; earnestness in addressing the congregation, earnestness in view of the immense issues at stake. A mother is in earnest when she pleads with her wayward boy. A father is an earnest when from his dying bed he gives his last message to his weeping children. The preachers who have been remarkable for this quality have so influenced their congregations that they have felt and sympathized with their deep earnestness of spirit."

Let us note the fact that true Christian earnestness is not a synonym for noise, froth, and mere inflammatory declamation. There is a wide base of distinction between *animal* magnetism and *spiritual* fervor. Physical excitability that rants and roars, and shows itself by muscular contraction and violent gesticulation and copious perspiration, is one thing; the intensity of moral feeling that springs from a delicate sympathy and a deep sense of human need, is another and quite a different thing. A modern writer very pithily observes: "What a strange thing earnestness must be, and how different its manifestations! With some, earnestness is a convertible term for noise and bluster, and vehement oleaginous gesticulation; it makes the man. Such earnestness is usually not moral, frequently very immoral. The man who feels in his muscles and his mere animal nature, will show it there, and he will measure out his earnestness by pails of perspiration.

A deeper earnestness—an earnestness of the spirit and the moral nature, will show itself there, and its indication will be in the glowing eye and the ardent dilating figure. The first of these characters will frequently charge want of earnestness upon the last, because quite unable to fathom the depth either of its principles or of its emotions." Whatever tends to increase the intensity of the preacher's agony for the rescue of perishing souls from eternal ruin will add mightily to his power. The great thing needed in this direction is a deeper conviction of the infinite preciousness of the human spirit; a deeper sense of its danger without Christ, and a more fervent desire that God will endue us with a richer measure of that power from on high that will enable us "to finish our course with joy, and the ministry which we have received of Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." How oppressively great and momentous is the responsibility of him who stands between God and dying mortals to publish the message of life and peace! Oh, should not every thought be expressed, every sentence uttered, with the abiding consciousness that immortal consequences may hang on the words spoken; that we speak as in the Redeemer's presence, who is longing to have us say something that His own spirit and power may bear with wings of fire to the hearts of the people? It was said of Baxter, "He always spoke as one who saw God, and felt death at his back," and of Whitfield by one of his hearers, "Oh, how wonderfully he spoke! His soul inflamed with love, his heart with pity, his arms extended, and tears rolling from his eyes—with what power he spoke!" What a wonderful sermon was that of Peter's on the day of Pentecost that brought

conviction to the hearts of three thousand sinners! How the fire of an all-consuming ardor must have flashed from his eyes, and beamed from his face, and shot with an intense penetrating glow from the lambent tongues of flame that sat upon him! How the resistless might of infinite love must have thrilled in every word and burned in every sentence to have brought three thousand rebels broken and penitent to the foot of the Cross, crying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" May God help those of us who preach now to be equally earnest in the application of saving truth!

3. TAKE AIM.—Cultivate directness in thought and expression. Hit straight out from the shoulder; draw a bead at the mark. Preach with a purpose. Never mind sermonizing, but talk *to* the people. Fire at short range and *aim low*. Don't indulge in aimless elocution, but have a definite end in view, a *special* design to accomplish, every time you preach. There are two styles of preaching. First, the *generic* style. Men who preach in this fashion beat about the bush, and chase his Satanic Majesty round the decaying fragment of a fallen tree. They speak on general subjects that affect nobody in particular, except, perhaps, the antediluvians or the ancient Romans. They deal in abstractions and speculations that have no more application to their present hearers than a dissertation on the planet Mars. Sunday after Sunday they treat their congregations to a string of vague and glittering generalities that touch neither side, edge, nor bottom of human want; and should a conversion result from a whole year's preaching, nobody would be more profoundly astonished than the preacher himself. A man

of the generic stamp will talk learnedly about philosophy, and biology, and science, and history, and politics, and the social moral topics of the day—everything, indeed, but human sin and human salvation, the very things he should talk about. Were he to descend from his stilts and stoop low enough to rescue a poor soul from death, it would ruffle the smoothness of his clerical starch, and that would never do. He seems to fancy that his hearers are too respectable to be lost, when the poor fellow ought to know that the only trouble is that they are too respectable to be saved.

Second, we have the *specific* style. Its chief characteristic is an unequivocal directness of manner, coupled with, and springing from, a deep earnestness of spirit. It goes like a well-directed arrow to the mark. It comes directly with a message to the people, and every word flies burning to the conscience and the heart. It talks in downright earnest to men about their souls; their sins, and their need of a Saviour. Before the science of warfare had reached its present stage of development, it is estimated that for every man killed, his weight in lead and iron was thrown at him by the enemy. In the Russo-Turkish war it is reckoned that only one ball in sixty took effect. At the great battle of Shiloh, in our American civil war, six hundred shots were fired to every man that fell. How many gospel-hardened sinners have had their weight in sermons discharged at them without effect? Like soldiers in battle, we fire at random. We level our pieces at the lump and let drive without definite aim; and hence if anybody is hit, it is as much by accident as by design. When a bow is drawn at a venture, the Spirit of God may direct the arrow of truth to a seam in the harness

of an Ahab ; but definiteness of aim greatly multiplies the probabilities of a fatal shot. An earnest Christian once said to the writer, "If I were a preacher, no careless sinner should sit in my congregation week after week without having it made warm for him. I would shoot at him till I either hit him or he put himself beyond the range of my piece." If the truth is not brought home to men it is certain they will not bring it home to themselves. Where sinners enter the sacred precincts of Zion, and are permitted to lounge in ease and comfort in utter unconsciousness of their spiritual wreck and destitution, the ministry is a criminal, awful, and unpardonable failure. The manner in which the hunter loads his gun depends upon the kind of game at which he expect to fire. Brethren who preach, let us prepare our sermons, and *ourselves*, with special reference to the grand aim of all true preaching, the reconciliation of men to God, that the ministry be not blamed, and that the word of life in our hands may accomplish that whereunto it is sent.

J. J. HALEY.

A VISIT TO THE MISSIONS.

The hills "around about Jerusalem," as they echoed the great commission, "Go teach all nations," witnessed the birth of the missionary spirit. And in all ages since it has waxed stronger and stronger, until to-day the gospel is penetrating to every part of the world, and earnest men and women are devoting their lives to the spread of its light in lands that lie in heathen darkness. Only when the final record is made will there be known the full measure of sacrifice required of the missionary. Even if the labor fail in showing forth and declaring the whole counsel of God as revealed in His Word, still it can not fail to command our heartfelt appreciation.

Among existing monuments to the patient toil and devotion of the Catholic priesthood, toward establishing their faith in this country, are the ancient missions in and near San Antonio, Texas.

Record shows that as early as 1692 there was effort made to locate these missions, and that the priests in charge vibrated between the turbid Rio Grande and the softly gliding San Antonio, moving their camps from one river to the other, hesitating about a permanent settlement.

This location was finally selected, and the work of erecting the solid rock houses so necessary in the wild state of the country begun, in about 1720.

Leaving San Antonio one bright warm afternoon in February, I fulfilled a long cherished wish of visiting

these ancient and thereby interesting relics. It might have been May, so blue the skies, so balmy the breeze, as with a pleasant party I enjoyed the drive.

Past a gypsy encampment, with its regular supply of children, dogs and picturesque (?) fortune-tellers, on by the banks of the beautiful San Antonio river, whose every curve seems more graceful than the last, a very short time sufficed to bring us to Mission Conception, the one nearest the city.

It is more than probable that Mission San Antonio de Valero, otherwise the Alamo of historic fame, was really the first Mission in point of date, but from the fact that its character as a Mission became obliterated in its grander history as a fortress, it is not included generally, when allusion is made to the Missions—the one two miles out being styled the first—first, here, probably meaning nearest the city.

Shakespeare says there is nothing in a name, but there must have been something so weighty in the original name of this Mission that for convenience a simpler title was finally adopted. It took too much time to call it Nuestra Senora de la Concepcion la Purissima de Acuna, and I suppose time must have been some object then, as now. This lengthy name was given in commemoration of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and also in honor of Juan de Acuna, Marquis of Casa Fuerta, Viceroy of Mexico in 1722. Thus, you see, due regard was paid to things temporal as well as to those spiritual.

There is something very impressive in the contemplation of these ancient buildings. It is as though the stones had voice to speak of the struggles they have witnessed.

Revolution after revolution swept over the country, deluging its soil with blood, but the staunch old Missions remained steadfast—fortresses in time of danger—sanctuaries in time of peace.

Arriving at the gate, we were met by a stolid looking girl, the daughter of the janitor, and upon expressing a wish to see the interior of the building, she produced the key, *attached to a money box*, and conducting us to the door, threw it open and stood aside for us to enter—all without a word. If speech was silver, silence was evidently golden with her.

Once inside the door, we found ourselves in the chapel, a large, bare-looking room, with no floor but that of mother earth, and save for the altar in one end and an image on each side of the room, there was little to suggest a house of worship.

The building was constructed from rock, found near by, and carried block by block from the quarry by the Catholic Indians—the women carrying the sand for mortar in their aprons. The walls are of extra thickness and destitute of windows. This is on account of the frequent necessity of seeking shelter from dangers that menaced without. The roof is of the same material as the walls—arched, of course. The general construction, especially of the dome, suggests a mosque, and I believe the style of architecture is said to be Mo-resque, a mixture of the Spanish and Arabian.

The family who have the building in charge keep it clean, and guard carefully the tawdry altar trimmings and the two images—one representing the Virgin, the other Jesus; but these latter made such a disagreeable impression on me that I was glad to turn my back on them and throw off the unpleasant sensation by drink-

ing in the fresh air and sunshine without. But even then the ghastly, agonized countenance, purporting to represent our Lord, haunted me, and I longed for the power to have it removed where it could never more do violence to the mind and heart of any other visitor. Imagination has given to the world a face of angelic loveliness, as but feebly portraying the Son of God, and there is something very revolting in the sight of a hideous caricature of that glorious countenance. Yet to our silent guide there was evidently nothing incongruous in the horrible alabaster image with its tawdry, faded dress of coarse woolen, as being a representation of the Blessed Master.

A rude wooden frame in which there is a small window, answered the purpose of the confessional. The priest officiated behind the window, and the penitent unburdened his heart in front of it, while kneeling on a plank, raised about a foot from the floor.

This structure looks rather more modern than the house, and probably is; but is probably modeled after the one originally used. If history gives a faithful record, the good Padres had no easy task in shriving their converts—not because of their great number, but on account of their proneness to lapse into their savage habits.

On each side of the door is a small room, embraced within the church room. One was used as a sacristy, the other containing the baptismal font, chiseled from a large block of stone. The bowl is about the size of an ordinary wash-bowl.

As we passed out, the money-box spoke in a language peculiarly its own; a vernacular common to every nation, every clime; and, dropping a quarter

within, we passed to the inspection of the outside of the building.

The audience-room is in a very good state of preservation, but many of the smaller rooms connected with it, and used as living rooms for the priests, have crumbled away beneath the hand of Time, leaving nothing but fragments of arches and walls.

Such rooms as have not entirely gone to decay are used by the janitor's family, who, in addition to the rude shelter, receive the voluntary contributions of visitors, for the care of the building. I noticed the woman of the house in one room, engaged in ironing, while a few feet further on, in what had been an adjoining room, but was now little more than a shed, was an ancient-looking donkey, contentedly munching his food. He paused for a moment to survey the intruders; then, evidently not considering it worth while to disturb his lunch on our account, returned to his oats.

On the flat top of these low rooms could be seen grass and weeds, with an occasional wild flower in bloom—rather a novel sight; and for a few moments I wondered how there happened to be soil there to support vegetation; but on reflection it was very easily explained. The accumulation of more than a century's dust provides the soil, while the wind and birds originally conveyed the seed.

Finding nothing further of special interest, we proceeded to the second mission, San Jose de Aguayo, named in honor of St. Joseph and Aguayo, one of the Spanish governors of Texas. This, the largest and most beautiful of the missions, was founded about the same time of Mission Conception—1720.

Time has dealt rather sorely with San Jose, and not

only time, but the ubiquitous collector has sought out this ancient shrine, and many of the statues and carvings have had to contribute to his fondness for relics. One of the saints I noticed had been deprived of his head. Pieces of it are probably distributed from Maine to Florida.

The front wall is still standing, but almost the entire left side and the roof lie in crumbled heaps. This was caused about six years since by removing the gallery for the choir. It was thought that it was too heavy and that the building was safer without it; but the result proved that when the choir went the church went also. The one depended so largely on the other, that neither could stand alone.

The front door is thirty-five feet in height, very massive, and elaborately carved, as are all the other doors connected with the building. They are all of mesquite wood, which rivals or probably excels any wood for durability. Except for chips stolen by visitors, all the doors are as perfect to-day as they were when first used.

The general construction of San Jose is similar to Mission Conception, except that the living rooms are detached from the church and located directly in front. Traces of a wall can be seen which enclosed these rooms with the church, forming a court between.

About twenty-five years since, a company of Benedictine monks from St. Vincent, Pa., secured possession of San Jose, with a view of making it a home for their order. They made extensive additions in the rear of the main building, but the war and financial embarrassment caused them to abandon their project,

so they left their work unfinished, to remain so, in all probability, through succeeding generations.

The statues and carvings which adorn the front seem to be of blue limestone rock, but I am not geologist enough to speak with authority in this particular. Immediately over the front door is a statue of the Virgin, while still higher are three saints, presumably St. Joseph, St. Augustine and St. Dominique.

They are all so blackened and defaced that even had I been well acquainted with the accepted pictures of these saints, I could not have identified them. Especially would it have been difficult to trace any resemblance to any known face in the case of the headless statue, which stands in a niche to the left of the door, and the one which was *not* in its niche to the right. This last was stolen several years since, probably with a view of selling it to some museum. But the vandals reckoned without the Bishop of this diocese, for he has been patiently and resolutely tracing the theft ever since it was committed, and is determined to restore the saint to his legitimate place. It would seem that this determination on the part of the Bishop is at last to be rewarded, for I learn from him that he has just received authentic information as to the whereabouts of the stolen property, and confidently expects to have it restored soon.

These statues, six in number, together with the elaborate carving of doors and the one window in the sacristy, were executed by the Spanish artist Huerta, who came from Spain especially to do this work. There is something almost pathetic in the thought of the lifetime he spent in decorating this Mission. Deprived of all congenial surroundings, the artist had but his artist

soul to make the isolation endurable. And now the labor of his life is slowly but surely crumbling away ! Only the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, withstands the touch of time, and endures from everlasting to everlasting.

To the right of the church-room is the sacristy, large enough for a small chapel room. This is in a moderate state of preservation, and here mother Church has an altar, somewhat after the order of the one at Mission Conception, except that it has the gorgeous and very novel decoration of bed-quilt draperies on the wall around it, probably the work of our portress, an old Mexican woman. If every act is to be judged by the "motive that lieth below," then the effort of the ignorant old woman to decorate what to her is a holy spot, deserves as respectful consideration as the more ambitious and tasteful endeavors of those differently situated.

Several Mexican families live in the dilapidated *adobe* houses around San Jose. These are old enough and in a sufficient state of decay to attract and satisfy the soul of any artist. Poverty is very picturesque—on canvas.

Two miles further on and six miles from the city is the third Mission—San Juan Capistrano—and three miles on from San Juan is San Francisco de la Espada.

Both of these are largely in ruins and we concluded would hardly pay for a visit, so we turned homeward where the two most noted of these ancient Missions are to be found.

It is hardly necessary to speak here of the Alamo, the shrine of Texas liberty whose history is incorporated in the hearts of the people, and whose fame has

gone far and wide. This alone of the Missions has passed from the control of the Catholic church, the state having purchased it a few years since for the sum of \$20,000. Battle-scarred and worn, it stands to tell in mute but eloquent language of the heroic men who fought and fighting fell within its walls, a holy sacrifice on the altar of liberty.

San Fernando Cathedral, where Santa Anna displayed his blood-red flag, during the siege of the Alamo, is the only one of these Mission buildings where regular worship is held. Occasional service is held at the first and second Missions, also in a recent chapel built from the debris of the fourth, but in San Fernando alone are the full rites and ceremonies of the church regularly observed.

The front of this Cathedral was rebuilt some years since; but the rear remains in all its original quaint style.

In the troubled days of '36, the Missions were abandoned to a great extent as places of regular worship, and since then the city churches have absorbed the communicants in the surrounding country, so that most of these old sanctuaries remain but to speak of the days that are past. The shadow of the American Eagle now rests on the land once so hotly contested, and beneath its protection these relics can sleep on undisturbed by whiz of arrow or of musketry.

ALLIE B. LEWIS.

AN EVENING REVERIE BESIDE LAKE ERIE.

Soft fall the silken curtains of the night,
As far beyond the placid western sea
Sinks Phœbus' royal chariot from sight,
And Luna, in her fair serenity,
Assumes her wonted sway. O'er hill and lea
Sweet benisons Peace, drawing nearer, sheds,
While Toil and Care shrink back abashed, and hide
their drooping heads.

Upon my listening ear there gently falls
The soothing murmur of the plashing waves ;
It harmony my every sense enthalls,
A flood of restfulness my spirit laves ;
Yet there's a sound that hints of hidden graves ;
An undertone beneath the joyous strains
That sadly speaks of something lost, as well as gathered
gains.

Ye murmuring waves that kiss the pebbly shore,
Ye speak to *me* of days forever fled ;
Of joys departed to return no more ;
Of cherished memories, pure and hallowéd ;
Of youthful aspirations cold and dead.
But what of *thee*, thou grand, thou beauteous Lake ?
What revelations to my soul wilt thou be pleased to
make ?

The "flood of years" poured by Time's outstretched
hand

Flows over thee, yet never leaves a trace
To mar thy loveliness, from strand to strand;
Through vanished ages thou hast held thy place,
And worn thine honors with a regal grace.
Thou hast beheld primeval forests yield
At Labor's wonder-working touch, to home and cul-
tured field.

And thou beheld'st man's advent. Tell me, pray,
Who was the first to stem thy flowing tide?
Was it some stalwart giant, whose brief day
Has long since vanished and is now denied
A place in history? Was it a dusky bride,
Who whispered to thee of a love untold
That dwelt as coyly in her breast as 'neath the er-
mine's fold?

Or did some painted warrior cleave thy wave
To carry trophies to his waiting bride?
Or was it Grief that sought a sudden grave
And dark oblivion beneath thy tide
Low where the mermaids slumber side by side?
Vouchsafest thou no answer? Very well;
I can but guess the wondrous secrets that thou wilt not
tell.

Within thy time have nations come and passed;
And thrones been reared, to crumble back again;
Old empires yielded, as the new were cast;
And kings have risen, one by one, to reign
And pass away, by time or vengeance slain;

And generations perished. Changeless thou,
Thou hast for ages lived the same ; the same as even
now.

And yet not always just the same art thou ;
For when, in fury, Jove drives madly by
And casts his shadow dark athwart thy brow ;
When lightning flashes from his angry eye,
And all thy waves, in quick response, dash high,
And passion mars the beauty of thy face,
'Tis folly then for human lives to trust thy fond embrace.

In such an hour how often hast thou proved
How weak, alas ! how impotent is man ;
When by his tears and piteous cries unmoved
Thou hast reduced his life to just a span,
And set at naught his every cherished plan.
Wealth, Home, Love, and Fame in such an hour
Have yielded, though reluctantly, to thine o'ermastering power.

And when Mars ruled the day, and thy rough waves
Drank sacrificial wine poured by the hand
Of Liberty ; when heroes made their graves
In thy dark caverns ; when in proud command
To victory Perry led his gallant band,
Didst thou not tremble then at cannons' roar,
Though Honor came to dwell with thee, to leave thee
nevermore ?

Yes, thou art mighty. The swift-going years
Have linked thy name with majesty and power.

My little life compared with thine appears
As passing vapor of a morning hour,
Or short-lived fragrance of a wildwood flower.
How could I hope that thou wouldst yield to me
The secrets that so long have found their hiding-place
in thee ?

Yet there will come a last appalling day,
When all this earth shall quake from pole to pole ;
When every knee shall bow and own God's sway,
And all the vaulted heavens, like a scroll,
At His command shall swift together roll.
Then fervent heat will drink thy life. No more
Thy place shall know thee. Never more thy waves
shall wash the shore.

But I shall still live on. The hand divine,
That measured all thy waters, gave to me
A deathless spirit, that will ever shine
In realms of light, or writhe in misery.
Although so fragile when compared with thee,
I shall outlive thee. While the ages roll
The hand of Death is powerless to crush a deathless
soul.

M. E. MILES.

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER VI.

REORGANIZATION.

Our last chapter brought us to an event that needs ampler detail. The precise change of base on the part of a church already so un-Baptistic must be more closely defined.

I. With a clearer vision than ever before they now saw the folly and sinfulness of human creeds. A creed as a bond of union and communion, that is, as a law by which members are received and expelled, as a fundamental, constitutional or organic document, dare not be human if the superstructure reared on it is to be divine. To say, as such a document implies, that the Scriptures have not "thoroughly furnished" us in this respect, is to charge Christ with a grave and fatal omission; namely, with the organization of a new government without a fundamental law, or the building of a church having no foundation save what shifting sands human chance may anon wash under it and anon away. It is this folly that has made in history so many building spots for so many different sects, ephemeral and "foolish" as the "sand" on which they built. More

than ever, Somerset was now determined to avoid this sinful absurdity.

2. As but one building can be erected on one foundation, provided it is as broad and no broader than that foundation, they proposed henceforth to stand for the unity of all of Christ's followers.

3. The Divine Creed, the Scriptural constitution, they now saw to be that, and only that, which the Lord Himself had expressly laid down as such. This He did in two explicit announcements: one setting forth the fundamental *truth* or *fact*, and the other declaring the fundamental *practice* or *way to appropriate* that fact.

(1.) When Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus said: "Upon this rock I will build my church" (Matt. xvi. 16). Now that on which one builds is fundamental, or, to use a governmental expression, constitutional. Hence Paul says of this fact, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (I. Cor. iii. 11). In Old Testament history there had been many *christed* (*i. e.*, anointed) ones, as prophets, priests and kings, but Jesus is by preëminence *the* anointed prophet, priest and king—and, as "the Son of the living God," the divine Prophet, the divine Priest, the divine King. Who can confess allegiance to a greater? Who dare confess to a less? At any rate, this is "the *wisdom* of God." All else is human folly.

(2.) By way of practice Jesus lays down this fundamental law: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned" (Mark. xvi. 16). Compare also Matt. xxviii. 19, and Luke xxiv. 46-49. As God receives men on these

terms or rejects them for want of compliance, how could Somerset now do less or demand more ?

4. With reference to the afterpart of the Commission as given by Matthew (xxviii. 20), "teaching them to observe all things whatever I have commanded you," they were content to say with Paul, "Whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule" (Phil. iii. 16). This avoided enforced conformity and left the needed room for normal growth and honest differences.

5. Somerset further recognized the fact that all thoughtful students of the Word of God will draw inferences from what they read, and that these inferences will be more or less perfect or imperfect, alike or unlike, according to the diligence and ability of each individual. Such opinions they looked upon as private property. They took Paul's admonition: "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, yet not to doubtful disputations" (Rom. xiv. 1), and they did not permit such matters to mar fellowship.

6. In this growth even baptism took on a new meaning and an immediate use. They noticed that in apostolic days this ordinance, evidently because part of the Commission, was never delayed, but immediately followed the confession of faith in the Divine Prophetship, Priesthood and Kingship of Jesus. Henceforward they practiced in accordance with the happy discovery. They also noticed that the Scriptures speak in the same terms both of the blood of the Redeemer and of the baptism He commanded, asserting each to be "for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28 and Acts ii. 38). Henceforth, therefore, they held both to be for the same purpose, with this natural difference :

the blood of Jesus creates, procures or furnishes the merit by its intrinsic worth, while baptism (with faith and repentance), as the divinely appointed means, applies or appropriates it unto remission. Therefore *since the commission*, given after the resurrection of Jesus, no alien can hope for the remission of sins without this appointed way of applying the Saviour's blood. The psychological experiences, the emotional on-goings in the breast of those seeking the Lord and engendered by penitential faith are therefore misinterpreted when it is held as evidence of pardon rather than fit preparation for baptism in order to remission.

With this return to apostolic methods they also had apostolic success, as was indicated at the end of the last chapter. Their numbers were about doubled in that single meeting. Future chapters will show yet larger growth.

In closing the last chapter the date given to this meeting by Alexander Campbell in his father's memoirs was accepted without question, presuming that he wrote with his father's diary before him. Further search, however, discovers the following note in the *Christian Baptist* for October, 1829, p. 587, and of course written in September: "Father Campbell, a few weeks since, immersed four members of the bar of high standing, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, together with several other persons of the same place, of much influence in society." In addition to this several fine old ladies have quoted their babies born at that time, than which there is nothing more certain; else two respectable old family Bibles, since turned up, might be adduced with sundry entries, made at the

time of marriages, baptism, and—babies again. Bless the darlings; what help they are to history!

It is, therefore, clear that Mr. Campbell confounded and merged two separate events. In the fall of 1828 Thomas Campbell came indeed to Somerset, but by himself; stayed several months and truly preached the new order of things, but with such wonted caution as to set the people more to thinking than to acting. Just before his departure for home, in the early part of October, he baptized Mrs. Charlotte Ogle, the first person in this region baptized upon simple confession of faith for the remission of sins. There were, however, others who even then were very near the kingdom. Mrs. Rebecca Forward told Aunt Charlotte, as the latter was coming from the water, that she would have gone with her were she not waiting for her husband to join her in this obedience. The state of Mr. Forward's mind is thus expressed in a letter directed to his wife from the halls of Congress under date of March 13, 1828: "I have been long anxious that you at least might enjoy the happiness of a religious walk in life. For myself, I still seem destined to a want of genuine faith and repentance."

The account that Father Campbell, on his return home, gave of this field, made both father and son anxious to provide Somerset with the means of progress, but for the time failed. In a letter to Mrs. Mary Ogle, Oct. 22, 1828, Alexander Campbell said:

"I have just written this morning to a Brother Ballantine from England, now living in Philadelphia but wishing to move westward, to come and see you at Somerset. He is an excellent preacher and teacher of the ancient and apostolic doctrine, and wishes a situa-

tion for proclaiming the gospel and teaching a classical and English school for the support of his family. He is a brother of great experience, and has long contended for the apostolic doctrine and practice. If a situation opens for him in your town for this twofold purpose, I doubt not that he will be a real acquisition to you all and to the place."

Late in June, 1829, Thomas Campbell, with his son Archibald, returned to Somerset, preached a few times, and then went to Turkey-Foot to work up an interest in the Jersey church. He found them, however, more wedded to Calvin and "Baptist usage" than to Jesus and His apostles.* He returned in the second week of July to Somerset and began his work in earnest. His meetings, as usual, were circulatory. On Thursday, July 9th, he preached at Peter J. Loehr's, four miles east of

* This judgment may sound harsh. Let the following incidents serve in justification: Some years earlier, Abram Colborn being chief elder, a Miss Prinkey, from a superior family of Milford township, applied for baptism and membership in the Jersey Church. The customary "experience," usually required some weeks before baptism, was demanded of her. She replied: "That was not the custom of Scriptural days. There is no record of any such procedure in Acts of Apostles. Neither Christ nor His apostles ever spoke of such a thing. I put my trust in the Divine Saviour and wish to put Him on in baptism." At this point Elder Colborn cried out, "Away with her! away with her!" This same Colborn, accompanied by others of that church, came on a "Sabbath" to Somerset to attend meeting, and put up at his usual place, Isaac Husband's. Jacob Creily, a millwright and general mechanical genius, had invented for Husband's use a spinning-jenny of twelve spindles. Colborn wished to return that day and yet wanted to see the jenny work before going home, but the "Sabbath" stood in the way. Finally his curiosity triumphed over his scruples and the plain letter of the "law." The jenny was duly exhibited! Some curious extracts could be made from their records. Here are three: "August 31, 1793. Church met. Resolved, that not complying with laying on of hands on private members be no bar of communion." "Sept. 1, 1798. Agreed that one query be sent to the Association concerning the laying on of hands." In the preliminary statement to the constituting of the church, Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1775, the matter is put thus: "8thly. We do agree to receive and adopt the Regular Confession of Faith as generally expressive of our belief of the Scriptures, allowing liberty of conscience to receive members into the church by the laying on of the hands with prayer and the right hand of fellowship as a mode of reception of baptized persons into the church—that either way shall not be a bar of communion."

the village. Chauncey Forward did not feel comfortable about matters, and saddled his horse for a ride to Stoystown, ten miles to the north-east; but somehow (how *do* such things happen?) he found himself sitting in Loehr's house, the most attentive listener of them all. When the invitation to come to Christ was given, he responded eagerly, followed only too gladly by his wife, and also by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Fleming. They were all baptized on Friday, July 10th, at the mill below town. Mr. Forward's baptism made no little stir; for he was a prominent lawyer, had served in both houses of the State Legislature, and since 1825 has been in the National House of Representatives. Mr. Fleming was also a lawyer.

The meeting grew in attendance and in power. The Lord's day services were divided between father and son, Archibald preaching in the evening. That day three other lawyers confessed Christ, namely, Charles Ogle, Wm. H. Posthlethwaite, and Horatio N. Weigley; also, Cephas Gillett, a teacher, and Dr. Norman M. Bruce,* together with Miss Jane H. Carson, (afterwards Mrs. Posthlethwaite), Miss Julia Weigley, Mrs. Emily Ogle, and Mrs. Susan Mong (who died before the reorganization). They were baptized, along with others, on the next day, at the same paper-mill. Mary Ann Posthlethwaite is also remembered as coming in during that meeting.

Notwithstanding the radical doctrinal changes already indicated, and the offishness of the Jersey Church, the Somerset Church still believed itself to have a place among Baptists, or at least did not wish to part com-

* Mentioned out of place in Chapter III., by the informant's confounding the charter lists of 1817 and 1829. William Philson and wife, Agnes, came in the next fall.

pany with them, and sent messengers to the next Washington Association. The young but scholarly Wm. H. Posthlehwaite, one of the messengers, wrote the annual letter and emphasized with no stint the dwarfing nature and hurtfulness of human creeds. Traveling Baptist ministers were as welcome as before to occupy the Somerset pulpit. Both in 1828 and after the above meeting in 1829, Wm. Shadrach, who to this day preaches for Baptists in adjoining counties, was called in to administer baptism. Whatever may have been his views, the candidates understood the ordinance to be "for the remission of sins."

The unfettered position occupied by the Somerset Church was constantly bearing the logical fruit of steadily bringing them closer to the Saviour and to a fuller understanding of God's Word. How could they build on the divine Priesthood of Jesus and yet take their name from John the Baptist? Clearly they were named after the wrong person and dated from the wrong event. The Priesthood of Jesus most assuredly did not begin in the days of John the Baptist, for Paul writes: "If He (Jesus) were on earth, He would not be a priest at all" (Heb. viii. 4). And, "The priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity also a change of the law" (Heb. vii. 12). It was not clear to them why Jesus charged His disciples to conceal certain matters from the public till after His resurrection (Matt. xvi. 20; xvii. 9, *etc.*), and why, even after that, he told them still to hold back the announcement of the gospel commission until they "be clothed with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 49). Like the church of Syrian Antioch (Acts xi. 26), the Somerset church henceforth

wished to be known only as Disciples of Christ or Christians.

From their study of Acts xx. 7 and Paul's correction of an abuse in I. Cor. xi. 17-34, compared with I. Cor. xvi. 2, as well as from what all commentators and church historians of note say of the matter, weekly communion* seemed to Somerset to have been the primitive practice. To this they, therefore, wished to conform. That practice once begun, with two or three unavoidable exceptions, has not been omitted a single Lord's day up to this time.

Though it is, perhaps, not too much to say that there never was a time in the history of the Somerset Baptist church when they would not have received the hand of fellowship by the more thoughtful Disciples of to-day, yet, to fit themselves the better for their changing practice, and to have leaders worthy of their growing zeal and capable of teaching so intelligent a body, reorganization of their forces seemed a necessity.

In looking about for an available evangelist to set them in scriptural order they corresponded with William Ballantine, of Philadelphia. He was a man of superior spirituality and a most excellent scholar—excelling especially in the Hebrew. To him the Somerset church became indebted for several visits of most helpful instruction. His exhaustive treatise on the Eldership proved of no little service to incoming officers. Both for its spirit of piety and historical value, his letter to Wm. H. Posthlethwaite, written from Philadelphia, Sept. 8, 1829, is here set down entire :

“MY DEAR BROTHER : — The dispensations of our heavenly Father often plainly discover the truth of His Word, that ‘ It is not in man that

* “Rule 8th,” of the Jersey Church, provided “that communion shall be held quarterly.”

walketh to direct his steps.' I had resolved to be with you on the second Lord's Day of this month, but He has laid His hand upon me for wise, and, I trust, gracious ends. I was seized on Thursday morning last with something like cholera, which confined me to my bed for two days and has prostrated my strength to a considerable degree. I was previously engaged to spend the last Lord's Day with the brethren at Frankford, and I bless the Lord who so far recovered and strengthened me as to preach among them once.

"When I promised to be with you the next Lord's Day I did not use lightness. Nothing should have prevented me but His afflicting hand. And I feel, through the stroke of His hand, that my weakness will not allow me to push on to fulfill my engagement. My physician says that I must not move till I recover a little strength, which he judges may be, by the will of the Lord, about the end of this week or the beginning of the next.

"It is now my purpose, if the Lord will, to set out from this place on Friday morning, the 11th inst., and find my way to you by slow degrees. My physician says I must neither travel too early in the morning nor too late in the evening. He thinks my complaint was brought on by exceeding change of the weather, and therefore I must be cautious against excessive changes. I trust, however, to be among you on Lord's Day, 20th inst., if it be His blessed will; but we are in His hand as the clay in the hand of the potter. I am afraid, however, if I do reach you then, it will be in much weakness of body as well as of mind. I write this in much weakness, but I trust my journey to you, by the divine favor, will strengthen me. This is the opinion of my physician, else I would not attempt the journey. However, all shall be well in whatever way our heavenly Father orders it.

"Remember me in love to all the brethren. Continue instant in prayer. In your church assemblies read and study the sacred Scriptures and exhort one another; and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

"Yours in hope of a glorious resurrection,

"WILLIAM BALLANTINE."

From this it seems that September 13th was the day set for the reorganization, but owing to providential delay it was not accomplished till the 20th of September, 1829.

The officers selected and ordained were the follow-

ing: *Elders*—Chauncey Forward, who died October 9, 1839, and Wm. H. Posthlewthwaite, who resigned in 1850 and died July 11, 1879; *Deacons*—Jacob Graft, whose career was briefly sketched in chapter III., and Samuel Trent, Sr., who moved to Maryland in 1843 or 1844.

The *charter members*, in addition to those converted in the July meeting, were the following *from the old organization*: Mary Ogle, Mary Morrison, Mary T. Graft, Jacob Graft, Isaac Husband and wife Elizabeth, Mrs. Sarah Lichtenberger (niece of Mary Graft), Misses Mary Strain and Kate Carr, intelligent seamstresses, Mrs. Susan Stewart, Sallie and David Plowman and Miss Eliza Plowman, George Probst and wife, Mrs. Charlotte Ogle, Peter J. Loehr and wife Barbara (sister of Charlotte Ogle), Miss Clarissa Loehr, Jonas Younkin and wife Martha, Mrs. Eleanor Bruce, Mrs. Julia Johnston, Mrs. Katie Tantlinger, Mrs. Nancy Carson (mother of Mrs. Posthlewthwaite), Mrs. Adeline Stahl and Samuel Stahl, Samuel Trent, Sr., and wife Mary, Alexander Hunter, Sr., and wife Nellie, Jacob Creiley and wife Mary, Miss Margaret Foust (now Mrs. Scheib, of Pittsburgh, sister to Adeline Stahl), and Mrs. Peggie May. There were also others whose names can not now be recalled.

It is thought that the following, immersed by Chauncey Forward, were also charter members: Samuel Huston, Peter Huston and wife Bettie, and John Hamilton and wife Bettie.

Barbara Loehr died at Bloomington, Illinois, in 1885. Mrs. Emma Husband Lavan (also thought to have been a charter member,) died in Jackson county, Illinois, January 18, 1866. So far as the writer has been able to

learn, Mrs. Margaret Scheib, of Pittsburgh ; Mrs. Jane H. Posthlethwaite, of Somerset, who is also one of two survivors of the original Sunday-school ; and Aunt Charlotte Ogle, of Somerset, are the only charter members still living. The last two are well preserved specimens of a vigorous old age. Mrs. Posthlethwaite, seventy-six years old, and tall and light of body, regularly attends all the Lord's Day forenoon church services, misses but few evening services, is quite regularly at prayer-meeting, and constantly busies herself in ministering to the sick and poor. Aunt Charlotte, present at the baptism of Mary Ogle, and aged eighty-five, being tall and somewhat stout of body, finds her ankles less able than her mind, and so must content herself with occasional attendance at church, especially in the cold season. Besides keeping pretty well abreast with other current literature of the day, she can regularly tell you all the good things in the *Christian Standard* and the *New York Independent*. Without the valuable assistance of these two ladies, this Tale thus far would have been a meager affair.

GOING HOME.

Friend of mine, so true, so true !
I was going home to you ;
I remembered every day
All the things I wished to say,
All the things I wished to hear,
None but you could tell me, dear ;
And I thought of how surprise
Then would glisten in your eyes ;
How your face would brighten then,
When I should go home again ;
How your pallid cheeks would glow
Just as in the long ago ;—
You would be so glad, I knew,
When I should go home to you.

Now the time is drawing near
For my homeward journey, dear ;
All the vagrant winds that roam
Softly whisper, " Going home !"
I shall see the blessed blue
Of the lake I watched with you ;
But I hardly care to know
How its distant sails will show,
And I hardly care to dream
Of the mirrored sunlight's gleam ;
I am going home ; ah yes !
I am going home to press

Through the ways we used to tread,
But—they say that you are dead.

You were nearer home than I—
Nearer to the home on high ;
Such a little way from there
That you knew its walls were fair ;
Such a little way to go
When you left this world below !
Now another dream I hold
Close as miser hoards his gold,
Of a greeting to be given
When I reach the door of heaven.
Through the shades of griefs like this,
Through the sunlit hours of bliss,
Friend of mine, so true, so true !
I am going home to you.

JESSIE H. BROWN.



C. B. Edgar

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF C. B. EDGAR.

It is the dictum of science, no less than the popular instinct, that we must look to one's ancestors for the springs and sources of his individual character. Charles B. Edgar is descended from the Edgars of Keathock and Wedderly, and the coat of arms of his Scotch ancestors is still preserved in his family. The parents of his mother, whose family name was Dorey, were English people, and came to America after their marriage, from the Isle of Wight. The paternal great-grandfather was an officer in the American Revolution, and the grandfather was in the war of 1812.

The subject of the present sketch, Charles B. Edgar, was born in St. Louis, in the year of 1847, and his earliest education was obtained in the very excellent public schools of that city. After completing the grammar school, he was sent to Western Union College, then a flourishing institution, located at Fulton, Ill. Called home on account of the war troubles in 1863, he at once entered into business. In 1871, he abandoned business life, and went to Kentucky University to prepare for the ministry. In the fall of 1873, in the temporary breaking up of the Bible College, he determined, being in his senior year, to enter at once upon the work of the ministry. He followed in this the advice of the professors of the Bible College and the church in St. Louis. His first pastoral connection was with the church in Lexington, Mo., where he did good service in inducing the church to pay off a large debt which they had been carrying for a number of years, greatly to the detriment of all Christian work. Though he was young, and without experience, his ministry in Lexington was greatly blessed. The church prospered, and in the second year of his stay, not less than 40 persons were added. At the close of the second year, he resigned, and soon after undertook the work at Plattsburg. As this was a smaller town than Lexington, and the membership less numerous, though embracing some of the choicest spirits in the world, he thought his pastoral duties would be less exacting, and hoped to find time for the prosecution of needed studies outside the immediate line of pulpit-work. In the first year of his stay, he realized, in a large measure, this desire. At the beginning of his second year, he—to use his own words—"undertook the

moral regeneration" of Plattsburg. He made war at once, like a brave man, conscious of a call from heaven, upon drunkenness and the liquor traffic. The battle was long and hard, the courageous leaders received wounds, the scars of which they still carry, but Plattsburg is better off, and will be, doubtless, for many a long year to come. All honor to men who have the courage of their moral convictions when great conflicts are raging.

At the close of his second year in Plattsburg, he resigned, and not long after was called to Hannibal, Mo., where he did acceptable service for the church for four years, and made his influence felt for good in many circles which he could not have reached by pulpit labors alone. Here he sought and won the affections of Miss Aurora Drescher, to whom he was married by Dr. Hopson, on the fourth day of May, 1882. Of this happy union the result is an interesting daughter, Miss Helen, now in her third year. Resigning at Hannibal, he was called to succeed the gifted and popular A. N. Gilbert, at Rushville, Ind. After two years of hard work, he resigned, and accepted a call to Cynthiana, Ky., where he is now in his third year, happily situated in a large and prosperous church. May the union with this church be a long one, and abundantly fruitful in all good works.

If Mr. Edgar had not been a young man of rare force of character, it is not likely that he would have been a Disciple. His ancestors, on both sides, were loyal Episcopalians. Four of his maternal great-uncles had been clergymen of the church of England. He had himself been duly christened in infancy, but before "Confirmation" had become a dissenter. It was under unusual, not to say providential, circumstances, that he came first to know of the Disciples. Through a young friend, who was a Disciple, he obtained a sermon by Bro. B. H. Smith, then pastor of the church in St. Louis, and from the Mercantile Library he got the only book against the Disciples which he could find—Dr. Jeters' "Campbellism Examined." Thus early he showed the disposition to hear both sides which has ever characterized him. Soon after this, he heard from B. H. Smith the first sermon by a Disciple to which he had ever listened. After services he made himself known to the preacher, and a time was set for a personal interview. The result was his public confession of Christ and baptism into the Christian church. In this step, taken so deliberately, he placed himself on ground which he has occupied without wavering, till the present hour.

As a preacher, Mr. Edgar is for the most part soundly practical, though on occasion he will preach a sermon which indicates careful study, and unusual vigor of thought. He has a fine artistic and

æsthetic vein in his composition which is apt to show itself in the interior decoration of the church, and about the parsonage—if there be one. He is not without ample administrative capacity, though he may have been sometimes suspected of wanting too much to have his own way. He is no metaphysician—has no tendency that way—for which he ought, no doubt, to be duly thankful; but his ability in historical and critical fields is of a very high order. He has been fairly successful in winning sinners to Christ, though he reaches them as a teacher, opening up to them the way of life, not as a vehement declaimer, or emotional exhorter. Upon the whole, he has eminent qualifications for the pastoral office, to which, no doubt, he feels himself specially inclined. In this most fruitful field of Christian usefulness, it is to be hoped that his days may pass pleasantly and prosperously, and that the Lord, whom he serves, may enable him to gather many sheaves for the day of eternity.

MORAL CAUSALITY.

A SERMON.

“Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting” (Gal. vi. 7, 8).

In this passage of Scripture the apostle Paul states the divine law of moral causality; that order of cause and effect in the moral world that is the law of our spiritual being.

This law is older than Christianity, older than Mo-
saism, older than the revelation to the patriarchs. It doubtless originated at the time when the Deity said, “Let us make man in our image.” It is, therefore, fundamental to the enactments of every age and dispensation, and inherent in the very spiritual being of man. It is, as I shall try to show you, the same order of sequence that has in every age been revealed from God by prophet, Redeemer, and apostle. It is not an arbitrary enactment, to go into effect at some far-off judgment day, but is the very character of our creation.

The apostle argues here from that analogy existing between the laws of God in the material world, and those in the spiritual world. In this, he but follows our Lord, who continually points us to nature, to study the character and law of the Father, and then proclaims the like character and government for us. This study

of analogy has ever been engaging to those who believe that the God of nature is the God of the Bible ; and as our knowledge of natural laws increases, our interest in such analogies will increase. For this reason, perhaps, this passage will prove of greater interest to this age than to any age preceding it.

He calls attention to order and law in the material world in these words: "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he reap." If a man sows wheat, he shall reap wheat, not weeds. If he sows weeds, that very thing shall he reap. "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body." We have learned far better than our fathers what such words mean.

We know more of that eternal chain of cause and effect in the physical world ; of that law and that order that everywhere obtain. We know that every force and every atom in nature are in that chain both as an effect and in turn a cause ; that no power short of the supernatural can interfere with that law of sequence which, like a mighty machine, moves on in its fixed and determined way, inexorable, pitiless.

We have learned that every force propagates itself in some form ; that every atom is related to every other atom, and wields an influence upon it ; that there is no such thing as accident, or chance, or luck, but that every force set in motion moves on to accomplish its fixed and adequate result, which shall end only when time shall be no more.

We have no need, then, to be told by an apostle that nature's laws can not be set at naught or mocked ; that here the law of causality is inviolable. We can see and understand that without inspiration ; and we

who have this knowledge, in turn teach it to the ignorant and inexperienced; else the race would perish from the earth.

Upon this sure ground the apostle bases his argument. He affirms that equally certain, fixed, and irrefragable are cause and effect,—law and order, in the moral government of man. Not a sinful thought, not a sinful deed, but brings inevitably its adequate and fixed result. And so of every good thought and deed. If now this statement of the apostle can be verified, and the effects in moral order be made as manifest as those in the physical, we will be no longer deceived, or think that God is mocked. Ignorance here leads to sin. “Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is emboldened to do evil.” But if we will look, we will see that sentence *is* executed speedily, instantly. Although the sentence under the Jewish economy might be delayed by the civil power charged with the execution, the spiritual law of God was not delayed in its execution. If we have not seen this immediate execution, it is only because we have been looking for results in the wrong direction.

We have looked for *physical* results from the action of *moral* laws. That there are physical effects *sometimes* visible is true enough. He who gives himself to certain moral sins will reap such results. The drunkard, or glutton, or the grossly licentious, shows an effect in his body. Sometimes a man's sins will find him out in this way, and sometimes they affect even his children; and we may easily trace good and bad effects upon society and individuals. With this latter class of results, however, we have nothing to do, being

only desirous now to examine effects that are wrought in, or upon, the author of the good or evil cause—only such effects as might be rated as rewards or punishments to the person who obeys or violates the moral law of God.

It is evident that not all moral sins lead to physical results, and that those that do, are not certain always to do so. Although, as a rule, "The way of the transgressor is hard," he may escape the law of the land, or the social disgrace, or the sorrow and suffering that humanity itself has thought should follow his sins in this life.

Let us look again at those cases where it is urged that physical effects spring from violation of God's law of the spirit. We have observed that the dishonest man sometimes ends in jail, and the murderer on the gallows, or the destroyer of virtue is driven from society, or the drunkard has *delirium tremens*. You must see in these illustrations that the first two men have violated not only divine, but also civil law; that the third man has violated not only the divine, but also the social law; and that the last has violated not only the divine, but also the natural law.

Look now at the punishment meted out to each of these persons, and you will see that it is laid on him by the civil law, the social law, or the natural law. Therefore these systems of civil, social, or natural law are vindicated by the effects produced, and not the divine law. Do those Christians who accept the theory of physical vindication of divine law believe that the thief who has served out his sentence in jail, has met in any degree the divine penalty of the law "Thou shalt not steal"? Do they think God acquits him now? No, the

laws of society, or of nature, are alone satisfied in such cases, and these offenders have not in these punishments met any penalty affixed to the divine moral law.

What I urge is, that no physical conditions that come through the agency of civil or social laws, or through the laws of health, may be accepted as any vindication of the moral law of God, and that they are not in the nature of rewards or punishments affixed to that law. Further, that a *law* of causality in morals must be fixed, certain, and invariable, like those in nature.

But, it may be asked, does not the Scripture promise earthly prosperity to the righteous, and adversity to the wicked? Certainly the Old Testament does, but not the New.

But you must remember that the Old Testament offered nothing other than *temporal* rewards and punishments, and these, I hope to show, were not attached to the eternal moral law of God. The Jews were under a theocracy. Their religious and civil laws were one and the same, and looked to the civil power for the execution of penalties. To be guilty of idolatry was not only a violation of the law of God, but of that of the land, and the penalty was meted out by the civil arm. So of sabbath-breaking, theft, false witness, profanity, and every other sin. To the commandment "Honor thy father and mother" was affixed the penalty "Let him die the death;" therefore the promise, "That thy days may be long," etc. The promises of peace and prosperity on earth to the righteous, and the threatening of trouble and adversity to the wicked, have reference to the penalties of the system as a civil one;

as a prudent and wise man would to-day declare ; to him who obeys the laws of our country, peace and prosperity, but for the law-breaker trouble and adversity. The Mosaic system was hardly more than a God-given civil code.

Upon this point there remains one question. Were the penalties under the Mosaic law in vindication of it as a civil code only, or were they also in satisfaction of it as a religious law ; a divine law of the soul ? Certainly these penalties satisfied only the civil phase of it, for behind and under the Mosaic system, which was but provisional, there was a higher government, and order, and system of effects. And no penalty under the Mosaic law was adequate to vindicate the divine government and system. So I understand the apostle to teach in such words as these, for example : " For the law having a shadow of the good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year, continually, make the course thereunto perfect." " For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins." So then we must not suppose that the Scripture teaches us to look upon prosperity or adversity in worldly affairs, as belonging to the causality of our moral being.

But there is another class of physical conditions in which those who hold to the theory of physical results think the vindication of the moral government is seen—a condition of things in the individual life, the cause of which can not be attributed to human agency. Fortunate or calamitous results from natural events. Providential conditions they are called. Favorable winds, or weather, or season ; or, on the other hand, earthquakes,

pestilences, storms, etc. From the earliest ages men naturally looked upon these as agencies through which God, or the gods, blessed the righteous, and took sure vengeance upon offenders. They could not conceive of a thought as lofty as that the sun should shine upon the just and the unjust, or that a tower might fall upon the good as well as the bad. These events had to them causes so remote and obscure that it is not strange that they thought the Deity must in such ways vindicate his justice. This was a theory among both Jews and Gentiles. But, alas! it required but little observation to discover that the good fortune did not always attend the upright, nor the misfortune the wicked; and so arose in the clearer minds a dark problem. The Psalmist touches upon it quite often, and it is the theme of that sublime poetic drama, the book of Job. The friends of Job, holding to the popular theory, argue because of his calamities that he must be a great sinner. Job, with great force, refutes these incipient Calvinists, as Froude calls them, and we, having had in the prologue an inside view of the cause, know that Job is right. In the book of Job the problem is thus far solved, that calamities and misfortunes are not necessarily the result of sin—that they do not belong to the system of moral causality. But in the epilogue the restoration of prosperity to Job looks like a support to the false theory against which the whole book is written, to this extent, that ultimately the righteous are prospered in life. The history is rounded up to the satisfaction of that desire, nay, demand, of the false theory. The conclusion of the drama is, however, an act of justice, in view of the cause of his trouble, and does not in the least set aside the truth established, that his trouble was caused not

by sin. If it were only true in every day life, that the good always come out successful and prosperous in the end, as Job did, and as the virtuous hero or heroine of popular fiction does, the problem would have no existence. When we consider the argument and force of this poem it is wonderful that the Jews who accepted it would continue to hold the false theory. More wonderful still, that with Christ's endorsement of the teaching of the book of Job, some advocates of the theory are still found among Christians, who view every drouth, or epidemic, or disastrous storm, as a punishment from God meted out to offenders; and who seek, like the friends of Job, to discover a sin for which this or that calamity befell their neighbor.

You must have observed that in the days of Christ the advocates were among his disciples. They asked him, in the presence of the blind man, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" and the Master answered them emphatically, "Neither 'hath this man sinned, nor his parents." Some persons related to Christ an account of a horrible death that had overtaken some Jews in Galilee. They had probably fled for refuge to the altar, but even there the Romans slew them, their blood mingling with the blood from the altar. The Saviour asked the narrator: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered these things? I tell you nay," etc. "Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all them that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell ye nay," etc.

In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, without wishing to enter into any lengthy argument where

such a variety of explanations has been offered, the principal lesson to my mind is directed against those who hold this false theory. The rich man that He pictured to them was in their minds necessarily a good man; the ragged and diseased beggar at his gate was, according to the popular theory, a great sinner, suffering according to the providence of a just God. Our Lord does not touch upon their characters, or show any reason why they were ultimately damned or blessed. He only calls attention to their providential conditions, and then he draws aside the veil that fell at death. As much as to say, "Look on this picture and then on that." Whether intended to teach the falsity of the old theory or not, it does it, and most effectually. The whole system of Christ is against this false theory of rewards and punishments. It directs us to look for these in the spirit and after life. Christ offered his disciples no earthly prosperity, but bitter persecution and adversity. Nay, he even exclaimed, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." As Mrs. Stowe somewhere says, she who was hailed by the angels as blessed among women, found sorrow and trouble in life, and saw her son in early manhood nailed to a Roman cross.

The way of righteousness and blessedness, according to Christ's teaching, often lies through a dark wilderness of adversity, and adown that road the Master led. The Captain of our salvation, according to the apostle, was made perfect through suffering, and all the poverty, and distress, and suffering that He bore was laid upon One of whom it is said, "He knew no sin." The cross, first of Christian emblems, symbol-

izes suffering, and the preaching of the cross was the sacrifice of the flesh upon the altar of God. To die to the allurements of the mere earthly life, that the better life might be born within, was the way into the kingdom of God and righteousness, as our Lord showed Nicodemus; as we are taught from nearly every page of the New Testament, and as the initiatory ordinance symbolizes.

So far we have been urging the negative side of the theory that God's moral law works its effects in the physical condition of health or prosperity. We have seen that such results are not certain and fixed, as results must be in every divine law, whether in the material or immaterial world. We have found that these physical conditions find their cause in the natural law or in the social system; that the material promises and threatenings of the Old Testament were based upon the dual character of Mosaism, which through its civil arm brought material results; that, according to the Scriptures, the providential effects in life do not belong to the moral system; and lastly, that the fuller revelation of the moral government, through Christianity, is directly and emphatically against this theory.

Is there, then, on this earth in this life no vindication of God's moral law? May we not be able to see and prove now some certain and fixed results from evil or good thoughts and deeds? There is. We may. But we must look elsewhere than in the flesh—we must use other than our bodily eye. Take our text again: "He that sows to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that sows to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Have you been accustomed to looking at these results only as ultimate and after

life? They are that, it is true, because they are wrought in a spirit that will exist after this life, but they are also present and immediate results. Ultimate results are not now in question. Let us now open our spiritual eyes and look into our spiritual and moral being. This is our proper and real being, and through experience and self-consciousness we may be able to see results as clearly as in nature with the eye of flesh. Consciousness and experience here are universally the same, and all will testify alike, so that we can have no doubts. Matthew Arnold, himself no orthodox Christian, says: "We may trace men's experience affirming and confirming the moral law of effects from a very plain and level account of it almost as high and solemn as that of Jesus." And he further says of righteousness as the law of our being: "That a man accomplishes his right function as a man, fulfills his end, hits the mark in giving effect to the real law of his being; and that happiness attends thus hitting the mark—all good observers report." Jesus, referring no doubt to this spiritual experience, says: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

There is a positive sense of benefit, strength and hope from every good thought or deed. There is a sense of moral elevation and spiritual growth. From the exercise of benevolence there comes an increased benevolence of nature, an increased tenderness springs into existence from the exercise of compassion. When into our hearts we admit the feeling of love, the ability or faculty to love is naturally augmented. So purity begets purity, reverence begets reverence, and every other good thought or impulse sheltered and acted upon is a

seed that germinates, grows and bears an immediate fruit. Thus, as the apostle says, we reap the very thing we sow. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous"—he becomes righteous and grows more and more righteous. "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"—with righteousness.

There is in that attribute of the spiritual being we call conscience an immediate effect of peace and joy—a sense of being in harmony and accord with the nature of our being. Could there be any effects in the physical condition of man more evident and tangible than these in the spiritual state? This is that "peace of God that passeth all understanding," that "peace which the world can not give." It was this power that enabled Paul to declare in the midst of boundless afflictions, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed." And again: "For which cause we faint not, for though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

This is life, real life, spiritual life, life eternal! This is the life promised in our text to those who sow to the spirit. How sure and great the reward! In happiness how infinitely above all that mere temporal prosperity can give! And this result is now. The reaping is not in the next life, but in this, and will continue into the next because the spirit which possesses it will continue.

The Scriptures teach that eternal life is an immediate property of the righteous soul. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "We know we have passed from death unto life," etc." "He

that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life." "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." These and very many other expressions of Scripture show that the eternal life begins now.

In Christ's teaching, righteousness, godliness, purity, truth, love, are immortal, and the soul possessing these attributes is immortal, and its life, eternal.

These attributes of the upright soul are attributes also of the Deity, and of Christ Jesus, His Son. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," etc. "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

"He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." This also is an immediate effect, as well as an eternal one. He that sins finds in his heart an immediate tendency and disposition to more and greater sin. As Paul says to the Colossians, (Rev. Ver., Margin): "He that doeth wrong shall receive again the wrong that he hath done." It is progressive, and cumulative. "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Our evil thoughts pass into deeds, these form themselves, like an army, into habits, and possess themselves of the soul. The soul that sins is conscious in that instant of a sense of degradation, a shriveling of the better, truer nature, a dying of the nobler self with its feelings and purposes, a conflict with the order and nature of his moral being, and as a consequence, unrest, remorse, and misery of conscience. This, always

existing in the beginning, may not continue to be the feeling when he persists in sin, but there will then come to him the settled knowledge that he is a corrupt and debased being, a fallen angel, and that the better, nobler man is dying, dying; or after a time, that it is dead.

This is a literal fulfillment of the statement of the law of his moral being made to Adam: "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And of the latter statement, "The soul that sins shall die," or Paul's statement of it, "The wages of sin is death."

There is nothing in the material world verified more plainly than the consciousness of a man dying in his spiritual nature, and nothing more fearful in physical conditions than that spiritual state in which we say of a man that he is dead—dead to honor—dead to truth—dead to gratitude—dead to love. Christ teaches that sin *is* death. The man spiritually dying may be thriving in physical life; the man spiritually dead may be still living in the flesh. Christ said of such, "Let the dead bury the dead." Paul says to the Ephesian Christians, "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." How wofully are these dead described by Jude: "Clouds they are without water, carried about of the winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

May the Spirit of God, through the knowledge of these awful truths, save us from such a condition.

C. B. EDGAR.

MOTHERHOOD.

Something so sweet, so tender,
O, so tender and sweet,
Pressed to the happiest bosom,
Kissed on the hands, on the feet,
Kissed with the tenderest kisses
On the dear little mouth, the cheek;—
My heart is so full of the mother love
'T will break if it can not speak.

So little of love words utter
That hearts must find a way
To flower its sweet responses,
As flowers the heart of May
To the birds that carol and twitter
Their ravishing roundelay,—
My wee bird knows every note
That ever was piped to May.

Wonderful trills of wonderful song
Pour from its little breast,
Sweeter than birds' are my darlings words
Of love for its own dear nest.
Its mother's arms are its nest,
Its mother's heart is its May:
O, never before was mother's heart
So happy as mine to-day.

Never was grass so green,
Never so blue was sky,
Never under such dewy sheen
Did little flowerets lie.
While I am so happy, so happy,
Shall any one sorrow or cry?
Take of my joy, ye desolate ones,
For who is so happy as I?

My bird, tho' she's growing stronger,
And flutters and soars and sings,
Would never fly as years go by,
Tho' dowered with the skylark's wings.
Her wings are the round, white arms
That fly but to clasp my neck
In a braver chain than the rarest pearls
That the breast of the childless deck.

Yes, the years are flying swiftly
And I am growing old;
My bird and I have seen April days,
And winter, cruel and cold.
When we hear the roar of the tempest,
Afar from the storm we hide;
We fly to the cleft of the riven rock
And there in its strength abide.

Ah, the years are rushing, rushing,
And yet, there once were charms
O'er which they lingered loath to leave
The life in their strong, young arms;
But care has a touch that goads them,
That never knows surcease,

Till its canker is cleansed in a baptism,
In the healing waters of peace.

I am very old and feeble,
My hair is white and thin ;
My cheek that was once a rose's blush
Is a patch of wrinkled skin.
I would not unriddle this riddle of years,
But somehow I am beguiled,
By the fairest of all fair women,
Of my babe, of my beautiful child.

I have lost nothing, yet they are gone,
And she is here in their place,
But my baby's eyes shine out from hers,
And she has my girlie's face.
And I hear the echo of fluted hymns,
And a laughter of long ago,
Hid in the tones of a woman's voice
That is soft and grave and low.

I see just there a crib that held
A mother's new-found joy,
I reach in vain for the little hands
With which I used to toy.
What has become of the fresh young world,
And the birds, and the Mays so sweet ?
What have I done with my busy hands
And my busy, tireless feet ?

I have lent them to this fair woman ;
For the feet that come and go,

And the hands that are so caressing
Were once my own, I know.
And the arms are so strong and gentle
Once like pearls so white——
Somehow we have changed places,
Baby and I, to-night.

R. G. PLUMMER.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER VIII.

AND ALSO THE NIGHT.

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February had come, and the weather continued very cold. Jake had not joined the hands who had gone to work in the woods. His enforced idleness was a source of discomfort to the family, not only because it cut off a much needed income, but because both Mrs. Conway and Eurilda saw that it affected Jake in an untoward manner. He was frequently absent from home, nor did he give any satisfactory account of himself.

He was waiting for the weather to moderate sufficiently to allow of work's being resumed, when one morning Bob Loomis called at the cottage. His object was to summon Jake to help pile the ties that had been hauled along the railroad.

"The old man told me to take a gang of fellers and tackle them ties," was his greeting to Jake. "I thought as how measurin' would be light work, so I cum fer ye," said he, with a patronizing smile.

How much his association with Bob had undermined Jake's sense of superiority was observable in his reply.

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"That's the ticket, Bob! I knew you would n't forget me. I will not have to lift any, will I?"

"Not a pound," answered Bob; "I will set them Italians ter pilin' and you and me will measure. Come on; we won't need the old horse to-day."

Mrs. Conway now came to the door. To her Bob made an awkward bow and said: "Mornin', ma'am; I cum fer Jake. Seein' as how he war laid off I thought I might give him a lift measurin' ties."

"Very well, Bob," was the widow's only reply. She then followed Jake into the house. Bob thought that he heard her say: "I wish it were not so, Jacob." Then, followed some words that Bob could not understand.

Jake appeared to be in no haste, so Bob thought, for a full quarter of an hour passed before he reappeared, carrying his dinner pail.

"Yer must think I'm an Eskimo," said Bob, a little tartly.

"Why did n't you come in?" replied Jake. "I wanted you to do so."

They started to their work, and presently Bob said: "The old lady has been objectin' a little, hey, chick?"

Jake's face flushed. Bob had never before spoken lightly of Jake's family. The boy's native spirit asserted itself.

"Bob Loomis, you will either speak respectfully of my mother or you will part company with me."

Six months ago Bob's reply would have been conciliatory, but now he replied: "Oh, hold on, sonny; yer ain't ready ter lose the chance of makin' that dollar yer owe Mike Follin."

Instantly Jake's face changed. A look of surprise and guilt settled upon it. This was followed by a look

of real despair, the quiescent look of an animal exhausted in trying to escape from a trap.

"Who told you anything about that, Bob?" he asked, almost imploringly.

"Why, yer green punkin," answered Bob with a jeer, "did yer think that Mike war a goin' ter keep it? But what's the odds," he continued, "if yer did swing a trump or two? It's no more nor some of yer best church members do."

"Who?" asked Jake, eagerly.

"Well, take old Sile Tribbey, fur instance; he plays keerds to hum, and calls it soshal amoosement, or something o' that sort, but skin me fur a painter if I kin see why its any soshaller than playin' over there in the cabin fur chips."

Jake's face wore a look of relief. Mark it, you liberal, card-playing church members: That boy justified his first step in gambling by Elder Tribbey's delinquency.

"Bob," said Jake, after they had nearly reached the scene of their labor, "I am not going to play with Mike any more."

"Who are yer goin' ter play with?" asked Bob.

"Nobody at all," answered Jake; "that was the first time I ever played, and it will be the last."

"Sho!" said Bob, "what's bad about a game o' keerds? If Mike are fool enough ter back yer out, why take him up,—that's my say on't."

"I think that I was the fool," rejoined Jake; "he beat me and won my money."

"So he did the last time," laughed Bob, "but ye are sharp enough ter peel Mike if ye only practice a little. He are no hand at keerds."

"Not another game, Bob," was Jake's emphatic re-

ply; but Bob merely grinned. They had now arrived at the railroad, where a gang of Italian laborers had already gathered. "Whar's Mike?" shouted Bob in a domineering tone.

One of the Italians ventured a reply in very broken English. "Mike no get up. He no come yet. Too much so," and here the man made a motion as if drinking from a bottle.

"Yer lyin' Italian spalpeen!" shouted a voice at this moment, and the men looking up, behold! the delinquent Mike was seen just back of the Italian ready to strike him with his fist.

Bob sprang quickly to ward off the heavy blow, but he was too late. It descended with tremendous force. The laborer fell like a log, striking his head upon a tie and cutting a deep gash across his face.

"See if yer 'll lie to the boss any more," shouted the half drunken wretch, with a savage oath.

The words were scarcely out of Mike's mouth when the iron grip of the blacksmith closed around his neck and forced him on his knees to the ground. It was well that it was so; for the remaining Italians, infuriated at the sight of their bleeding comrade, were about to rush upon him in a body. They stopped at the command of Bob, but their threatening looks and deep mutterings boded no good to the intoxicated Irishman.

"This are a pretty how d' ye do," said Bob, relaxing his hold on the half strangled Mike. "Has Dill been puttin' his whiskey bar'ls on tap already? Yer tarnal fool, whar did yer get yer grog?"

Mike blubbered forth an incoherent answer, but Bob gleaned from it that Dill had opened a barrel of liquor the day before and had filled several bottles for the hands.

"Seems to me Dill are a little in a hurry," growled Bob; "he had better wait till he gits his license. I'm afraid the old man has made a mistake fixin' it so that these varmints kin git likker at the village."

Mike had now arisen and was making his way toward a small board shanty hard by, whither the wounded Italian had also been conveyed.

"Come back here," shouted Bob, "if yer don't want yer fool head broke." Mike obeyed, and as he did so his eyes fell upon Jake.

"Hic, hello, Jake! why yer, hic, jes the feller I want ter see. Come over, hic, ter shanty and we'll, yes we'll" The man could not finish the sentence, but sank reeling to the snow—dead drunk.

The shame, the humiliation, the deep anguish that overspread Jake's face at this moment, it is hard to describe. Was this the company into which his temporary turning away from a high purpose had thrown him? Was it possible that he was indebted to this beast? And such a debt! A realization of his bondage broke upon his soul. An impulse to rush away, confess all to his mother, and renounce his employment forever was followed by a feeling of utter helplessness. He was in the power of the Evil One; he knew it, and it paralyzed him.

He was roused from his reverie by Bob. "Here, Jake, help me carry this fool inter the shanty."

Jake obeyed reluctantly, and the two, aided by one of the Italian workmen, deposited Mike in the shanty. The rough board structure had been built as a place where the hands might warm in cold weather. A cracked coal-stove occupied the center and was heated red-hot. On a rough board sat the wounded laborer,

who had now pretty well recovered and who scowled darkly upon his late assailant.

The air of the shanty was stifling, and Jake was glad to get into the open air.

"Well, chicken," said Bob to Jake, "that war well nigh a riot, war n't it?" Jake was so ashamed and so bewildered that his answer was wholly irrelevant.

Bob noticed this and asked: "Are ye skeered, Jake?"

"No," answered Jake, "but I wish I had not come out here this morning."

"Poh! yer goose, you would make a pretty boss, now, would n't ye? I tell yer if yer ever expect ter manage men yer mustn't turn girl when yer see a knock-down."

Jake felt the stab, for he had spoken hopefully, in Bob's presence, of becoming superintendent when Mr. Sarcott started his mills. The Italian who had been hurt was now able to join his comrades, and the men all began their work. But Jake Conway's heart was heavy. He reproached himself for ever having been persuaded by Bob to work for Mr. Sarcott, yet he never thought of blaming his mother, who, at this very moment, was conscience-smitten for having given her consent to the project.

At noon, Bob, instead of remaining and eating his dinner, left the men and went across to the village. When he returned he was accompanied by Mr. Sarcott. This gentleman, after inspecting the cords of ties piled for some distance along the railroads, entered the shanty.

Poor Mike was still sleeping off the liquor he had taken, and snoring in blissful unconsciousness of the discharge that Mr. Sarcott ordered.

When the "old man," as Bob now styled him, was about to go back to the village, he stopped beside a pile of ties that Jake was measuring.

"When you go home, my lad," said he, kindly, "I wish you would stop a few minutes at my house."

Jake bowed respectfully, but the summons only added to his mental distress.

The day wore on till working hours were over. All hands were preparing to go home when Jake ventured to ask Bob: "What do you suppose he wants with me?"

"Nothin' that yer need ter be afraid of," answered Bob. "He likes yer, Jake, and now put on all the slickness yer kin."

Whether this advice was to be applied to Jake's clothes or to his conduct, Bob did not explain.

The boy rang the bell at the residence of Mr. Sarcott and was ushered up stairs by Nannie. "Papa, here's Eurilda's brother," was that little lady's announcement.

"Ah, yes; ah, yes," said Mr. Sarcott, advancing to meet Jake, "he ought to be proud to be such a young lady's brother."

"I am, sir," said Jake with a boldness that startled even himself.

"Exactly," said Mr. Sarcott again; "I admire your manliness, my lad. Always be true to your sister."

It must have been the reaction that affected Jake, for immediately after his remark he began to feel very uncomfortable. Perhaps this feeling was heightened by Mr. Sarcott's own conduct, for he seemed laboring to give a reason for wanting Jake to call.

"Well, my boy," said he, "I am told by Bob that you are a young man who will bear advancement in my service. I wanted to see you to-night. I want to ask more about your qualifications. Have you ever studied book-keeping?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jake, "I studied it two terms at the Balsamtown Academy, but I never put it into practice."

"Well, maybe you will soon have a chance to do so. You had better brush up on it these long evenings," returned Mr. Sarcott.

Jake's gratified look furnished Mr. Sarcott with a pretext, so that gentleman continued: "I believe, my boy, that I will take you into my mill. I am going to build one immediately, and I will need an honest, capable man whom I can train to be manager."

This lofty possibility, magnified by his own imagination, removed whatever constraint Jake may have felt in Mr. Sarcott's presence.

This was exactly what the latter wanted. He soon found opportunity to draw from Jake the condition of the Conway family affairs. Jake told him freely of their financial condition, and expressed the hope that his own efforts in Mr. Sarcott's employ would help them pay off the mortgage.

To this Mr. Sarcott made no reply. Instead of that, he said, "Now, young man, I hope you will continue to conduct yourself as you have, and be sure to keep clear of the vices of the railroad hands. I must say that your work at present is among a hard set. You saw that this morning yourself."

"Yes sir," replied Jake. At the same time a realization of Mike Follin's claim came over him. What if

Mr. Sarcott should find it out? Jake trembled at the possibility. A vague fear coupled with vexation at himself combined to make him irritable. In this humor he arrived at home.

When Jake had gone, Mr. Sarcott began to pace the room. "The widow takes a great deal of interest in that boy," said he, soliloquizing. "I'll keep him near me. She'll follow pretty close." He made two or three rounds of the room, then stopped near his desk, and stood absorbed in thought. "She do n't get down among the 'brethren' much while I keep the boy busy. Now if I can only keep the 'brethren' away from here! I wonder if a few dollars would n't make Sile Tribbey faithful to the 'old traditions'?" Here Mr. Sarcott chuckled as if a new idea had suddenly seized him.

"Fool!" The word echoed through the chamber with startling clearness. It seemed to come from the hall.

Mr. Sarcott turned toward the door. The dark, lustrous eyes of Mary met his own.

"Well!" said Mr. Sarcott, fiercely.

"Well!" replied Mary, mockingly.

"What do you want?" asked the former.

"It's a nice thing to believe you are an infidel, is n't it, James?" was the answer.

"To believe I am an infidel," returned Mr. Sarcott; "what do you mean? I am one. I never deny it."

"Yes you do," retorted Mary; "you lie to your judgment so as to ease your conscience. Oh, it's so consoling to believe we're responsible for nothing! It leaves us so free to carry out our pet schemes, you know."

Mr. Sarcott was so astonished at the woman's boldness that he stood hesitating. Mary gave him no chance to reply. "What excellent advice you do give to that young man," she added, with withering sarcasm. "You caution him against the vices of the railroad hands. Who has exposed him to them? But then, there's no hereafter. Oh, no!" Mary vanished as suddenly as she had appeared, while a prolonged echo, "Oh, no, no—no," came back from the hall.

Mr. Sarcott arose and shut the door violently.

He was very angry. "If she wasn't—well, never mind, I say she should leave this house." He soon calmed himself and spoke in a lower tone: "I never said there is no hereafter. I do not have to be a Christian to believe in God. But then the girl is a fool. What need I care?"

He now seated himself at his desk, with his favorite book; but he seemed ill at ease.

In the mean time quite a different scene was passing at the village store. Mr. Dill had gotten his license and had opened his saloon. "Come, boys," said he, early in the evening, "we'll have a drink at my expense to celebrate the occasion."

A crowd of laborers had assembled, among whom was the unfortunate Mike. He had recovered from the effects of his debauch sufficiently to realize that he had been discharged. Mr. Dill's plan succeeded nicely, and the free liquor soon rendered the motley crowd both very thirsty and very liberal. Drink flowed freely. Mike, to drown his trouble, poured down the fiery liquid, and with each glass his ill humor seemed to arise. He cursed Mr. Sarcott, and finally turned his attention to the Italians, a few of whom were present.

His eye ranged among them to find the man whom he had struck in the morning. He was not there.

"Ye leather-faced furriners!" shouted Mike, "where's the spalpeen I poonded forninst the shanty? It are the fault of him thet the ould man hez give me the boonce." At these words the intoxicated man advanced with his hand upraised in a threatening manner. The Italians retreated, but Mike followed them up. Mr. Dill came from behind the counter to remonstrate.

"Let me alone!" cried Mike; "let me give the blackguards the compliments av me fist."

He was close upon a tall Italian, who had turned fiercely around in the door and was fumbling in his red sash.

"Look out, Mike!"

The warning came too late; there was a flash in the lamplight, a muttered curse, and the body of Mike fell heavily to the floor. At the same moment every Italian fled.

The first to lift the prostrate form was Bob. He had been present smoking, but it was noticed that he had steadily refused to drink.

"Bring some water, ye tarnal girl-baby," cried he to Mr. Dill, who, in great trepidation stood wringing his hands. "He are cut in the neck," said Bob, "and I guess he are done fur. I guess yer did n't look fur this in yer openin' 'programme.'"

A doctor was hastily summoned. He appeared, accompanied by Mr. Sarcott. The night had come.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ROYAL REFORMERS.—ASA.

I. King xv. 9-24; II. Chron. xiv.-xvi.

Every careful reader of Old Testament history must be struck with the contrast between the monarchies of Judah and Israel. Each of these kingdoms had nineteen kings; but the nineteen kings of Israel reigned only about two hundred and fifty years, while the nineteen kings of Judah reigned about four hundred years. One family in Judah holds the throne through nearly four centuries, while within two and a half centuries there are nine changes of dynasty in Israel. Asa, who ascended the throne of Judah in the last year of Jeroboam, witnessed the overthrow of Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Tibni, and outlived Omri's reign of twelve years. There are several reasons for this.

1. The prestige of the reigns of David and Solomon remained with Judah, and the sentiment of loyalty to the throne was the popular sentiment; while the other kingdom sprang out of a rebellious spirit, which was readily reawakened with every popular discontent.

2. Judah had the temple, the priesthood, and the ordinances of divine appointment; while the religion of Israel was a mongrel affair, devised by Jeroboam, and was incapable of inspiring respect or reverence.

3. Not only the Levites, but the most enlightened and pious of the other tribes, forsook the territory of

Israel and cast in their lot with Judah and Benjamin, because of their attachment to the true religion. And while, from other than religious motives, the bitter rivalry between the two kingdoms led the people of Judah to exalt their own worship against the false worship of Beth-el and Dan, those who, from religious conviction, forsook their own homes, were intense in their hate of, and uncompromising in their opposition to, everything that tended to corrupt the law and the worship of Jehovah. On the other hand, the people of Israel, who had already consented to a gross corruption of the religion in which they had been educated, were open to the seductions of the pompous, sensuous, idolatrous and licentious worship of neighboring heathen kingdoms and tribes. See II. Chron. xiii. 4-12.

4. The Messiah was to come in the line of David. In a special sense, therefore, the throne of David was under the covenant protection of Jehovah. See II. Chron. xxi. 7. All the sacred traditions of the nation; all the proud patriotism nourished for nearly a century by the magnificent triumphs of David and the splendor of Solomon's peaceful reign; all the strength and enthusiasm of the religious devotion that centered in the Temple and the Priesthood of Jerusalem, and all the high hopes of an all-conquering Messiah who should possess the throne of David and sway an undisputed scepter over all the world, combined to strengthen the loyalty and piety of the people of Judah alike against rebelliousness and idolatry. But the kingdom of Israel was essentially *military* in spirit, and was subject to the violent and bloody revolutions to which military governments are always exposed.

Yet, notwithstanding all these conservative influ-

ences, Judah was continually subject to the invasions of idolatry, and at last was so completely overpowered that one of the prophets declared, "Neither hath Samaria committed half thy sins; but thou hast multiplied thine abominations more than they." See Ezek. xvi. The defeats of sin and iniquity are never final. The unclean spirit may be exorcised from the body politic, as from the human body, and the temple he polluted may be emptied of its defilements, and swept and garnished; but the dislodged demon will return with seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and strive again to enter. The heroes of righteousness can never repose on their laurels. There is no discharge in this war. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Let us never dream that because, in our personal history, or in any public movement against error and wrong, we have fought a battle and won it—complete as the victory may seem to be—the war is over. Often the greatest danger is the self-security that victory occasions. You may fight and win, fight and win, a hundred times, and be conquered at last, through the over-confidence that victory inspires and the cessation of vigilance against a sleepless foe.

The corrupting influence of idolatry that darkened the close of Solomon's reign, was not diminished during the succeeding reigns of Rehoboam and Abijah. While the prevailing sentiment was strongly against idolatry, the influence of the Court was largely in its favor. These invasions of heathenism were largely owing to women, and grew out of unlawful marriages with foreigners by members of the royal family. It was through the blandishments of his heathen wives that Solomon was persuaded to permit idolatrous

worship in Jerusalem. This wisest of men became a base fool through the bewitchments of the harem. Maachah, the favorite wife of Rehoboam, was a daughter or grand-daughter of Absalom (II. Chron. xi. 20, 21), and the mother of Absalom was the daughter of Talmai, King of Geshur (II. Sam. iii. 3), and the wild heathenish blood that flowed in the veins of Absalom, flowed also in the veins of this favorite wife of Rehoboam, whose devotion to the grossest forms of idolatry became a prime source of hideous corruptions in Judah (II. Chron. xv. 16). Jezebel, Maachah, Athaliah :—these three names stand for everything that is false, iniquitous, cruel and revolting in the idol-worship of Israel and Judah; and their power to curse the people of God came *through unwise and unlawful marriages with unbelievers*. There is a great lesson here, which we can not now pause to enforce; we merely drop a hint which may start the reader into reflection.

We have already written of Jezebel and Athaliah; let us say a word concerning Maachah, worthy to take the third place in this trinity of evil powers. She was the wife of Rehoboam, the mother of Abijah, and the grandmother of Asa. It is evident, from passages already referred to, that she had a supreme influence over Rehoboam, and during the reign of Abijah was the Queen Mother,—a position next in influence to that of the King, and often, when female blandishments were combined with wicked ambition and talent for intrigue, the Queen Mother was a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn that, under her influence, her son Abijah “walked in all the sins of his father, which he had done before him” (I. Ki. xv. 3). She seems to

have retained her official dignity after the death of her son. Perhaps, owing to the tender age of Asa, her grandson, she acted as regent for several years. At all events, she managed to retain a commanding position in the government, and used it for the promotion of her vile superstitions. What is recorded of her is in few words, but they are very significant. We quote II. Chron. xv. 16 from the Revised Version: "And also Maachah, the mother of Asa, the king, he removed her from being queen [marginal reading, *queen mother*] because she had made an abominable image for an Asherah; and Asa cut down her image and made dust of it, and burnt it at the brook Kidron." This idol, or abominable image, is called in Hebrew a *horror*. It was an image employed in the worship of Astarte, and was so hideously obscene in its expression as to be styled *abominable* even in comparison with such images generally—and the least offensive of them were altogether vile. She was, therefore, not only by virtue of her official rank, an enthusiastic patron of the licentious rites in the worship of Ashtaroth, but was personally one of the most degraded slaves of heathen superstition.

How Asa came to be so superior to his environment, is something of a mystery. His grandmother was a fanatical devotee at the vilest of heathen shrines. His father's character was not commendable. It is said (I. Ki. xv. 3) that "he walked in all the sins of his father, which he had done before him; and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as the heart of David his father." Yet in the narrative in II. Chronicles, he does not appear as altogether bad. His speech to Jeroboam and Israel (II. Chron. xiii. 4-12) indicates

strong faith in Jehovah, and devotion to his law. It appears also that he dedicated liberally to the house of Jehovah of the spoils he had taken in his great victory over Jeroboam, although these were misappropriated by the heathen priests, with the connivance of the queen-mother, for the benefit of the goddess Astarte, and did not reach their proper destination until the fifteenth year of Asa (II. Chron. xv. 10, 18). As Abijah reigned only three years, he had not opportunity for a full development of his character. As far as we see it, it was a mixed character—half Jewish, half heathenish. Perhaps he began well, with full intent to be faithful to Jehovah, but under the influence of his mother's blandishments and machinations, and the flatteries of heathen courtiers, he was led into at least a partial abandonment of his integrity. Or, as a mere matter of policy, he may have been tempted to court the favor of both heathen and Jewish religionists, subordinating everything religious to the strength of his throne while that throne was in peril on account of his wars with Jeroboam. If so, he was not the first nor the last to build his hopes of success on a policy of duplicity—crying Good Lord, or Good Devil, as his political interests dictated. Mark the men who make religion simply a thing of policy to subserve their own selfish interests. They are rotten at heart—the vilest of hypocrites. It is evident, that Asa could not have received any noble inspirations from such a father, especially at the tender age at which he came to the throne. Did he receive his faith and piety from his mother? We do not know. Her name is not so much as mentioned. The bad preëminence of his grandmother overshadowed the mother's name and

fame. We read, indeed, that "Abijah waxed mighty, and married fourteen wives, and begot twenty and two sons and sixteen daughters" (II. Chron. xiii. 21); but which of these fourteen wives was the mother of Asa, we know not. It is not unlikely that we are indebted to some humble, pious daughter of Israel, whose very name has perished, for all that is noble and glorious in the reformation wrought by Asa, and that while the name of the grandmother Maachah has won an infamous immortality, the name of the faithful mother who trained him to fear Jehovah and honor His law, is known only in heaven. How many of God's faithful ones have gone uncrowned, unhonored, unsung, serving Him grandly in obscurity, in lives all uninspired by human praise! Though "shining unobserved," their light is "not of essential splendor less." Perhaps the brightest crowns of heaven will rest on the brows of those who knew on earth no crown but one of thorns. "Ye good distressed" who toil on in the ways of righteousness uncheered by human sympathy, take courage. Your lives are not in vain. They may reach out in great blessing, as in the child Asa, though you live and die unknown. Whether they do or not, *you* are the richer for your work of faith, and shall in no wise lose your reward.

From whatever source, Asa obtained a faith and courage that enabled him to overcome the corrupting influences then prevalent at the court. The heart of the nation was still loyal to Jehovah. It wanted but a leader to sound the trumpet, and the people were ready to respond to the call. When that leader was found in the king himself, the people were enthusiastic in answering to his call. "He took away the altars of the

strange gods, and the high places, and brake down the pillars (or obelisks), and hewed down the Asherim,* and commanded Judah to seek the Lord, the God of their fathers, and to do the law and the commandment. Also, he took away out of all the cities of Judah the high places and the sun-images; and the kingdom was quiet before him" (II. Chron. xiv. 3-5). Prospered in all this, he employed years of peace in rebuilding and fortifying the cities of Judah and strengthening his army. But such work is never allowed to go long undisturbed. Zerah the Ethiopian—perhaps the same as Osorkon, a king of the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty—came against him with an immense army that threatened to sweep everything before its resistless march. Asa went out to meet him with a firm reliance on the protecting arm of the one living God. His prayer to Jehovah is as sublime in spirit as it is simple in expression: "Lord, there is none beside thee to help, between the mighty and him that hath no strength: help us, O Lord our God; for we rely on thee, and in thy name are we come against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee." And in this faith he made an assault upon the apparently invincible forces of Zerah, and smote them with an overwhelming defeat. Thus alike in peace and war were Asa's faith and courage rewarded. It was upon his exultant return from this great victory that the prophet Azariah met him, and seized the opportunity to strengthen him in his noble reformatory purposes. "Hear me, ye Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin: the Lord is with you while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him,

* Probably the wooden symbols of a goddess Asherah.

he will forsake you." A very simple, but rational and true theology, albeit it lodges a heavy responsibility with man for his own failures and woes—heavier than most men are willing to accept. He then proceeds to point out the work of reformation that remains to be done: "Now for long seasons Israel hath been without the true God, and without a teaching priest, and without law: but when in their distress they turned unto Jehovah, the God of Israel, and sought him, he was found of them. And in those times there was no peace to him that went out, nor to him that came in, but great vexations were upon all the inhabitants of the lands. And they were broken in pieces, nation against nation, and city against city: for God did vex them with all adversity. But be ye strong, and let not your hands be slack; for your work shall be rewarded." Thus encouraged, Asa proceeded with all zeal, not only to root out the prevailing corruptions and abominations, but to establish anew the laws and ordinances of Jehovah. He is but half a reformer—a mere iconoclast—who contents himself with *destroying*. The true reformer not only tears down, but builds up; not only destroys, but recreates. Asa not only "put away the abominations out of all the land of Judah and Benjamin, and out of the cities which he had taken from the hill country of Ephraim," but he renewed the altar of Jehovah, and restored the sacrifices, and brought into the temple the things that his father had dedicated, and that he himself had dedicated; and, assembling Judah and Jerusalem, with all that had come to them out of Ephraim and Manasseh and Simeon, "they sacrificed unto Jehovah of the spoil which they had brought; and they entered into a covenant to seek the Lord, the God

of their fathers, with all their heart, and with all their soul, and that whosoever would not seek Jehovah, the God of Israel, should be put to death, whether small or great, whether man or woman. And they swore unto the Lord with a loud voice, and with shouting, and with trumpets, and with cornets. And all Judah rejoiced at the oath: for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought him with their whole desire; and he was found of them; and Jehovah gave them rest round about" (II. Chron. xv. 9-15). And to crown this work of reformation with an illustrious act of impartial justice, Asa cut down the abominable image that his grandmother had set up and "made dust of it, and burnt it at the brook Kidron," and deposed the guilty queen-mother from her official dignity and authority—that it might be seen that no considerations of kindred, or of family pride, should interfere with the just demands of the law of God.

But there is a deep shading to this picture. It is important, in these noble efforts at reformation, to note the imperfections that marred them—the failures as well as the successes that characterized them; for there are important lessons in both.

I. While we read that Asa "took away the high places," we read again, "but the high places were not taken away out of Israel." The reform was but partial. Asa *purposed* to take them all away, but he succeeded only in part. The high places, which had been tolerated in days of adversity, when the tabernacle had no permanent abiding place and when the people were unable to resort to it as a place of worship, owing to the possession of the land by hostile forces, though these high places had afterward been prostituted to

idolatrous worship, had become sacred to the people by long usage ; and although, after the building of the temple and the reign of peace in the land, they were no longer necessary, *attachment to usage* continued to have all the force of divine authority, and it was next to impossible to win the people from their venerated customs. And thus it has been in all reformatations. In the reformatory efforts of Luther and Calvin and Wesley, ancient usages, entirely unsupported by Scripture, have maintained their places among the laws and ordinances of God, with nothing better to support them than the sacredness and power of *custom* and *prejudice*. At the end of every history of Christian reformation it may be written, "But the high places were not taken away out of Israel." Let us beware.

2. Asa's faith in God did not grow with his growth. Baasha, king of Israel, had seized Ramah—only five or six miles distant from Jerusalem—"that he might not suffer any to go out or come in to Asa," for the pious Israelites had in multitudes fled into Judah (II. Chron. xv. 9). Such a fortification, so near the capital of Judah, would be a continual menace to Jerusalem. But Asa seems to have lost his strong faith in Jehovah, that it was "nothing for God to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power ;" and in place of looking to Jehovah for deliverance, he sent great treasures, to the king of Syria, to bribe him to break his league with Baasha and fight against him. The scheme was successful, and Baasha was compelled to abandon Ramah. But it was, after all, not a success. Nothing unrighteous is ever a success, however successful it may, for the time, seem to be. Hanani the prophet came to Asa, just when he

was priding himself on the success of his diplomacy, with a message from the Lord: "Because thou hast relied on the king of Syria, and not relied on Jehovah thy God, *therefore is the host of the king of Syria escaped out of thine hand.*" Intimating that had Asa been true to his earlier faith in Jehovah, not only would Baasha have been conquered, but Syria would have been subjugated also. "Were not the Ethiopians and the Lubims a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen? *yet because thou didst rely on Jehovah,* he delivered them into thine hand. For the eyes of Jehovah run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. Herein hast thou done foolishly; therefore from henceforth thou shalt have wars." Is it not strange that as our faith in God is rewarded, we should allow it to be supplanted by self-sufficiency or a reliance on human policy? The danger to one's spiritual life, or to the prosperity of a work of reformation, is not in the time of weakness when we are driven to trust in God in the absence of all other help; but when the day of prosperity comes, and human resources multiply, and we forget the hand that has blessed us, and begin to say, "Is not this great Babylon that *I* have builded, by the power of *my* might, and for the honor of *my* majesty?" Then, in self-exaltation, or in a reliance on human expedients, we are apt to dishonor God and bring disaster on ourselves. There is a great lesson here.

But more than this: Asa, although he knew that all the prophet had said was true, "was wroth with the seer, and put him in a prison-house, for he was in a rage with him because of this thing. And Asa op-

pressed some of the people the same time." Thus as pride increases with prosperity, we not only depart from God, but grow intolerant when our sins are rebuked. Successful reformers are apt to grow intolerant. Witness Luther in his dealings with Zwingli, and Calvin with Servetus. What a blot on the character of Asa as a reformer! And how many such blots defile the reputation of bold and brave and righteous men, who have done great things for God and humanity! Let us learn from these sad failures to guard against the blinding influence of prosperity—against pride, self-sufficiency and intolerance.

3. Asa does not seem to have recovered from this lapse into unbelief; for the last we learn of him, toward the close of his reign, is, that he was "diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not unto the Lord, but unto the physicians." Not a high compliment, surely, to the physicians; but they were probably unprincipled quacks—pretenders to the possession of magical powers. There was good reason, at that time, for seeking unto the Lord rather than unto the physicians, for there was no science of medicine, and physicians were merely shrewd pretenders. Even yet, what we call the science of medicine is largely empiricism. That Asa should resort to the impudent pretenders of that time, and fail to seek unto the Lord who had so signally blessed him, is sad evidence that his faith, instead of growing and abounding with his ever-increasing accumulations of experience in the service of Jehovah, had been overshadowed by his pride and arrogance, until the glory of his early religious life was sadly dimmed. Forty-one years of almost absolute power

was too much for him. Great power and prosperity had spoiled him, until he was deaf to the voice of God and gloried in his own strength. The greatest peril to spiritual interests is large and long-continued prosperity in earthly things. There are few who can resist its corrupting influence. We mourn over our afflictions, and murmur at the calamities that befall us, when they are probably the greatest mercies with which a wise and kind Father could visit us. "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." There are Jeshuruns in every generation—nations, churches, as well as individuals. Alas! how often, in our national and church troubles, when we are weak and distressed, in place of seeking unto the Lord, we seek unto the political and ecclesiastical quacks, and by a resort to every human device seek relief from the troubles which are curable only by a return to truth and righteousness—by submission to the unerring law and the unfailing mercy of God. Evermore the divine complaint salutes us: "My people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewn out unto themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." It may be to us a means of rescue from eternal ruin, if we heed the words of Azariah: "The Lord is with you while ye be with him; if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you:" and the words of Hanani—precious words that should be written in every heart: "For the eyes of Jehovah run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him."

ISAAC ERRETT.

SEED THOUGHTS FOR SERMONS.

XXXIII. *The Mission of America.* Archdeacon Farrar, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, to an audience of 2,000 persons, gave a lecture entitled, "Farewell Thoughts on America." Speaking of the immense burden of responsibilities resting on the nation, he said it was "to combine the old and the new, the past and the future; to lead the nations of the world in the path of temperance, as we have led you to the path of emancipation; to be the torch-bearers to our lagging moral consciences, and by judicious laws to help us and all the world to get rid of that evil of intemperance, the miseries from which, Mr. Gladstone said, are greater than war, famine and pestilence combined; to establish a pure and righteous press; to neutralize the evil done by the recitation of every petty detail of vice and crime all over the world; it is to heal the insatiable greed for paltry and intrusive personalities; to guard the ideal of true freedom and see that this free people must take heed that it does not confound freedom with license, nor with the passion of the noisiest, nor with freedom to do wrong unpunished; and to keep a due equilibrium between liberty and advance.

XXXIV. "*Matter and Force Not Eternal, But Contingent.*" "The real princes of science, on whose brows the ivy is still green, have not been slow to lift an anthem of praise to God. Herein they stand in bold con-

trast with the atheistic scientists of our day. As I read the biographies, I am impressed with their reverence for God, and His right of recognition in all their discoveries. I hear the ardent Galileo, all trembling with the inspiration of true science, singing aloud, 'Sun, moon and stars praise Him.' I hear Kepler, overawed with a sense of God's majesty in the firmament, saying, as the discovery of his 'third law' broke in upon his mind, March 8, 1618, 'God has passed before me in the grandeur of His ways! Glorify Him, ye stars, in your ineffable language! and thou, my soul, praise Him!' I hear the immortal Newton exclaiming: 'Glory to God, who has permitted me to catch a glimpse of the skirts of His garment. My calculations have encountered the march of the stars!' What sublimity of expression! What rapture of emotion! So sang Copernicus and Volta. Were these men less 'scientific' because they recognized God, or believed themselves made in the 'image of God,' and not in the image of atoms or apes? No. Young has said: 'The undevout astronomer is mad,' but I have still higher authority for saying that the non-considerer of God in all his ways is lower than 'the ox and the ass!' For the natural sciences are but the embroidered robe of the majesty and presence of God as He reveals Himself to the vision of man; every law a fragment of His will, every discovery a monument of His wisdom and His power. And while it is false to teach Pantheism, or that all is God, it is true to teach Theopantism, or that God is in all things, the source and support of their being, motion, and life: so that, in this sense, we can truly say of Him that He

' Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees—
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

And sometimes a fond dream 'overcomes' me 'like a summer cloud,' that if all men would only so think and feel we would soon have an 'instauration,' once more, of philosophy and faith, of religion and science, tripping hand in hand in a sublime dance—'all four forward'—to the music of Divine love; drying many a tear, disburdening many a heart, and crowning many a life with joy. Then, perchance, when false science has sped away on her dark wings, like some dusky demon of the night before the ascending sun, a new cosmos will appear, rising out of our chaos, and science and religion, freed from their errors, illustrate to men the grandeur and truth of God's work and way as never before. Then, when the conflict is over, the lovers of 'culture,' the children of the 'Zeit-Geist,' will condescend to hear the 'Gospel of the grace of God' and not abuse it, and find that the faith required of them to believe in Him who is the 'one thing needful' for salvation, exacts of them no more than does the faith required of them to believe its first truths, the 'one thing needful' for science. Then the oracles of consciousness will return to their right and be respected by all, and the Word of God be revered. Then academy and lyceum will unite with synagogue and church, and Athens and Jerusalem become one 'City of God,' and the disciples of Hæckel and Comte and Spencer and Clifford will burn, as the Ephesians did their books of sorcery, and the whole crowd bow, consalutant, to the incarnate One, as the sheaves of Joseph's brethren

bowed, in the dream, to Joseph's sheaf, and 'crown Him Lord of all.'"—*Dr. Nath. West.*

XXXV. *Paul's passion for souls.* He was, at Rome, a prisoner under military custody, chained by the arm both night and day to one of the imperial body-guard. What passion for souls burned like a pent-up fire in his bones when he not only turned his lodging into a sanctuary, "receiving all who came to him," but actually used his close contact with these soldiers as a means of extending his acquaintance and influence. With these sentries he spoke of the great salvation, until, as they relieved each other, he was brought in contact with the whole body-guard in turn ; and this is doubtless what he means when in Philippians i. 13 he says that his bonds became manifest in Christ *throughout the whole of the Prætorian camp.* Grand man ! the clank of whose chain, like the pomegranates and bells on the high priest's robe, were vocal with the music of the Gospel's message ! who could not be kept from witnessing to Christ and winning souls even by present fetters and prospective martyrdom !

XXXVI. *President Nott and the Restorationist.* "There is a *straight road* to heaven, and if you are determined to go around through hell to get there, I can't help it."

ARTHUR T. PIERSON in *Homiletic Review.*

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

IT is worthy of note that agreements between the Bible and science become more evident and numerous as both are better understood. The "irreconcilable" discrepancies are always in the *newest* corner of the *newest* scientific field; and they always vanish on thorough investigation. Bible enemies are aware of this, and no time is ever lost in forestalling public opinion. The moment any considerable discovery is made an irreconcilable contradiction is proclaimed, and the Bible is buried and its funeral preached by some apostle of free-thought. There have been two or three of these solemn funerals per century, but strangely enough the difficulty of burying the Bible, and keeping it buried, is becoming more and more difficult. These would-be mourners are much in the condition of the man who entered the undertaker's shop and inquired for a corpse, remarking that the sign read, "Everything requisite for a funeral furnished," and he regarded a corpse as the first requisite of a funeral. These mourners have always lacked that requisite, and the notion that they shall be able by their efforts to destroy Christianity shows that, whatever they may have found in nature, they have learned nothing from history.

If we should find the base of a broken column in Egypt and a corresponding summit in Asia Minor, bearing fragments of the same story, answering to each other as beginning and end, reading in unbroken lines across the uneven and sundered edges, we should declare them parts of the same whole. Now, it is an admission of the man of science, which ought to be fuller of meaning to him than it often is, that nature tells but a partial story ; that from her fragmentary revelations we never get full meanings. Nature seems to be the base of some splendid column, bearing a fragmentary inscription, which if we could read entire would explain many things which baffle our philosophy. In surveying every stratum of truth we come at last to a "fault," beyond whose jagged edge we can not go. This great stratum, rich in all precious things, is continued upon a higher plane, and, though beyond our vision, no more affects the unity or mars the symmetry of the moral cosmos than the displacement on the mountain side affects the unity or mars the symmetry of this beautiful world. The Bible elevates us to this higher plane and delivers us from our thousand perplexities, by giving us the sequel of nature's wonderful but unfinished story. Grace is the summit of the column of which nature is the base, and the Bible completes the fragmentary inscription.

The first utterance of revelation is, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." When this was written science had nothing to say as to whether there ever was a "beginning," but, after ages of investigation, she says, "I agree to the proposition:—There *was* a beginning." But *God* created the heavens and the earth. During the centuries of idolatry, men

saw evidence in nature of many and conflicting powers ; and the ripest philosophy of thousands of years produced nothing better than the hopeless polytheism which Paul found at Athens. But the immeasurably more scientific monotheism which he there preached was the monotheism of Moses, without change or improvement. Some writers seem to think that Paul went to Athens to hold a protracted meeting, and failed. But not so. To the apostles were given the keys of the kingdom which comprises all others, that of science as well. Paul's errand to Athens was to deliver to philosophy, in her chosen seat, the key which should unlock her own realm, and loose her upon earth from superstition. Thus freed, and with the revelation which Paul made, she went to work and can now show that all the phenomena of nature, so manifold and contradictory, are but the manifestations of a single power ; that the heavens and the earth *are* the product of *one force*, whose mysterious lines, converging from all fields of inquiry to a common center, lead at last to

The one creative power that wrought
The fabric of the worlds from naught—
The Everlasting Word.

Though science agrees that the universe is the product of a single power, she does not yet venture to give that power a name. The altar of human philosophy still stands as Paul saw it, except that a deplorable vandalism has obliterated the only word which could save from perplexity, and the inscription now reads, "TO THE UNKNOWN ———." But the Bible named this power centuries ago, and gave it *two* names, which exactly characterize its two distinct phases of activity. It is called Elohim (Almighty) when reference is had to

its creative exercise; and Jehovah (Everlasting) when reference is had to its controlling and sustaining exercise through time. Now, the all-sufficiency and the conservation (or unwasting character) of the cosmic force are two cardinal doctrines of modern science; but the "all-sufficient" of science exactly answers to the "Almighty" of the Bible; and the "unwasting" of the one to the "Everlasting" of the other.

Much has been said showing the wonderful agreement between science and the Bible as to the operation of this omnipotent, unwasting force in the order and method of creation. The work here was so fascinating and satisfactory that nearly all attention and energy were bestowed upon this field. Books and lectures and essays and arguments were built upon the first chapters of Genesis. But it was never intended that we should make our philosophic eternity out of the week of creation. Let us go forward, and we shall find the same fidelity to fact and philosophy, so plainly seen in the first of Genesis, to characterize the Bible throughout.

We have all been alarmed at Noah's flood, and in it the faith of some may have been swallowed up. Its broad waters have long been the favorite cruising ground of infidel privateers. "Where could all that water come from?" Then, "How about the rainbow?" These were hard questions, and gave theologians and commentators infinite trouble. The books were filled with ingenious explanations or abatements of the story. But skeptical thinkers of late, without such purpose, of course, are helping them out of their straits. Prof. Proctor was studying the constellations with which the imaginative ancients adorned the heavens. As a result

of this study he declared that the beginnings of astronomical study coincide with the historic date of the deluge. From the evident correspondence between many of these constellations and the recorded incidents of the flood, Prof. Proctor concludes the story of Noah and the flood to be a myth, founded upon suggestions drawn from the star-groups, when men first began to study and worship the heavenly host. But, evidently, Mr. Proctor, not noticing which was "bust" and which "pedestal," has got this monumental argument upside-down. The outlines of the constellations are purely fanciful. There is no resemblance between the group and the object for which it is named. The constellation *Ursa Major* was called "The Bear," and "The Wagon," and "The Seven Plough Oxen." Different peoples likened the same group to very unlike objects, but always to *something already familiar to the mind*, and the post-diluvians, no doubt, outlined them according to the incidents of the great deluge. We are told that on the evening before Charles II. returned to London, upon his restoration, the court physician noticed a star in the heavens to glow with unusual brilliancy, in pure loyalty, no doubt. This star and a few others were arranged into a group which was named *Cor Caroli*, in honor of his restoration. Now Prof. Proctor's logic would lead some future astronomer to declare that the story of the banishment and restoration of the Stuarts was probably a myth, founded upon the suggestions of that star group.

But why did not men study the stars before about 2,700 B. C. ? Given the deluge and it can be explained ; for the same atmospheric conditions which would furnish water for the flood would also render

star-study impossible. But more; if the concordant testimony of the Bible and science can be relied upon till the introduction of man, the flood becomes a physical necessity. But what is this testimony? That when our globe first attained its present form all its waters were held in suspension in the heated air. After a time of cooling there was condensation and a great precipitation, leaving a watery globe beneath, and a warm, densely-laden atmosphere above. There were waters "above the firmament" and "under the firmament." By and by the waters "under the firmament" were gathered together into seas and the dry land appeared. Plants and animals were introduced, and, finally, man, but all this time the Bible testifies to (and science says there *must* have been) waters "above the firmament."

During the ages when tropical flora and fauna spread to the poles, immense quantities of water must have been carried by the warm atmosphere, and winds and other disturbing causes must have been very slight. This watery envelope would permit the heat of the earth to escape very slowly, and would admit more solar heat than it would allow to escape, so that for ages changes of temperature and air currents necessary to produce rain did not exist. Condensation upon terrestrial objects, however, must have been at times very copious. "God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, but a mist went up and watered the face of the ground." All this time the earth was slowly but constantly losing heat, and a second great precipitation was inevitable. There must come a great cosmic clearing-up shower. The Bible account of this is natural, and Proctor says it is put just at the right time; for immediately afterward we find men beginning to study the heavens. The rea-

son is plain : It was the first time in the history of the globe that the atmosphere became clear enough for careful astronomic observation.

But again ; up to this time there could have been no rainbow, for to produce a rainbow we must have clear sky and sunshine on one side, and dense cloud and rain on the other side, of the same horizon. When the air is full of cloud over a great extent no rainbow is possible. But this was the condition before the flood, and there could never have been a rainbow till after the great clearing-up shower. The bow set in the cloud is not only a divine assurance, but a scientific proof that there is not water enough in the atmosphere to again drown the world.

IT is in the matter of sowing and reaping we are most apt to think that God *is* mocked. Because the seeds of disease sown in our system by an infective atmosphere are invisible, and there is long delay in germinating, shall we conclude that things do not produce after their kind ? Many a man has been rudely undeceived by the clutch of a fatal disease. It is the harvest of corruption. Upon the pure, sweet tissue, woven by the stainless fingers of life, invisible hands sow the invisible seeds of bacterial germs, and, though men sleep and rise and know not how, there comes surely the harvest of putrefaction. Those who have the deadly rabies sown in the blood go from the ends of the earth to find Pasteur, because he has the *only* remedy. But where shall they go in whose souls are sown the deadly germs of sin ? What vaccine is there against the madness of remorse, the rabies of moral delirium ?

But what is "sowing to the flesh"? Why, licentiousness, gluttony, drunkenness, brawling, of course. Yes, of course, and of *coarse*, but there are *refinements* of sowing to the flesh, which bring their harvests of corruption as well. To live solely for *any* earthly end, however honorable in the sight of man, is to sow to the flesh. To make wealth the chief end of life is to become avaricious; to make honor, or fame, the chief end, is to become arrogant, ambitious; to make power the chief end, is to become despotic and cruel. It is only a question of time and development, when the man shall be utterly selfish, heartless, murderous—thoroughly *corrupt*. Napoleon came to this at last, and there are Napoleons in the commercial and intellectual, as well as in the political sphere. More in our own country than anywhere else are wealth, honor, and political power brought within the tempting reach of all; more here than elsewhere are they held up before the young by parents and teachers as the objects of "honorable" ambition. Inculcate the idea, as in all our schools, that education is a means to wealth, or social distinction, or political power, then banish the Bible, as in our city schools, and you have all the conditions for the crop of scoundrelism, shoddyism, oppression of labor, and wickedness in high places, which disgrace and *threaten* our civilization. Many of those who are now furious over official rascality and ruinous taxes, are but reaping their own sowing to the flesh, when they drove spiritual culture from the public schools. The cure of it is not in a change of party, which is only the common pretext of the fellows on the outside. An old citizen of this city said to me, "Thirty years ago I was in the City Council, and if

any man had approached the meanest of the lot with 'boodle' he would have got gloriously thrashed." What has happened since then? Booodle stands no longer in fear of the Council, nor even in danger of the judgment. Why? Because it (since the Bible was banished) is thought no longer to be in danger of hell-fire.

Socially, as well as individually, there are but two fields opened up to human culture,—the flesh and the spirit,—and culture, or even "culchah," is not an end in itself, but the raising of a crop, and must be judged by its fruits. Cincinnati set out some years ago to cultivate the flesh as a specialty, deliberately closing out the other branch of the business. The lower grounds were check-rowed and set with some three thousand saloons, which, Judge Fitzgerald says, produce as their regular crop nine-tenths of the crime of the city, while some of the marshy corners were given up to "dens" and brothels. On the uplands, literature, art and music have been cultivated with a skill, enthusiasm and "success" not surpassed, if equaled, in any other city. What is the outcome of all this sowing to the flesh, under such favorable conditions of culture and "culchah"? An unprecedented crop of corruption—the violence, lawlessness, and official perfidy which are making us painfully notorious everywhere. The political press, on the one hand, is so busily engaged in fixing the blame on the Democrats, and on the other hand, in fixing the blame on the Republicans, that neither has time or inclination to see that it is the result of the decay of public conscience under the policy of extreme secularization so long prevalent—at present rampant. Nowhere is the demoralizing effect of this

policy more plainly or painfully apparent than in the political press itself—not even excepting the municipal Boards. As regards veracity, decency, and regard for religion, it has thrown conscience to the winds, and only keeps up as much of a show of respect for these things as policy demands. It is the advocate of the immoral, the lawless, and the irreligious; partly because these constitute a large political constituency, but largely because the secular culture so long dominant has had its effect on the press as well as on the people.

If any one is disposed to regard this as an unwarranted indictment of the press, we simply refer him to recent files of the leading Cincinnati dailies, where, if he will lay aside his political spectacles, he need not read between the lines to see that it is within the bounds of moderate statement. Recently the action of an officer, in an important position, did not please one of our leading political organs. The action was sharply, and perhaps justly, condemned, but in a tolerant spirit, until the luckless officer attempted to defend his action on the *plea of conscience*. This was too much. The plea of conscience was the red rag of the matadore, and the rage of the infuriated editor must vent itself in bellowing of burlesque, roaring of ridicule, and the crucifixion upon the rugged wood (cut) of caricature. Yet it was not the crucifixion of the officer, but of *Conscience*. What right has Conscience to be heard in the domain of Policy? So long as Conscience looks upon the world of politics and says, "My kingdom is not of *this* world," the Pilate of the Press says, "I find no fault in him;" but let this be invaded and Conscience is handed over to the hands of the lawless and criminal mob, to be crucified.

But why should Cincinnati care for Conscience? Has she not Music; and did not Shakespeare write, "The man that hath not music in himself, and is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;" and is not Shakespeare, now that the Bible is banished, the Scripture that shall make us wise? Yet we have realized that a man or a city may have a soul full of music, and at the same time an enormous stomach for "stratagems and spoils." But did not William Congreve write, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak?" We are grieved to say this must be simply a rhetorical Congreve rocket, or we have in musical Cincinnati official breasts that are more than savage, "bricks" that are harder than "rocks," and sticks that are tougher than "knotted oaks." The plain truth is, Music has no moral life in it, and the same may be said of Art, and Literature, and Arithmetic, and Astronomy. Without conscience in the soul, man, whether rude or "cultured," is ready for stratagems and spoils, and merely secular education does not develop conscience. Sowing to the flesh is simply making these things not only the chief but the *sole* end of life, and the crop is always corruption. There is no remedy but a liberal sowing to the spirit. Changing the figure, if the salt is removed, the flesh, however sweet and wholesome, falls speedily into corruption. Cincinnati is demonstrating, by the *reductio ad absurdum* process, that Christianity is the salt of the municipal earth. May we all see the *quod erat demonstrandum*.

THOSE acanthaceous "scientists" who stultiloquently insist that Christianity is the enemy of

"Science," might find some food for reflection, if they had the appetite, in the results of the researches of M. de Candolle, as set forth in the new and revised edition of his work, "History of Sciences and Savants during two Centuries." Speaking of these results, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, for May, W. H. Larrabee says, "When we inquire what is the influence of religion upon the development of scientific men, we find that the non-Christian countries are completely foreign to the scientific movement. We have no right to conclude from this that one has to be a Christian to be distinguished in science, for there are many examples to contradict such an assertion. We can only say that the Christian religion has been favorable to science by its general influence upon civilization. We can at least affirm that it has been, in the modern epoch, the only religion which has coincided with a real scientific development. Between the divisions of Christendom, the advantage is vastly in favor of Protestantism." A little further on he says, "The fact, already referred to, should not be forgotten, that a large number of distinguished men of science have been the sons of Protestant pastors."

This remarkable statement is so far as science is concerned *ex cathedra*, and we may take our stand upon it in all confidence. Several things should be noted. First, that "non-Christian countries are *completely* foreign to the scientific movement;" and that the Christian religion "has been, in the modern epoch, the *only* religion which has coincided with a real scientific development." Now the same statements would be true if, instead of science, we should write liberty, or morality, or any other term representing a phase of human prog-

ress. It is just as true that all non-Christian countries are *completely* foreign to the advance of human liberty, and that, in this modern epoch, Christianity is the only religion that coincides with the development of self-government. When we see further that, in Christendom itself, liberty and science both make progress just in proportion as Christianity is pure, untrammelled by authority, and generally disseminated, we may claim that it is the chief factor—at least a necessary factor—in the development of liberty and science. You may have the seed, the soil, the air—all the terrestrial conditions of vegetal growth, yet growth never takes place without the sunlight. Sunlight, then, must be a *necessary* factor. Again, from the poles to the tropics, this fact is everywhere illustrated, that this growth is developed just in proportion to the free and unhindered action of the sunlight. Sunlight, then, must be the *chief* factor in this wonderful development. So is Christ—the Sun of Righteousness, the Light of the world—shown to be a necessary and chief factor in developing the highest intellectual and moral products of the soil of human nature.

Note in the second place that Christianity contributes to scientific development in two distinct ways:—(1) “by its general influence upon civilization,” (2) “a large number of distinguished men of science *have been the sons* of Protestant pastors.” In the first it is an element of the scientific man’s environment, which influences him in his career; in the second it is largely a hereditary influence, which fits him primarily and subjectively to respond to the secondary and objective influences of his environment. It is not necessary, as Mr. Larrabee states, that the scientific man should be

a professed Christian; he may even be an infidel, or a scoffer, and yet, as we have seen, he is wholly indebted to Christianity for his scientific spirit and fame. He is not the only man who ignores his obligations, and there is room for suspicion that the heat with which certain "distinguished men of science" reject the *claims* of Christianity, is but a "mode" of the resentment of the elegant "dead-beat" over a dun for a just but long unpaid debt.

It would be easy to show why the Christian religion is the chief factor, not only in scientific, but in all real progress, but we have only space to suggest three thoughts: (1.) It alone frees man from his slavish fear of the forces of Nature. It teaches him that instead of subject and suppliant, he is master and investigator—that he "has dominion." The real criterion of scientific progress is dominion of Nature. (2.) It alone invites to free inquiry, and its motto is "Prove all things." (3.) It alone furnishes an ultimate end, lying beyond the intellectual sphere, which can prompt man to abandon the lower level of physical pleasures, and cultivate the intellectual *as a step toward that end*. There is not enough in the wilderness of science itself to keep the exodus of humanity from turning back to the Egyptian flesh-pots of appetite, but it must be shown to be the way to a better land. Christianity alone does this, and so we can not wonder that it alone "coincides with scientific development."

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

NO wonder that Shakespeare could ask: "What's in a name?" when his inventive contemporaries could find so many different ways of spelling his, and leave his genius to survive through all these efforts to bury it.

IT will be encouraging to young people who have fallen into the rhyming habit, and thereby called down upon themselves the righteous indignation of their elderly relatives, friends and advisers, to learn that an editor who published some of Longfellow's early verses, advised that gentleman to "let poetry alone and buckle down to the study of law."

THE London *Punch*, in a "Welcome to Dr. Holmes," addresses him as

"Thou whose wisdom and whose wit,
Whose fancy and whose fable,
I have won two hemispheres to sit
Around thy breakfast table."

THE remains of Helen Hunt Jackson lie in the spot which she herself selected as their resting-place—a plateau at the end of Cheyenne cañon—at a point overlooking Colorado Springs. This strange burial-ground is reached by means of a staircase of one hundred and eighty steps, cut out of the rock. The spot was a favorite one with "H. H.," who noticed that there the earliest and the latest sunbeams fell.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY is known in every Christian community of the English speaking world through his noble hymn, "Rock of Ages." He was an earnest and successful minister of the gospel, and exemplified in his life the faith and devotion that breathe through the familiar lines of which he was the author. During his last sickness, he seemed to be, as one who knew him said, "in the very vestibule of glory," and rejoiced that his friends were resigned to his death, and that the time had come for him to depart and be with Christ.

ONE of the most pleasing among the new departures recently made in the magazine world is the "Experience Meeting" which has been given space in *Lippincott's*. However dangerous the liberty extended to prominent authors to detail their own literary experiences, may be to the authors themselves, the result is delightful to their readers. After perusing these pages of autobiographical gossip, one feels that he has truly supped with greatness. Julian Hawthorne, in his account of himself, says that the critics who reviewed his early literary work found ample material for their discussions in the fact that the son of his father should dare to write; and Mr. Hawthorne adds that he has since, when himself officiating in the capacity of critic, wished that the son of some other literary father would follow the paternal example, in order that he might have some of the same kind of material that had proved so fruitful in his own case. He does not speak warmly of the joys of literature as a profession, save those which come through its associations and friendships.

MISS SARAH PRATT McLEAN has won a good deal of notoriety through her story of "Cape Cod Folks;" but she has achieved something better than notoriety by means of her exquisite little dialect poem, "De Massa of de Sheepfol'." It has been widely copied, but it expresses so truly the love and tenderness of the Good Shepherd, that we venture to quote:

- " De massa of de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he called to de hirelin' shepa'd,
 Is my sheep, is dey all come in ?
- " Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
 Des's some, dey's black and thin,
 And some, dey's pore old wedda's,
 But de res', dey's all brung in,
 But de res', dey's all brung in.
- " Den de massa of de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he le' down de ba's of de sheepfol',
 Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
 Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!
- " Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
 T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
 And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
 Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in."

WHAT a vast difference there is between a great poet and a clever versifier!

You bring out half a dozen volumes of verse, all of them fresh from the press. The clear type, the heavy, creamy paper, the uncut leaves, surely look tempting enough, and you sit down for an afternoon's enjoyment. You take up the volume that chances to lie nearest you, draw your ivory paper-cutter through the leaves, and turn to the opening poem. Ah, this is delightful! What quaint conceits are these! What clever tricks of fancy! Truly, the author must be another Tennyson! The second poem is just as good as the first, but it does not strike you quite so pleasantly as that did. There is an indefinable suggestion of familiarity about it. In the next, this becomes more pronounced; and by the time you have read a dozen, you perceive that what you have read is not so much poetry as it is a brilliant kind of sleight-of-hand performance, in which a few sets of thoughts and illustrations are made to change places with each other, and to take on new forms, with a dexterity that is fairly startling. Perhaps you go through all the volumes, with similar results in each case. Each author has his own little collection of pet fancies which he puts through their paces with tireless diligence. This book is full of the "sobbing of the sea" and the "sighing of the pines." The author of the next is inclined to be introspective, and talks a great deal about his "soul." Like Mrs. Burnett's hero, "his soul is his strong point." Its yearnings and sighings, its aspirings and wearyings and despairings, are proudly and repeatedly held up for your inspection. You were sorry for that poor "soul" at first, but now you have to confess that you are bored by it. "Oh,

that mine enemy had written a book ! ” Is not one of the tests of poetical genius that the poet shall be able to write a readable book ? In any one of these volumes are poems that would have delighted you if you had come upon them one at a time, in newspapers and magazines ; but when gathered together in large quantities, the tricks of the verse-maker become apparent.

POT-POURRI.

THE virtues which most adorn a man's character are not those that “just come natural” to him, but those to which he attains only after severe and repeated conflicts.

PEOPLE like to be praised for qualities which they do not possess. If you wish to test the power of flattery, call a shallow-pated man a philosopher, or consult a dowdy woman on a question of dress.

'T IS not when life is brightest here
The heavenward outlook seems most clear ;
But while the night about thee lies,
A ladder reaches to the skies ;
Though “stony grief” thy pillow be,
Still may the angels come to thee.

THE sooner in life we learn that this old world will not wag in my way or in yours, the better we shall

be likely to adapt ourselves to its motion, and to fall into harmony with the celestial music to which its revolutions keep even time.

THE ideal church is a carefully wrought mosaic, where each tiny stone, though of little value in itself, has its fitting place in the delicately finished design, where all have been grouped together upon the One Foundation, cemented by Christian love, and polished and perfected by Christian culture.

AS the mother loves her own,
 Though their countless imperfections
 Live through all her fond corrections,
Loving them for love alone;—
So the poet loves his verse,
 Though the world look down upon it,
 Though the critics frown upon it,
He would love it if 't were worse!

IN an Oriental country there is a dangerous cave, where, on sudden turns, the explorer comes upon steep descents in the rock that are death-traps to unwary feet. And it is said that there are false guides who profess to lead travelers through the cave and around the dangers, but whose real purposes are murder and robbery. They pass on a little in advance, holding aloft their torches, until they come to one of these descents in the rock; then they throw their torches over the brink, and their unsuspecting victims, following the light, walk over the edge of the precipice to a horrible death. O Christian, your torch should light the darkness of this wicked world; be sure you do not fling it over the precipice!

WHILE the one-talent people need special encouragement, the world offers them special discouragement. Not only is the exercise of great strength, whether of body or mind, delightful, and the effort of weakness painful; but the world applauds the one and ridicules the other. When Maud S. trots, the admiring shout smites even horse sense; but the spavined old "crow-bait" in the "slow race," besides his burden of rheumatism, must bear a great weight of ridicule and vociferous derision, of which he is plainly conscious. There are Raruses and Rozinantes in all fields of earthly toil, including the vineyard of the Master, and whatever may be their estimation on the track where dishonest prizes are won, in the field of toil our chief dependence is in the Rozinantes, and Raruses are rare. These things might be encouragingly applied in figure by many an unapplauded preacher to Apollos and *myself*. Encourage the one-talent people; for the conquering army is that in which *all* fight; good times means *all* employed. The dunce-block has been banished from the school-room, and it should be from the church.

“OF two evils, the less is always to be chosen.”
 Ah, Thomas, how many a young man justifies himself in the use of tobacco, by thinking how much less evil there is in it than in gin! How many a politician advocates beer because it is less dangerous than whisky! How many wrongs are tolerated by reason of this sophistical dictum of the saintly à Kempis! “Shun every form of evil.”

IN the tropics, Morn and Eve, ladies of honor in the palace, and priestesses in the temple of the Beau-

tiful, dwell world-wide apart, and their witching ministry to the king and god of day, without envy, fills the earth with glory and with beauty ; but when they meet face to face in those great summer resorts—the poles, blushing warmth and tenderness give place to chilly glance and envious stare, till the very air is chilled, and the bathing-beach is filled with ice-bergs. This figure, though *far-fetched*, might be applied to rival beauties in the social world, to rival authors in the literary world ; to forum and bar, and faculty and pulpit—not only has each a ministry, but a sphere of his own. In its happiest place the world is widest.

THE demons that hold stubborn possession of our souls are legion. The demon of Envy has despotical power in many a man and mangles him at will ; the devil of Anger daily casts another into the fire, from which he comes forth white-hot for vengeance, and his soul is seared ; the unclean spirit of Suspicion casts another into the chill waters of despair ; while hell-nursed Hate drives many a strong man, very fierce and dangerous, from the living and loving, to a place among the tombs. The restless crew is “seeking rest” in the souls of philosophers, preachers, and people. Only Christ can exorcise them, and any human heart without Him is “empty, swept and garnished” for them.

A GIRL went singing to her work one day ;
She was so glad she could not help but sing ;
Her pleasure came from just a little thing—
A word from one who passed her on the way,
Yet all day long it seemed with her to stay,
And through her heart to ring.

She was so glad ! Her fingers seemed to fly
With speed that they had never known before ;
Her stern employer saw the smile she wore,
And saw her deftness as he passed her by,
And her companions smiled—they knew not why—
And lighter hearts they bore.

A single word, and yet the cheer it brought !
A single word, and yet the hearts that heard !
A single word, and yet the lives it stirred !
A single word, and yet the good it wrought !
A single word, and yet the truth it taught !—
One single kindly word.

A GIRL went pouting to her work one day ;
She was so mad she could not help but pout,
And every member of the house to flout.
Because her tired mother made her stay
And work a little while, instead of play,
Her temper was clear out.

A bright-eyed boy got hopping mad one day,
So full of wrath it seemed he might have burst,
Unless he had “let out,” and cried and cursed ;
And it was all because, the neighbors say,
He found, for once, he could not have his way,
And always be the first.

That boy and girl to man and woman grew,
And went into the world, but not to play,
Nor ever once to have their own sweet way ;
Yet where they went, or how, I never knew,
But only that their names were *I* and *You*—
God knows their hearts to-day.

BOOK REVIEWS.

It is a sad fact that often the best use to which the world can put a noble life is to sacrifice it. Upon every altar, Hebrew or heathen, the acceptable victim must be *the best*—without spot or blemish; and the law regulating the selection of human victims has always been the same. Say you that human sacrifice is only found among the most barbarous peoples, and becomes obsolete as soon as civilization begins? It was not obsolete on a morning in April, 34, at Jerusalem; nor in Washington, in April, 1865; nor at Mt. Sterling, Ky., in April, 1884. To vindicate providence there must be some great lessons in so painful a fact, and to vindicate itself humanity must learn these lessons.

Such priceless victims show that nothing costs like sin. How else could the stupid world be taught that? The nobility and innocence of such victims show the cruelty, the wickedness, the wanton, excuseless malice of sin. "Why should any one wish to kill James?" asked Mother Garfield. Why, dear Mother, that is just the value of the sacrifice, that the sin of partisan hate may be left without excuse. Why should any one have sought the life of Judge Richard Reid? If that question could have been answered, then his tragic death, sad as it was, could have been no real sacrifice. That he was, as regards the matter in hand, without spot and blameless, shows him to have been a real victim.

In such a case it is but simple duty to preach the lesson to every creature, that not only the exceeding

sinfulness of sin may be known, but that its *folly* in overreaching itself may bear its legitimate fruit. This is the one great end which more than justifies the widest publicity being given to the life and painful death of Judge Reid. The exalted character and noble life of this Christian man would alone justify the publication of all the facts; the resentment and righteous indignation of his family and friends would abundantly excuse it, but the besetting sin of which he was the victim imperatively demands it. Why should such a costly lesson go untaught? Wisely then did the family and friends decide to give everything to the public, and the fullness of the revelation, the confidence into which the public is taken, not only shows a Christlike faith in humanity, and meets the demands of the occasion, but also renders the whole story one of thrilling and absorbing interest. Never before did there present itself among us such an opportunity to expose and tellingly condemn (not a public or private enemy, not an opposing party, but) a great *social crime*, of which, more or less, we have all been partakers. The spirit of feud is everywhere manifest in duels, murders, assassinations. It is high time "society" should call a halt, and where can it find a better place than at the grave of one of its chief ornaments, Judge Richard Reid?

But what sort of a book shall be written, and what mind and temper shall dominate it? Shall it be dominated by sentiment and given up to extravagant eulogy; shall it be dominated by revenge, and be given up to crimination and malediction? Considering all the circumstances, it is remarkable that there is so little of either temper manifest in the life of Judge Reid, re-

cently put forth by his widow, Elizabeth Jameson Reid, from the press of *The Christian Standard*. While love and admiration can not be concealed, and traces of a hot indignation are plainly discernible, they are everywhere made subordinate to the great lesson to be taught. This is often done by a painful effort of the loving, indignant heart of the suffering editor, of which the sympathetic reader is conscious ; but it is just herein that the book has its greatest value. For this we are largely indebted to the spirit and example of the victim himself. The biography of one so modest, sincere, and humble as Richard Reid could never be made into a lesson of hero-worship ; nor of one so just, so forgiving, into a lesson of vengeance.

As a biography this volume is unique. A public man is a many-sided being. He is one thing to his family, another to his friends, another to his political party, and still another to the general public, which stands practically aloof from, or outside of, such influences. It is a perfect model that can bear any point of view, can risk any pose ; yet, in this case having a view from almost every social, political, and religious standpoint, in the hundreds of letters, speeches and editorials published, we find no point in which the subject reveals serious blemish. From none does the character appear much short of the standard of human perfection. Even enemies, in the extremities of self-defense, lay no *serious* charge against him. This is no artistic portrait by some partial admirer, colored to flatter the subject, but the image of a noble character, as given by the great camera of the public mind and heart. The lineaments are given with photographic fidelity, and the art of the wife-photographer, delicate and appreciative as it is, has

gone no further than the legitimate attempt to present the picture bright and clean, and true to the life. Adding his own unconscious contribution to his biography, in his letters and addresses, we have in this volume, of 600 octavo pages, the most perfect, fascinating, and instructive work of the kind known to us. We wish it could be read by every parent and especially by every boy, North and South, East and West. It is a matter of interest not simply to the friends of Judge Reid, but to all the advocates of peace and good-will among men.

Looking upon the contending armies in this noisy conflict, which is filling the philosophic world with "the clash of resounding arms," it is well to note several things: —(1). It is no conflict between religion and science, but a battle between the theologians and the *atheologians*, and, whatever its event, will settle nothing; although, as usual, the estimate of its importance is vastly exaggerated by the participants. If the theologians *should* be routed, God would still live, and men go on loving, and serving, and feeling after Him. The overthrow of a creed does not abolish the need of a Saviour. (2). The cumbersome and ludicrous armor of these warlike theologians, and the awkward amount of *impedimenta* they carry, in the shape of creeds, and ponderous traditions. In the face of the stripped, active, modernly armed and accoutred champions of free-thought, they look like a Chinese army drawn up against a fully equipped European force. (3). The antiquated and difficult tactics and maneuvers which the theologians are hazarding in the presence of the enemy, in which they only succeed in entangling and tripping themselves. The very fact that the theologians

are thus cumbrously equipped and have much "stuff" to protect in the shape of traditional rubbish, necessitates sophistical strategy and metaphysical maneuvering. If the whole heap of rubbish were captured and burned, by the robber band of intellectual nihilists, the world would only get the gold of contained truth more readily from the ashes. (4). Defenders of Christianity evidently have too much *to defend*; apologetics must abound too much in *apology*, and the books recently put forth on this side abound in difficult and doubtful "argument"—too delicate fabrics of rhetorical fine-twined linen for every day wear. There is much unskillful verbal joinery, and logical misfits requiring much badigeon.

A notable example of some of these faults, or fatalities, is found in an excellent and learned book, recently put forth by the Blackwoods, entitled "Can the Old Faith Live with the New? or The Problem of Evolution and Revelation." The author is the Rev. Geo. Matheson, who, after investigating the "Place for Faith in the System of Nature," "Is the Object of Faith Knowable?" and the "Conditions of Divine Knowledge," takes up the relation of Evolution to Creation, Origin of Life, Primitive Man, Providence, the Second Adam, Work of the Spirit, Divine Communion, and Immortality. In the first portion the reasoning is so involved and metaphysical as to confuse any but a dialectician, and to render conclusions uncertain. Take, for example, this, "The Agnostics take for granted that the essence of God is infinitude, and quite logically conclude that, if infinitude can not be known, God is therefore unknowable. But we deny that the premise is itself sound; we deny that the essence of God *is* infinitude. Infinitude can not be the essence of anything

either divine, human, or material. Infinitude is not an essence: it is a quality or attribute; a certain degree of intensity possessed by an object already existing. Finiteness and Infiniteness do not refer to the *nature* of an object, but to the intensity with which that nature is possessed." Now, whatever meaning there may be in this, (and after careful study we are not prepared to say what it is,) the proposition as a whole is a very inefficient logical weapon—a polished club that affords a very slippery and uncertain handle even to the practiced grip of the dialectician. Mr. Matheson himself makes awkward use of it, or rather it slips from his grasp entirely, in an attempted blow at Agnosticism, in which he claims that "the beginning of man's knowledge of God is just the sense of his ignorance of God." An argument that would have applied just as well to a knowledge of *Infinity*, but is another weapon; and no better, for the same "argument" would put us in possession of the "knowledge" of total hereditary depravity, or the charity of the devil, or any other thing concerning which we may have a sense of ignorance. But it is not our purpose to engage in this subtle controversy with the author, but only to show that it *is* subtle—too uncertain for any practical results. Ballooning may be adventurous and attract attention, but it is not going anywhere. Aerial navigation has no ports, carries on no commerce; and the logical airship is just as likely as not to alight in some such barren nowhere as this, "The matter of the earth is found to be so united to the matter of other worlds as to be incapable of existing if these other worlds were withdrawn," p. 82. Involved, prolix, and subtle argument on the part of a lawyer is at least *prima facie*

evidence of a bad cause, and it is only the strongest cause that can be submitted "without argument."

Moreover, this upper-air philosophical navigation, is something more than simply bewildering, it runs the risk of collision—self-contradiction. Mr. Matheson has not wholly escaped this disaster. On page 251, he writes: "The sense of unfitness between the life and its environment must inevitably deepen with the enlargement of life itself; it will find its highest manifestation in man, and its most perfect illustration in the highest man. It will be felt increasingly as the ladder of evolution is ascended; and he who shall prematurely reach the spiritual summit, shall be of all others least in harmony with his environment." But on page 282 he contradicts himself thus: "The increase of life which the new Spirit brings to the human soul is accompanied by a larger degree of correspondence with surrounding objects. The pure spirit weaves for itself a pure environment; the enlarged nature assimilates to itself the nature of things which in other days were contrary. St. Paul says the world does not belong to the worldling, but to the man of the Spirit; he alone is able without hurt to avail himself of the materials which surround him, for he alone, by possession of the Spirit of life, is in perfect harmony with his whole environment." Again, set these two utterances over against each other, "The life of the new man was, by very reason of its newness, in advance of its environment, and that which morally was its glory became physically its pain," p. 273; "This final stage of natural existence is the stage in which the vital principle begins to realize somewhat the joy of being in harmony with its environment. If there were not even

in the natural life a partial realization of this experience, the order of natural evolution would have been arrested long ago," p. 287.

Notwithstanding these serious, almost fatal, defects, and the fact that the book contains much that is vague or erroneous, it is yet one of the most original, suggestive, and *profitable* works to be found on these subjects. In his "Conclusion," pp. 380-387, he has come marvelously near to elaborating the deepest and soundest philosophy of human development ever put forth. He has touched upon its principle and suggested its direction and scope, but, seemingly unconscious of the value of the line of thought, does not follow it up. Yet what goes before in the volume, after making all deductions and discounts demanded by the above criticisms, abundantly justifies this conclusion, found on page 387, "The only effect which the universal acceptance of evolution would produce upon the Christian claim to empire would be to rest upon a basis of science what has hitherto reposed only on a system of faith. It can not be denied, indeed, that if the evolutionary principle be true that measures the fitness of things for this world by their power of survival, Christianity is best suited to the heart of man. Christianity has been the most surviving force that has ever been manifested in this world." This utterance is true and full of meaning, "The surviving strength of Christianity does not consist in the fact that it has existed eighteen hundred years, but in the fact that during these years the region where it existed has been undergoing a constant series of changes."

We have received the third volume of "The New

Testament Commentary," which several of our best qualified brethren have undertaken to write. This volume deals with the Gospel of John, and is written by B. W. Johnson. Special preparation, and a natural predilection for the writings of the Apostle John, well fitted Bro. Johnson for the work, and he seems to have spared no pains to meet the expectations his fitness excited. The book contains three hundred and twenty-eight octavo pages, well printed, and is embellished with two beautiful colored maps—one of Canaan as divided among the Twelve Tribes; one of Palestine in the time of Christ. It is put forth by the Christian Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The title page proclaims it "A Commentary for the People, Based on both Versions," and the contents seem to justify the proclamation. While there is no lack of learning, and research, and evident industry, there is such directness and simplicity of statement that the unlearned can easily understand it. The Introduction could hardly be improved, and in the body of the Commentary are to be found some exquisite passages, showing that the author fairly entered into the spirit of this wonderful book, which demands of the reader more of spiritual insight than any other ever put into type or manuscript.

The volume will be a credit to us and take high rank among the best books our youthful literature can boast. We extend the hand of congratulation away across the *Pater Fluviorum* to our old friend and say, Well done.

